

VOL. XX. (XXXIX.)  
1880.

[THIRD SERIES.]

NO. LXXIX. (CXCIII.)  
JULY.

# THE MONTH

AND

*Catholic Review.*



LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

BURNS AND OATES.

DUBLIN: W. H. SMITH AND SON; M. H. GILL AND SON.

GLASGOW: H. MARGEY. PARIS: A. XAVIER.

BALTIMORE: KELLY AND PIET. NEW YORK: P. O'SHEA.

NEW YORK AND MONTREAL: D. AND J. SADLER.

---

Price Half-a-Crown.

*All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.*

*TO FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS TO THE MONTH AND  
CATHOLIC REVIEW.*

THE Subscription to *The Month and Catholic Review* for all countries included in the Postal Union is the same as in England and Ireland, *i.e.* 30/- a year *paid in advance*. Foreign Subscribers can receive the numbers at this rate by sending their addresses and subscriptions to the Office, 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square. Cheques to be drawn upon any London Bank, and Money Orders upon the Post Office, London, payable to Mr. JOSEPH HAGUE.

ST. JOSEPH'S  
**CATHOLIC LENDING LIBRARY,**  
48, South Street, Grosvenor Square.

OPEN DAILY FROM HALF-PAST TEN TO FIVE O'CLOCK.

T E R M S .

**I. For Subscribers who pay in advance :**

For a Month.....	1 Vol.	at a time...	<i>Two Shillings.</i>
For One Quarter .....	3 Vols.	„	<i>Six Shillings.</i>
For Half a Year .....	1 Vol.	„	<i>Six Shillings.</i>
For Half a Year .....	3 Vols.	„	<i>Half a Guinea.</i>
For a Year .....	1 Vol.	„	<i>Half a Guinea.</i>
For a Year .....	3 Vols.	„	<i>One Guinea.</i>
„ In the Country	4 Vols.	„	<i>One Guinea.</i>

**II. For Families in the Country and for Book Clubs.**

For a Year .....	25 Vols.	„	<i>Five Guineas.</i>
------------------	----------	---	----------------------

Special arrangements can be made for Book Clubs where recent publications are not required.

**III. For Casual Readers who pay in advance :**

Threepence—1 Vol. at a time, which may be kept a week.

**IV. For all who do not pay in advance :**

Sixpence for 1 Vol. at a time, and Postage Expenses incurred in recovering Arrears.

**REGISTERS FOR GOVERNESSES, AND OTHERS  
REQUIRING SITUATIONS.**

The Managers of St. Joseph's Library have also for some time opened a Register for Catholic Governesses, and are in constant communication with families seeking the services of such ladies. They also receive the names of servants wanting employment, and keep a list of vacant situations. *No fees whatever are charged, except for postage.*

d  
t  
g  
t

d  
e  
t





# PIETAS MARIANA BRITANNICA.

A History of English Devotion to the Most Blessed Virgin Marye, Mother of God, with a Catalogue of Shrines, Sanctuaries, Offerings, Bequests, and other Memorials of the Piety of our Forefathers,

BY

EDMUND WATERTON, F.S.A.,

KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF CHRIST, OF ROME.

Price One Guinea.

*"Mr. Edmund Waterton, the inheritor of an honoured and distinguished name, has worked out the record of all this phase of devotion in a large and handsome quarto volume, which has been privately printed at the press of the Society of Jesus at Roehampton, forming, perhaps, the very finest specimen of modern typography proceeding from a private press. Mr. Waterton has treated his subject systematically. Having shown how thoroughly the England of the Plantagenet era was devoted to the 'cultus' of 'our Lady,' and how widely her name was venerated, he has given us specimens of the homage paid to her by the statutes of Eton and Winchester, of Magdalen and New Colleges at Oxford, by kings and queens, by knights in their several orders of knighthood, by lawyers, by sailors, by authors and printers, and last, not least, by the keepers of inns and hostelries."—Antiquary for May, 1880.*

A limited number of copies of this Work have been set aside in order to enable the authorities of *Colleges and Schools* to avail themselves of it as a *Prize Book*. These copies are to be had at a reduced price for this purpose only, on application to the Publishers.

BURNS AND OATES, PORTMAN STREET, W.

And at St. Joseph's Library, 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

---

## THE MANNA OF THE SOUL.

Meditations for Every Day in the Year. By Father Segneri, S.J.

Four vols. Price 29s.

Vol. 1. January—March. Price 6s. 6d.

Vol. 2. April—June. Price 7s. 6d.

Vol. 3. July—September. Price 7s. 6d.

Vol. 4. October—December. Price 7s. 6d.

---

## THE LIFE OF OUR LIFE

BY THE REV. H. J. COLERIDGE, S.J.

Two Vols. Price 15s.

---

## THE PUBLIC LIFE OF OUR LORD.

(Part I.)

BY THE REV. H. J. COLERIDGE, S.J.

Vol. 1. THE MINISTRY OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

Vol. 2. THE PREACHING OF THE BEATITUDES.

Vol. 3. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT (*to the end of the Lord's Prayer*).

Vol. 4. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT (*concluded*).

Vol. 5. THE TRAINING OF THE APOSTLES (Part I.).

Price 6s. 6d. each.

[These five volumes contain a full commentary on the Second Part of the *Life of our Life*, that is, on the first Part of the *Public Life of our Lord*. The volumes on the Second Part of the *Public Life* will, it is hoped, be published in the course of the present year.]

BURNS AND OATES, PORTMAN STREET, W.

And at St. Joseph's Library, 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

---

*Just published.*

SIR THOMAS GASCOIGNE;

OR,

THE YORKSHIRE PLOT.

By AGNES STEWART,

Authoress of "Life of Sir Thomas More," "Cardinal Wolsey," "Life of Bishop Fisher," &c. &c.

Cloth, 6s. 6d.; elegantly bound, 8s. 6d.

---

BURNS & OATES, PORTMAN STREET & PATERNOSTER ROW.

## PRIZE MEDAL.—INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.

Under the patronage of His Eminence the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.  
JURORS' REPORTS—WAX AND CHURCH CANDLES—EXCELLENCE OF QUALITY.

## HIS LATE EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN,

In a letter addressed to FRANCIS TUCKER and Co., on the subject,

**WAX CANDLES WITH PLAITED WICKS**, says: "I have found them fully equal to the recommendation you gave them, and can sincerely, in my turn, recommend them to the clergy for the use of the altar."

Finest quality, with Plaited Wick, patented, 2s. 2d. per lb. Second quality, ditto, 2s. per lb.

Two Pence per lb. charged extra if a credit be taken over Three Months.

## PRIZE MEDAL, VEGETABLE CANDLES.

Best quality, 1s. 5d. per lb. Second quality, 1s. 3d. per lb. Third quality, 1s. 1d. per lb.

One Penny per lb. charged extra if a credit be taken over Three Months.

Carriage paid to the nearest country Railway Station on Orders not less than Five Pounds in value.

## FRANCIS TUCKER &amp; CO.,

South Molton Street, Grosvenor Square. Manufactory: Kensington (Established 1730). The only Catholic Establishment in England for the Manufacture of Wax Candles for the use of the Altar.

## RECORDS OF THE ENGLISH PROVINCE OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

BY HENRY FOLEY, S.J.

Now ready. Supplemental Volume. Demy 8vo, 832 pages.

THE DIARY OF THE ENGLISH COLLEGE, ROME, with the PILGRIM BOOK OF THE ANCIENT ENGLISH HOSPICE attached to the College, and other Documents connected with the College from 1579, when it was specially confided to the care of the English Province S.J. until 1773, an eventful period of nearly 200 years. All hitherto unpublished matter, comprising the names of many Catholic families throughout England, with genealogical and other information connected with them.

Already published. Vol. I. Demy 8vo, price 26s.—The London, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, Berks, and Herts Districts.

Vol. II. Demy 8vo, price 26s.—The Lancashire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Suffolk, Norfolk, Essex, and Lincolnshire Districts.

Vol. III. Demy 8vo, 850 pp., 30s.—The Durham, Northumberland, Yorkshire, Hampshire, Dorset, Wilts, and Sussex Districts. With an enlarged Edition of "Jesuits in Conflict."

Vol. IV. Demy 8vo, 750 pages, price 26s.—The Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Herefordshire, North and South Wales, Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, and Devonshire Districts, &c., including the Cecil Gunpowder Plot, and Life of Father Henry Garnett, martyr, &c.

Vol. V. Demy 8vo, nearly 1100 pages. With Nine Photographs of Martyrs, price 30s. General History of the Province from 1678 to 1773, including Oates' Plot and the Orange Revolution of 1688.

The above volumes contain numerous Biographies, Pedigrees, &c.

\* Price to Subscribers for the whole Series, 20s. each for the first four vols., and 25s. for Volume V. For the Diary, 21s. Subscribers to apply to the Editor of the Records S.J., 111, Mount Street, London, W. Extra copies at the higher rate are reserved for non-subscribers, and may be had of Messrs. Burns and Oates, publishers, London.

*The Birkbeck Building Society's Annual Receipts exceed Four Millions.*

**H**OW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH, with Immediate Possession and no Rent to pay.—Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY, 29 and 30, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH, with Immediate Possession, either for Building or Gardening purposes.—Apply at the Office, as above.

HOW TO INVEST YOUR MONEY WITH SAFETY.—Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK BANK, 29 and 30, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. Deposits received at varying rates of interest for stated periods, or repayable on demand. Current Accounts opened according to the usual practice of Bankers, and Interest allowed on the minimum monthly balances. English and Foreign Stocks and Shares purchased and sold, and Advances made thereon. Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued. A Pamphlet, with full particulars, may be had on application.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

# MONTH AND CATHOLIC REVIEW.

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1880.

## ARTICLES, &c. :—

1. Some Late Biographies. I. The Life of the Prince Consort.
2. The Doctrinal Authority of the Church. *By the Rev. M. Gavin.*
3. Theophrastus and his Successors. Part the First. *By the Rev. John Rickaby.*
4. Passages from the Life of a Yorkshire Lady.  
Chapter XIII. A Fresh Change.  
" XIV. Filiations from Gravelines.  
" XV. "To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new."
5. The Peruvians of other days. *By the Rev. A. G. Knight.*
6. The Adventures of Twelve Catholic Students. Part the Fourth. *By the Rev. Joseph Stevenson.*
7. Anglicans and "Re-union."

## CATHOLIC REVIEW.

### I.—Reviews.

1. The Repressor of over-much blaming of the Clergy. By Reginald Pecoek, D.D., sometime Lord Bishop of Chichester. Edited by Churchill Babington, B.D. Rolls' Series.
2. Sir Thomas Gascoigne, or the Yorkshire Plot. By Agnes Stewart.
3. Lives of the Early Popes. Second Series. From Constantine to Charlemagne. By the Rev. Thomas Meyrick, M.A.
4. Les Celtes ; la Gaule Celtique. Etude critique. Par L. de Valroger.
5. Preludes. By Maurice F. Egan.
6. De nostra naturali cognitione Dei Dissertatio Inauguralis (J. M. A. Vacant).

### II.—Notes on the Press.

1. Connemara Converts.
2. The Belgian Elections.

### III.—Notices.

All Advertisements to be sent to MESSRS. BURNS and OATES, 17 Portman Street, W.

---

## JOHN HARDMAN AND COMPANY,

BIRMINGHAM,

Metal Workers in Silver, Brass, and Wrought Iron,

GAS FITTERS,

ENGRAVERS OF MEMORIAL BRASSES,

Artists in Stained Glass and Mural Decorators,

Medallists, &c.

---

MESSRS. J. HARDMAN AND CO. having lately rebuilt their Show Rooms in London, and made considerable improvements and additions to them, have now a much larger stock of Art Metal Work on view, of which they respectfully invite an inspection from Architects and all who are interested in Ecclesiastical Art.

---

LONDON ADDRESS :

13, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.

AGENTS :

BURNS AND OATES, 17, PORTMAN STREET, W.

## *Some Late Biographies.*

---

### I.—THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

#### I.

THE present year has witnessed the publication of more than one very interesting biography, or the termination of such biographies, of which former volumes had previously appeared. Professor Masson has finished his extremely valuable *Life of Milton*. The first volume of the biography of Samuel Wilberforce has already been noticed in these pages. Both abroad and in England the Memoirs of Prince Metternich and of Madame de Remusat have been made common property. And we have now before us the final volume of Mr. (now Sir Theodore) Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*. Other works might perhaps be named of nearly the same class, but the three we have mentioned in the last place are important enough to satisfy our attention for the present. Each of the three is remarkable in its way, and they have all something in common. The picture of the First Napoleon given by Madame de Remusat, will never be forgotten by those who have read her book—though it seems that the last biographer of the Emperor may have already used it in his work. The picture of the Prince Consort may certainly be contrasted in almost every way with that of Napoleon. The account of Napoleon by Prince Metternich is less interesting than that given by the lady of honour of the Empress Josephine, and the whole of the Memoirs of the Austrian Chancellor are marred by an easy-going self-satisfaction which makes one somewhat suspicious as to his trustworthiness. But these Memoirs are very valuable on historical grounds, and contain a certain number of documents which are true additions to our knowledge of the diplomacy of the great Napoleonic epoch.

The reader of Prince Metternich's Memoirs, moreover, if he turns from them to the biography of Prince Albert, will easily

recognize the change which has come over the European world in the interval between these two careers. We hear little of the people, nothing of Parliaments, not much even of public opinion, in the Memoirs of Metternich. The affairs of Europe are in the hands of a few great personages, on whose will, we might almost say, on whose whim, it depends, whether the peasants are torn from their homes by the conscription, or whether large tracts of country are governed by sovereigns with whom their populations have any natural ties, or by perfect strangers. In the Life of Prince Albert we are in the midst of newspaper articles, speeches, debates, despatches in which "what people will say or think" furnishes the chief element of anxiety. Even though Napoleon the First reigned as the representative of the French people, we do not find, from Madame de Remusat, that he took much heed to what they thought about him. In the Memoirs of Prince Albert we are taken into the confidence of a sovereign who reigns as the successor of a long line of monarchs, yet we find the real power in the hands of the Ministers of the day, and the Ministers of the day anxiously watching the acts and feelings of the democracy.

Of the three works before us, the Memoirs of Madame de Remusat are the most interesting in themselves, the Life of Prince Albert the most edifying, the Memoirs of Metternich the most historically important. Indeed, Madame de Remusat reads like a very good novel, while Metternich is always posing as a master of political wisdom and virtue, and Sir Theodore Martin is too much occupied in pointing out, not his own excellence, certainly, but the excellence of the subject of whom he is writing. This makes his biography less natural than it might be. We shall speak in our present article of this volume almost exclusively. Our own Prince has a right to the first place.

## II.

The last volume of the *Life of the Prince Consort* contains the history of the two years 1860 and 1861. It thus begins with the alarms and complications occasioned by the dishonest negotiations of Villa-Franca and Zurich, and ends in the crisis of the American War, just after the imminent danger into which the Government at Washington had precipitated itself of a war with England on account of the high-handed violation of international right in the affair of the Trent. At home, the



Palmerston Ministry is in power during the whole of this period, with Lord John Russell as Foreign Secretary and Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The chief foreign events of the time were the development of the plans of Cavour and Louis Napoleon as to Italy, the Garibaldian invasion of Sicily and Naples, the shameless attack of Piedmont on Umbria and the Marches, the defeat of Lamoricière, the capture of Ancona, the siege of Gaëta, and the ultimate formation of the so-called Kingdom of Italy—though the final consummation of the movement was to be reserved for a later date, when, ten years after the destruction of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, Rome was at last abandoned by the Emperor, who soon after lost his own crown and liberty on the field of Sedan. At home, this period was chiefly marked by the growing suspicion of the intentions of the French Emperor, whose insincerity and tortuous policy became manifest when he forced Cavour to yield to France Savoy and Nice, as the price of his aid in the formation of the Italian Kingdom. English suspicion of the possible ulterior designs of Louis Napoleon showed itself in a good deal of undignified panic, and still more of very foolish and aggravating language in Parliament and in the Press. But it also led to more sensible results in the expenditure of large sums of money on our fortifications, and in the further development of the Volunteer forces. The abortive Reform Bill of Lord John Russell, the repeal of the Paper Duties by Mr. Gladstone, the Commercial Treaty with France, looked upon, by no means unjustly, as a sop with which the Emperor indulged us to keep us, if possible, quiet as to his proceedings on the Continent, were the most prominent subjects of discussion in Parliament in relation to our home affairs. The family history of the Queen and the Prince was marked by many incidents during these times. The Queen lost her brother-in-law, Prince Hohenlohe, in 1860, and her mother, the Duchess of Kent, in 1861. Her first grandchild was born, and her second daughter, the Princess Alice, was engaged to Prince Louis of Hesse. The Prince of Wales visited America, and Prince Alfred the Cape and several other of our Colonial possessions. In the same period many prominent personages passed away at home and abroad—the old King of Prussia, the young King of Portugal, Count Cavour, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Herbert. Then, at a time of much uneasiness, on account of some domestic troubles, as well as of the appearance of danger in the political sphere from the

American War, the Syrian complications, and the aggressive designs of France, the cord, almost suddenly, snapped, and the Prince Consort was taken away.

The first duty of a reviewer of a book like this is a very pleasant duty—that of paying once more a tribute of honest admiration and gratitude to the many virtues and excellences of the Prince himself. If he was never thoroughly popular in “society” during his lifetime, he had always a large share of the confidence of the country, and the statesmen to whom the management of affairs fell in succession were unanimous in their appreciation of him. Since his death, his value to the public service has been more and more felt by the gap occasioned by his absence, and the publication of his present biography, as well as other causes, have secured him a lasting though posthumous popularity. It is clear, also, that he has left his mark behind him very conspicuously, and that his influence survives for almost unmingled good. All this is much in itself, and it is much more when considered in the light of history, and when we remember what Royal Princes may do and may not do for the benefit or the detriment of the nations of which they are chiefs. But we do not speak now for the first time on the great qualities of the Prince or on his services to England, and especially to the dynasty and the throne.

Passing from the Prince to his biographer, and considering him, as it is necessary to consider him, as responsible for the work which he has given to the public, it is not possible to pay a tribute of unqualified praise to Sir Theodore Martin. Except in absolutely partisan organs, there has been a very unanimous complaint made against him on at least two heads. In the first place, as we have already hinted, he seems to have impaired the real effect of his work by a constantly recurring strain of laudation which wearies the reader where it does not provoke a restless instinct to cavil. In the second place, he has written at least the last two volumes of his work about Prince Albert in a spirit which Prince Albert himself would have been the first to censure. It was one of the foibles of the Prince to be ready to lay down the law on all possible subjects, and it would not be difficult to imagine that, if he had been the son or the friend of a Prince Consort lately deceased, he might have found plenty to say as to the manner in which the biography of such a personage should be written, especially during the lifetime of so many men of distinction who had taken part in the public



service under him. We may venture to say that so close a student of the English Constitution, and one so earnestly desirous for the stability and popularity of the dynasty, would have been most anxious that the records of such a life should be written in a spirit of the strictest impartiality between the contending parties in the country, and of careful respect to the characters of prominent statesmen whose names must necessarily be frequently mentioned in a work which is almost, in many ways, a history of England. We may be sure that Prince Albert would have been very much annoyed to find that the writer of such a work had arranged the publication of its successive volumes in the spirit of a pamphleteer, that he had taken a decided side in party questions, and that he had exalted one leading statesman at the expense of another, and without regard to historical fairness. And yet it is quite beyond dispute that a very considerable amount of partisan *animus*, with reference to the present state of parties and the present position of rival statesmen, is discernible in more than one page of the volume of which we are speaking, and that, moreover, a study of *Hansard* or of the *Annual Register* for the years 1860 and 1861, would easily reveal the fact that several of the statements, general and particular, made by Sir Theodore Martin as to the conduct of political notabilities during that time, are very far indeed from correct. This is a great mistake in a Life of Prince Albert, who may have had his likes and his dislikes among English politicians, but who would never have thought it wise, in a work which almost seems to proceed from the throne itself, to display his predilections or aversions in this particular manner.

III.

Passing from this subject to that of the series of events, foreign and domestic, as to which the action of the Crown in this country was no doubt guided, in the main, by the mind of the Prince Consort, we find ourselves in the presence of some of the most important events of modern times. It was during the years which are covered by this volume that the drama of Italian spoliation and annexation was carried on. The work had, indeed, been begun by the Italian war of Louis Napoleon, in the main object of which there can be little doubt that the great majority of Englishmen sympathized heartily. The work, once begun, could hardly have been arrested, and it is only a

delusion to believe that the stipulations of Villa Franca and Zurich were seriously intended by the French Emperor. He had obtained the peace of Villa Franca from Francis Joseph by false representations of the views of the great European Powers, and he can never have intended that the dispossessed sovereigns of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany should return to their dominions, or that the Legations should be restored to the Pope. But he was most anxious not formally to break his plighted word to the Emperor of Austria, and this made him very desirous of the cooperation of England, by means of which he hoped to prevent Austria from insisting on the execution of the Treaty of Zurich. In the volume before us considerable credit is taken for England because she did not fall into the snare. Lord Palmerston, the Premier, Lord John Russell, the Foreign Secretary, and Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, were supposed to be willing, in a greater or less degree, to mix the country up with the Italian imbroglio. It seems certain that Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell were for taking some active steps, but that the rest of the country overruled them. It is also certain that the proposals which were then known as the "English Four Points," were practically drawn up in the interests of the Italian Revolution, for they suggested that neither France nor Austria should intervene in Italy unless requested so to do by Europe, and they provided also a way for the transfer of the *Æmilia* and the Duchies to the Sardinian crown, in direct contravention of the agreement of Villa Franca. As a matter of fact, Austria was too weak to move to enforce the treaty, and the Emperor Napoleon promised the Italians that they should be left to themselves. This leaving them to themselves meant simply that they were to be left to the joint machinations of Cavour, who bribed right and left, and of Mazzini and Garibaldi, the organizers of revolutions and armed invasions. Nothing more iniquitous has ever been witnessed in history than the conduct of the Sardinian Minister, who carried the principle of shameless mendacity in his public declarations to an extent which has never been rivalled. We need not recall to the minds of our readers the whole disgraceful tale of the invasion of the Two Sicilies, of the visit of Farini and Cialdini to the Emperor at Chambéry, of the slaughter of Castel Fidardo, and the occupation of the Marches and Umbria. The last time when it was our duty to speak of a volume of the Prince Consort's Life, we

anticipated, with some anxiety, some revelation from Sir Theodore Martin of the views entertained at the English Court of all this maze of iniquity, whenever he came to extend his work to a narrative of these last years. We are sorry to find that in the volume now before us there is but little to satisfy legitimate curiosity in this respect. It would almost seem as if there had been some suppression. However, we are rejoiced to note that there are some indications that Prince Albert was not altogether of the same mind with Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell in this matter. Towards the end of this year 1860, there were interviews at Toplitz and Warsaw between the then Prince Regent of Prussia—now the “German Emperor”—and the Emperors of Austria and Russia respectively. The results were communicated to Prince Albert by the Prince Regent, and by him to the Premier and the Foreign Secretary. Prince Albert writes to the English Ministers that his correspondent “does not deny that the late Italian policy of England was viewed with very great regret.” Then follow some significant asterisks. “He seems very unhappy about Lord John Russell’s last published despatch, which he calls a tough morsel to digest, in which he sees a disruption of the Law of Nations as hitherto recognized, and of the holy ties which bound people and sovereigns, and a declaration on the part of England, that wheresoever there exists any dissatisfaction among a people, they have the privilege to expel their sovereigns, with the assured certainty of England’s sympathy.”

The despatch of Lord John Russell, which was addressed to Sir James Hudson at Turin (October 27), deserved all the blame which is there implied. It was an attempt, altogether uncalled for, and highly imprudent, to defend argumentatively the action of the Piedmontese Government. It was uncalled for, because the action was a *fait accompli*, and had become so without any responsibility on the part of England. If we sympathized with Cavour, we might have held our tongue. It was imprudent, because the reasoning was bad and dangerous, and laid any one who used it open to a retort in case he found himself aggrieved in the way in which the weaker Italian States had been aggrieved by Piedmont. “It was said with great force at the time,” writes Sir Theodore Martin, “that any Emperor, or President of a Republic, who entertained an inconvenient sympathy for Canada, for Ireland, for India, or for the Channel Islands, will remember that Vattel and Lord John

Russell approve of foreign intervention against oppression and unpopular Governments."

This, Sir Theodore Martin tells us, was the opinion of the Prince Consort. He seems, however, to have thought that the case of Italy was so exceptional, on account of what he imagined to be the previous misgovernment of the territories which were now "annexed" by Piedmont, that excuses might be found on that ground for the policy of Cavour. It is here that we should certainly question the accuracy of the impression shared, with Prince Albert, by a great majority of the country. The French Emperor's watchword of "nationalities" had much more effect in firing the imaginations and warping the judgments of Englishmen than they would have liked to allow. Nor can we doubt that the weakening of the Catholic Church, by the destruction of the Temporal Power of the Pope, was a measure which Protestants in general delighted to see carried out by nominally Catholic powers. For many years, false statements in the Press had poisoned the English mind. There can be little doubt that there was a certain amount of discontent in the States of Southern and Central Italy at the time of which we are speaking. The Neapolitan Government was bad in its management of the people, as it was also exceedingly bad in its dealings with the Church and the Holy See. Tuscany was not badly governed—the people were happy and were devoted to the reigning family. Umbria, the Marches, and the Legations were recovering from the universal misery and penury into which they had been thrown by the short-lived reign of Revolution which drove the Pope into exile. Whatever else the Mazzinians knew or were ignorant of, they knew very well, as all such people know very well, how to fill their own pockets with public money when they had the chance. But the great cause of dissatisfaction throughout the Italian peninsula—if we except Lombardy and Venice, though even there the exception cannot be made without qualification—was the perpetual intrigues and subterranean manœuvres of the secret societies and of the well-paid emissaries of Count Cavour. But to the action of this cause, an action of a kind which weak States can seldom successfully resist, the English public, and even the English Court, seem deliberately to have closed their eyes. It is strange that we find more than once in this very volume mention of the infamous manner in which the Sardinian Premier plotted in Venetia, in Hungary, and elsewhere—of the way in

which he sent arms from the arsenal of Genoa to the mouth of the Danube for a possible insurrection against Austria with whom he had just made peace—and that yet Sir Theodore Martin and, as far as we can gather, Prince Albert himself, betray no suspicion at all that the Italian Revolution was produced and nourished by the same means. We hear over and over again of the Neapolitan troops retiring before Garibaldi, and of the remarkably ineffective and ill-aimed fire of the Neapolitan vessels which might more than once have blown him and his volunteers into the air, but there is no word of suspicion that all this marvellous inefficiency was brought about by the free circulation of Piedmontese money among the Neapolitan officers. It is a very easy thing to drive a king from his throne when his own Ministers and his own generals are in your pay. It is a very easy thing to obtain temporary diplomatic success when, as Sir Theodore Martin tells us in more than one place of Cavour, you do not shrink from telling a deliberate lie which a few weeks will expose. The thing that was done was plainly contrary to the public law of Europe, and it involved principles destructive of society itself. And the manner in which it was done was cowardly, villainous, and mendacious in the highest degree. In any other case Englishmen would have said so,—why did they not say so in this?

It is very strange that wherever there is trouble in the European, or even the Asiatic, provinces of an Empire such as that of the Sultan, Englishmen in general at once account for it all by the intrigues and bribes of Russia, or Servia, or some other power which may have an interest in producing such disturbances. We hear a great deal about the Panslavist Propaganda, and the Greek Propaganda, and so on. Very likely some part of what we hear is true—it is not our business to deny it. Rather, we may take it as an acknowledged principle as to modern revolutions of almost every kind, that they are supported and fostered by intrigues from without, and that a great deal of what looks so fine in the newspapers—many of whose correspondents are often in the plot—is nothing more than the result of operations of this kind. But why is the working of this principle to be recognized everywhere else, and not to be recognized in the case of the Italian Revolution? Surely, it is something like a solemn hypocrisy to seem to believe in the pure patriotism and the immaculate honesty of the Italian mischiefmongers, and then to come down so very hard

upon agitators of the same class in other countries. This kind of hypocrisy sits naturally enough upon professed diplomatists, such as Lord Palmerston, or even upon a man like Lord John Russell, who would never see more than one side of a question, and that one the side he wished to see. But we could have desired that Sir Theodore Martin might have been able to show us that a philosophic mind like that of the Prince Consort had not been deceived by so very transparent a fiction.

## IV.

But of all the hypocrisies, or perhaps we should rather say self-delusions, of which the volume gives us an example, there is none more simple or more naïve than the indignation which was so universal in England, and in which, as is evident, the Court itself shared, at the annexation of Savoy and Nice by the French Emperor as a compensation for his aid in furthering the Italian Revolution. There can be very little doubt that Savoy and Nice were, if not as necessary to France as Central Italy or Naples to Piedmont, at least as naturally her property and as useful to her in case of emergency. There can be no doubt that Savoy and Nice gained a great deal by being annexed to France. There can be no doubt that, in this case, the former sovereign and the State to which they had belonged were consenting parties to the annexation. No doubt, Cavour was reluctant to sign the treaty—but he had entered into the engagement with his eyes open, and his reluctance was only the natural repugnance of a covetous robber, who has gained a great prize by the help of a confederate, and, having gained it, is averse to pay the confederate his stipulated wage. One of the cleverest things which the unprincipled Minister of Victor Emmanuel ever did was to pay the generals and officials of Francis the Second, who had agreed to serve the cause of Piedmont for money, in false bank notes. No doubt he would have been very glad to pay Louis Napoleon in the same manner, but Louis Napoleon would not take his false notes, and insisted on his pound of flesh. Yet, at this simple, though shameless transaction, the virtue of the English public was enormously scandalized. For a short time, no two men were thought more wicked in London than Louis Napoleon and Count Cavour. Alas! what was the foundation of all this prudery? Why was it that the men who could applaud the jaunty acquisitiveness of the Sicilian expedition, and the black treachery by which so



much of the best Legitimist blood in France was shed on the field of Castel Fidardo, could be almost at the same time so puritanically stern at the execution of the deliberate compact of Plombières? We made ourselves the laughing-stock of Europe—not because we really disapproved of the morality of the transfer of the two provinces to France, but because we saw in the line taken by Louis Napoleon, and in the utter shamelessness of the transaction, a threat of similar acquisitions on the Rhine and even perhaps in Belgium, and a promise that if some such acquisition were to be contemplated or attempted, it would be certainly after the most solemn professions had been made and the most solemn pledges given that nothing was further from the thoughts of the Emperor. Now, there can be no manner of doubt that the whole of the policy of this country in dealing with the discontents and factions of foreign States, at least of weak foreign States, with which we were perpetually meddling during the time of Lord Palmerston's and Lord John Russell's administration of the Foreign Office, was guided by an absolutely lax view of the moral obligations which bound subjects to their sovereign. We were always ready to hold out a helping hand to insurgents and revolutionists. That is, we were not indeed aggressive in the sense of coveting fresh territories for ourselves, but we were continually aggressive in the propagation of principles which, on the Continent of Europe, were simply revolutionary. It was not for us, of all people in the world, to take our stand on public laws, or treaty obligations, or the rights of Governments. All these considerations were flung to the winds when there was question of revolutionizing Italy or Hungary. But, as soon as a want of principle was detected in the policy of a powerful neighbour whose aggressiveness might give trouble to ourselves, no language was too strong for us to use.

Englishmen often wonder at the constantly expressed opinion of foreigners as to the ineradicable selfishness of our policy. We are not prepared to say that, if we are selfish, we are much worse than our neighbours in that respect. But at all events, our neighbours do not talk and write so freely as we do about the conduct of other people, and so it may well be the case that we make more professions of our disinterestedness than they make. But, unfortunately for ourselves, we forget what we have said one day, when we say something quite the reverse of it the next. It would be amusing, but not gratifying

to our self-complacency, to make a collection of English criticisms on other nations and their policy, and then to seek for examples in which we might be found to have done the very things ourselves which we condemn in others. Foreign nations naturally judge us by our conduct as a whole—and our conduct as a whole is not such as to give us a claim to be heard as the vindicators of abstract right and justice in the world. It is undeniable that in Italy, in Germany—above all, in the East—we have either sympathized with or actually encouraged, conduct such as that which we are the first to decry as unprincipled when we see it paralleled in the dealings, perhaps, of Russia towards Turkey, or of Austria in the Balkan Peninsula. Louis Napoleon did not live to hear the acquisition of a “scientific frontier” for our Eastern possessions assigned as sufficient justification for a war on people who did not wish to fight us. If he had, he might perhaps have twirled his moustache, in complacent recollection of the extreme iniquity of which he had been accused for securing the frontier of France towards the new Italian kingdom by the acquisition of Savoy and Nice.

It is but fair to the Emperor Louis Napoleon to give him the credit which he deserves for a certain cordiality in his attachment to the English alliance, which may of course be attributed to policy, but which very probably was founded on a sincere gratitude for the kindness with which he had been treated during his exile in this country, and also to a true regard for the persons of the Queen and the Prince. As we shall have, in the course of these articles, to speak of the comparison which may be drawn between the First and the Third Napoleon in more than one respect, it is fair to say that the nephew in many respects was at least far more of a gentleman than the uncle. Louis Napoleon had of course had greater advantages of education and of society, as he had the discipline of long years of adversity, to prepare him for power. Indeed, it is almost too much to say that he was more of a gentleman than the founder of the dynasty, for it must be confessed that it would be difficult to find in the First Napoleon any traces of the gentleman at all. But the third of the name had some honourable qualities about him, and every one has agreed that he was loyal in his friendships. In politics his word was worth little more than that of his uncle, but in private life it was not so. In his demeanour as a sovereign he had probably much



more of the royal manner than the first Emperor. There is a scene related in the present volume which contrasts favourably with some similar incidents in the life of his uncle. He had been nettled to the utmost by the distrust expressed of his policy in the House of Commons, and he vented his displeasure, in the first instance, very much as the First Emperor might have done, on the English Ambassador. The incident took place at a concert at the Tuileries :

Smarting under the severity of the remarks upon his conduct in the House of Commons the night previously, the Emperor, in making the round of the diplomatic circle between the first and second parts of the concert, addressed some hasty words to Lord Cowley in the hearing of some of his colleagues, which Lord Cowley was not disposed to pass over in silence, as M. Hübner on a recent memorable occasion had done. In a manner and tone very unusual with him, the Emperor animadverted upon the hostile sentiments evinced towards him in the English Parliament and Press. "His Majesty must be aware," rejoined Lord Cowley, wishing to avoid discussion at so unseasonable a moment, "that there was quite as great irritation against England expressed in France." "Was this to be wondered at," the Emperor replied, "considering the terms and imputations applied in England to himself and to the French nation? They were only defending themselves against unfair attacks. It was," he continued, "really too bad. He had done all in his power to maintain a good understanding with England, but her conduct rendered this impossible. What had England to do with Savoy? And why was she not satisfied with the declaration he had made to me, that he had no intention to annex Savoy to France, without having previously obtained the consent of the great Powers?"

To this Lord Cowley rejoined with unanswerable force, that the Emperor had never said his action would depend upon the consent of the other European Powers. Had he been authorized to convey that assurance to her Majesty's Government, the interpellations in Parliament which had roused the Emperor's indignation would long since have ceased, and her Majesty's Government and the country would have calmly awaited the decision at which the great Powers might arrive. Some further words passed, when the Emperor, turning to the Russian Ambassador, General Kisseleff, in whose hearing the conversation had taken place, remarked that the conduct of England was inexplicable. He had done all he could to keep on the best terms with her, but he was at his wit's end. What had England to do with Savoy? What would have been the consequence if, when she took possession of the Island of Perim for the safety of her Eastern dominions, he had raised the same objections that she had now raised to the annexation of Savoy, which he wanted as much for the safety of France?

The position of Lord Cowley was most embarrassing, and he was

still meditating how he should deal with the difficulty, when the Emperor again came up to him, and was beginning in the same strain. This time, happily, no one was by. Lord Cowley at once checked the further progress of remarks in a direction already sufficiently dangerous, by saying that he considered himself justified in calling the Emperor's attention to the unusual course he had adopted, in indulging, in presence of the Russian Ambassador, in animadversions on the conduct of England. That his Majesty, Lord Cowley added, if he had, or thought he had, cause for remonstrance, should address himself to him, was not only natural, but the very course he should always beg his Majesty to take, because discussion was the safety-valve for pent-up feeling. Or, if his Majesty thought it right to complain of the conduct of England to the Russian Ambassador, good and well, so that it was not done in his (Lord Cowley's) presence. But it was not compatible with his own dignity or the dignity of the Government he represented, that complaints respecting England should be addressed to him in the hearing of the Russian Ambassador, or to the Russian Ambassador in his hearing. Leaving, then, the official tone, Lord Cowley appealed to the Emperor to consider whether he had been properly dealt with, remembering the personal regard, and the anxiety to smooth over difficulties between the two Governments, which in his official capacity he had always shown, even at the risk of exposing himself to be suspected of being more French than he ought to be.

The Emperor felt at once the mistake he had made, and with an earnestness which placed his regret beyond a doubt, again and again assured Lord Cowley that he had spoken without any bad intention. He had just read what had occurred in Parliament the night before, and was greatly hurt at the strictures passed upon his conduct. It was not of the Government either that he had spoken, but of those who attacked him; and he begged Lord Cowley would think no more of what had occurred.

Before the conversation broke off, Lord Cowley had an opportunity of putting the true state of the case very plainly before his Imperial host. "Had Prussia, or one of the Continental Powers," said the Emperor, "taken up the question of Savoy, he could have understood it, but not a word of remonstrance had proceeded from any of them." "That silence," Lord Cowley at once replied, "could scarcely be relied on as indicating approbation; but however this might be, the position of her Majesty's Government was very different from that of the other Powers. How could they remain silent in presence of the questions respecting Savoy, which were put to them night after night?—questions put, not so much because of the actual plan of annexing Savoy, as of the circumstances attending the whole transaction. They were, in fact, questions caused by mistrust. And how could it be otherwise? What could the English people think on its becoming known, in spite of his Majesty's declarations both before and during the war, that, in going to war, he meditated no special advantages for France, that overtures had

positively been made to Sardinia months before for the eventual cession of Savoy? Why had his Majesty not told us fairly, in commencing the war, that if, by the results of the war, the territory of Sardinia should be greatly augmented, he might be obliged, in deference to public opinion in France, to ask for some territorial advantage? Such a declaration, although it might have rendered the British Government still more anxious to prevent the war, would have prevented all the manifestation of public opinion of which his Majesty complained.

The Emperor could not but feel the weight of these observations, to which it was impossible to reply; neither was it in the Emperor's character, in which candour to an adversary formed a large element, to resent them (p. 38).

## V.

However, to return to our main subject, if we cannot say that the Prince Consort took the view which we should be glad to find him taking about the Italian Revolution, at all events his position as well as his character removed him from the charge of having had any active participation therein. We fear that the same cannot be said of the politicians then in charge of the destinies of England, and history will show whether they were not providing a new danger for their own country in the countenance, and the more than countenance, which they showed to the schemes of Cavour and Garibaldi. The influence of the Prince was always on the side of good and of the public service. It is clear that, if he was not the prime mover in the defensive measures which were adopted by the Government of Lord Palmerston—notwithstanding the outcry against “bloated armaments,” in which, with all deference to Sir Theodore Martin, Mr. Disraeli took as much part as Lord Palmerston's own Chancellor of the Exchequer—at least the measures in question had his cordial support and sympathy.

As Prince Albert was cut off in the prime of life, the volume before us seems to come to an abrupt end, but there is much in the narrative of the last year of his life which prepares us for the final, though sudden, catastrophe. It is quite clear that he worked too hard. His constitution was not strong, but he spared himself no labour in the service of the Queen and the country. About a year before his last illness he had an attack of English cholera, which for a time prostrated him. It may be interesting to give the following extract, drawn up by her Majesty, as a description of his ordinary habits of work and recreation :

Like most men who have done great things in the world, the Prince got to his work early and had made good progress with it before other people were stirring. Summer or winter, he rose, as a rule, at seven, dressed and went to his sitting-room, where, in winter, a fire was burning and a green German lamp ready lit. He read and answered letters, never allowing his vast correspondence to fall into arrear, or prepared for her Majesty's consideration drafts of answers to her Ministers on any matters of importance. Not feeling sure of the idiomatic accuracy of his English, he would constantly bring his English letters to the Queen to read through, saying: *Les' recht aufmerksam, und sage wenn irgend ein Fehler da ist!*—"Read carefully, and tell me if there be any faults in these." Or, in the case of drafts on political affairs, he would say: *Ich hab' Dir hier ein Draft gemacht, lese es mal! Ich dünkte es wäre recht so*—"Here is a draft I have made for you: read it. I should think this would do!" He kept up this habit to the close of his life, and his last memorandum of this description—a paper of the greatest importance, to which we shall hereafter have occasion particularly to advert—he brought to the Queen on the 1st of December, 1861, at 8 a.m., having risen to write it, ill and suffering as he was, saying as he gave it, *Ich bin so schwach, ich habe kaum die Feder halten können*—"I am so weak, I have scarcely been able to hold the pen."

From eight o'clock till breakfast time was either spent in the same way, or in the perusal of fresh relays of despatches and official papers, which had been previously opened and read by the Queen, and placed by her ready for his perusal beside his table in her sitting-room.

Every morning the leading newspapers were placed on a table in the breakfast-room near the Prince. He never failed to examine them—sometimes, to quote a Memorandum of the Queen's, of January, 1862, "reading aloud good or important articles." A good article gave him sincere pleasure." How much a mischievous one pained him has already been told (ante, p. 229). "Often," says the memorandum, "when breakfast was over, he would get up, and spreading a newspaper over one of the tables, bend over it, and refuse to listen to any questions, saying: *Störe mich nicht, ich lese das fertig*—"Don't disturb me, I am busy reading." And his papers are full of evidence that no article in any of the leading journals of real value for its facts or arguments escaped his notice.

"Formerly," again to quote her Majesty's Memorandum, "when he did not go out shooting, he generally walked out with me before ten, or sometimes even earlier; but for the last three or four years we seldom went out before a quarter past ten. He generally saw Mr. Rulandt (his private librarian—or, in former years, Dr. Becker), sometimes Colonel Biddulph, or Major Elphinstone, or would write sometimes, or run down (for he was always quick and energetic as he went up or down the stairs and along the passage, and I could hear his footstep as he went along) to see General Grey, or Sir Charles Phipps. Sometimes, if a Minister were in the house, and were going away early, he

would send for him for a moment to his room, and then would come to my room again. Not for a good many years did he go out with me on the days he shot: that was only quite in the earliest years, when he had not so much to do.

"In the shooting season he generally went out three or four times a week, and later on hunted once a week; but he had almost given up hunting since 1858. He was generally home by two or a little before. He never went out, or came home, without coming through my room, or into my dressing-room, with a smile on his face, saying: *Sehr schön!*—"Very fine!" or, *Ich bin schrecklich nass*, or *schmutzig!*—"I am frightfully wet" or "dirty!" and I treasured up everything I heard, kept every letter or despatch to show him, and was always vexed and nervous if I had any foolish draft or despatch to put before him, as I knew it would distress or irritate him and affect his delicate stomach. He always walked very fast when out shooting, and got very quickly through with it. He would say: "I don't understand people making a business of shooting, and going out for the whole day. I like it as an amusement for a few hours."

Even during these few hours of recreation, the brain could have had little rest from its pre-occupations. The day was too short for the claims upon the Prince's attention, and the frequent attacks of illness, even although slight, showed that his body was growing weaker, while every day increased the strain upon his mind. In every direction his counsel and his help were sought. In the royal household, in his family circle, among his numerous kinsfolk at home and abroad, his judgment and guidance were being constantly appealed to. Every enterprize of national importance claimed his attention; and in all things that concerned the welfare of the State, at home or abroad, his accurate and varied knowledge, and great political sagacity, made him looked to as an authority by all our leading Statesmen. Let those who worked with and for him do their best—and he could not have been served more ably or more devotedly—they could not prevent a pressure which constantly compelled him to do in one day what would have been more than ample work for two. But all this fatigue of body and brain did not deprive him of his natural cheerfulness. "At breakfast and luncheon," says the Memorandum already quoted, "and also at our family dinners, he sat at the top of the table, and kept us all enlivened by his interesting conversation, by his charming anecdotes, and droll stories without end of his childhood, of people at Coburg, of our good people in Scotland, which he would repeat with a wonderful power of mimicry, and at which he would himself laugh more heartily. Then he would at other times entertain us with his talk about the most interesting and important topics of the present and of former days, on which it was ever a pleasure to hear him speak."

We need not repeat the well-known story of the last days of the Prince Consort. It was not generally known until the



publication of this volume, that the last occasion on which Prince Albert was of serious service to the Crown and the country was only a few days before his death, in fact while he was already feeling the attack which finally brought him to the grave. We can many of us remember the unanimous feeling of indignation which spread through this country on the arrival of the *Trent* steamship at Southampton, Nov. 27, 1861, with the news that she had been intercepted in her course by an American frigate, the captain of which had insisted on the surrender to him of the Confederate envoys to Europe, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who were passengers on board our mail steamer. Two days after the arrival of the news, the English Cabinet came to the inevitable conclusion that an insult had been offered to the English flag for which it was imperative to demand reparation and redress. So far all was plain, but a great deal was sure to depend on the wording and tone of the despatch in which this demand was to be conveyed, especially to a Government such as that of Washington, which, notwithstanding its war with the Confederates, could not hold its own with its own people if it yielded to anything like arrogance and dictation. It must be confessed, also, that Lord John Russell, to whom it naturally fell to draw up the despatch, was about the last statesman in England to be trusted to avoid provocative language. The occasion was a most momentous one, especially as it was known that General Scott, who was then in Paris, had said that the seizure of the envoys had been deliberately planned by the authorities at Washington, and that in the case of a declaration of war on the part of England, he was commissioned to propose to France to ally herself with the Northern States, offering her the restoration of Canada as a bribe. The language of the draft despatch, as sent to the Queen by the Premier, is described as "peremptory and defiant," but then it is an American who says this, who never saw it. But it may fairly be presumed that Prince Albert's suggestions, which seem to have been faithfully carried out, toned down the document considerably, and that the alterations were just of a nature to make it possible for Mr. Seward, to whom the despatch was communicated by Lord Lyons, to give a respectful and affirmative answer. It must be added that, on this occasion, the Emperor of the French took the lead in impressing on the Federal Government that their conduct was indefensible, and that he at once removed all hope of assistance from any other

power in a possible war with England. How the incident terminated we all know. It might perhaps in any case have terminated as it did, especially after the declaration of the European Powers to the Government at Washington. But the Prince Consort may be credited with having made it very decidedly more easy to the Federal Government to acquiesce in our demands, by taking care that those demands were couched in very inoffensive and conciliatory language.

### *The Doctrinal Authority of the Church.*

---

DR. WARD has given to the world a new edition of his Essays on the Church's doctrinal authority. The volume is full of most interesting information to such as love theology for its own sake, while students will find at least one important point, *e.g.*, the Church's *magisterium* treated with a fulness vainly sought in the works of some older writers. Those, and they are not few, who feel grateful to Dr. Ward for his services to religion, will welcome the appearance of this edition as a proof that the writer's energy is not flagging even though years advance. Dr. Ward has been prominently before the public for many years. His editorship of the *Dublin Review* obtained for him the well-merited confidence of his immediate ecclesiastical superiors, and a letter of praise from Pius the Ninth, to which Dr. Ward refers in the Preface, and of which he may well be proud. To win distinction as a writer on philosophy or theology falls to the lot of few; Dr. Ward is counted in the happy number, and he may be fairly congratulated that even his adversaries have been ready to recognize his talent, earnestness of purpose, and sterling honesty. It would be impossible for a man placed in so prominent a position to escape criticism. Dr. Ward had many difficulties to contend against in his management of the *Dublin Review*, to which he feelingly alludes in the Preliminary Essay; indeed, he goes so far as to tell us<sup>1</sup> that, in the early days of editorship, "he got more kicks than half-pence." Others, who have not the honour of being editors, might make the same confession. Of course Dr. Ward in the *Dublin Review* wrote from a vantage ground, but if ever in the heat of argument he pressed a point with characteristic eagerness, insisting that his own private views must be the teaching of the Church, he was invariably ready to acknowledge his mistake, and it always seemed, at least to one who now for many years has been following Dr. Ward's

<sup>1</sup> P. 32.



writings, that his contrition was as great as his fault. With so much by way of preface, I address myself to a review of the book before me.

I think I shall best consult the advantage of my readers if I confine my observations to a consideration of the subjects to which Dr. Ward specially invites attention, *e.g.*, the Church's *magisterium*, and the extent of the Church's infallibility in defining. The Church, in her office of Universal Teacher, claims infallibility in the demesne of Faith and Morals; and consequently she demands not only exterior obedience, but absolute interior submission of heart and will to her ruling. This is the doctrine at which aliens to the fold gnash their teeth. Submission of intellect they will not tolerate. The difficulty is got over now-a-days by the frank confession that dogma, or revealed truth, is a myth to be banished to the nursery. The *Times* of April 15th gives a full report of the last of M. Renan's Hibbert Lectures. At the conclusion of the discourse I find the following statements: "Our age is the age of history, for it is the age of doubt as to dogma;" and lower down: "There is no definitive revelation." As a summing up I read the following astounding sentences: "To refuse freedom of thought is a kind of contradiction in terms. But from freedom of thought to the freedom of saying out what one thinks there is but a step. For the right of all is the same. I have no right to forbid anybody to say what he thinks, but nobody has the right to forbid me to speak as I think." It is well to notice the conclusions M. Renan is obliged to draw when once he has admitted there is no such thing as revelation. Perfect liberty of thought, and perfect liberty of speech on every subject. Well, then, why not proclaim regicide, and free love, and communism in property, and the destruction of all law and order? No government under the sun could stand such a strain as this. Certainly not the British, that has gagged the press in Ireland and has gagged the press in India, and would be justified in repeating the operation to-morrow did the interests of the community demand it.

But my purpose is not now to deal with M. Renan, whom the *Times* of April 17th, with a rare perversion of terms, calls a diligent and patient searcher after truth. All to whom revelation is dear must consider M. Renan as nothing better than a professional blasphemer. I put M. Renan and Dr. Ward together as the extreme poles of human thought, and I want

to show how much more reasonable the latter is than the former. One banishes all certainty in religious matters, and says that men may believe and give out just what they choose; the other maintains that the Church has got a substantive message to deliver, and that she calls upon men to submit even in things that they do not understand. Dr. Ward glories in his subjection, and he insists, in pages 320—326, that intellectual captivity is true intellectual liberty, and in this statement, when properly explained, all Catholics agree. But those to whom the Church's pretensions seem at first blush extreme, should remember that the Church never asks allegiance without first showing her credentials. While such as die outside her fold in good faith may indeed be condemned for other shortcomings—for faith alone is not sufficient for salvation—the Church teaches that those who die in good faith will not be answerable, because they did not believe what they did not know. The Church teaches also that those who, in the presence of God, believe their sect to be true, are not bound to inquire, but when doubt arises they must, by prayer or advice from friends, or by some other means, remove the doubt from the mind. The Church addresses each one much as follows: "I claim to be the one true Church; to be the one ark of salvation; I say now, and I have been saying for nineteen hundred years, that those who through their own fault die outside my pale shall never see God; I have been founded by Christ; He has given me a Gospel to preach to the world, and He has promised to keep me from going wrong when I teach men what is necessary for salvation. Here are my credentials; examine them; ask any of my recognized teachers for the explanation of what you do not understand: no other Church claims such high prerogatives. If you are certain that I am the only true Church you are bound to join me; nay, out of two religions you are bound to follow the more probable or safer path, and if you sincerely endeavour to do all you can, God in His own time will clear away the mists and afford you full certainty to embrace without reserve the one true faith."

Now, let us ask, what is there unreasonable in all this? What can be more reasonable or more straightforward? But when once we have entered the Church we must submit to her guidance in those matters where God has appointed her to teach. And this submission is dictated to us by the sound rules of common sense. For if I recognize the Church as

Christ's mouthpiece on earth, my habitual state should be willingness to hear her as God's messenger. Reason proclaims in loud and unwavering tones that God is to be obeyed whenever He issues a command. Even the savage, who has never seen a missionary nor heard the music of Gospel tidings, whose only notion of God is gathered from the earth and sea and sky, will admit that the creature must obey the Creator, no matter what He demands. This truth follows from the very first principles of the natural law; it is stamped on the heart so clearly that, though malice may obscure, it cannot entirely erase this maxim. But when we have reached thus far we find that we are led further. For if God is a free agent, He can if He choose appoint a body of men to be the sole depositaries of that positive teaching which, over and above the natural law, it has pleased Him to give for our guidance. He can endow them singly or collectively with the gift of inerrancy, and He can further add, that whenever we are listening to them we are in reality listening to Him. And the same reason, call it common sense if you like, which commands obedience and submission to Him, also commands obedience and submission to them who speak in His name and with His authority. They may tell me things which I understand, or they may force upon me much the full import of which I do not at present discern, but in either case I am bound to believe them, not for their own sake, but because of Him Whom they infallibly represent.

Besides this, also, the intellect attains its fullest perfection when it is reduced in captivity to that teaching which comes from God and cannot go wrong. Refusal to submit except to what unaided reason grasps without any assistance from a higher power is of all mental slavery the greatest. We need not go far to find the monuments of our ignorance; every tree and stone or creeping insect seems to reproach us with the little that we know. And then there is the unseen world and its mysteries, which we deny because, forsooth, we cannot unravel them, just as if finite man is called upon to understand the nature of the infinite God. A writer in the *Saturday Review* once said that there is no logical standpoint between Catholicity and infidelity. Once we are in the Catholic Church the more we get of her teaching the better. I entirely agree with Dr. Ward when he tells us, in page 320: "A man's will is in a healthy, happy condition precisely so far as it submits itself humbly and unreservedly to God's commands, and aims on

each occasion at discerning and pursuing His preference. Undoubtedly subjection of the will to a *wicked* master would be bitter slavery, though whether even that would be more bitter than simple independence may perhaps be doubted. But the will's *perfection* consists neither in independence nor yet in subjection to tyranny, but in subjection to God, Who is Sanctity. Just so as regards one's intellect. Its perfection consists neither in independence from authority on the one hand, nor in subjugation to false oracles on the other hand, but in absolute surrender to God, Who is Truth."

I now may fairly ask who is the more reasonable of the two, M. Renan or Dr. Ward? Renan comes to a select audience of English ladies and gentlemen to announce that revealed truth does not exist. For a statement which, if correct, would shake the cradle-faith of Christendom and wrench the only anchor on which shipwrecked hearts cling, we might expect at least some show of proof. Not a vestige of argument is offered by this patient searcher after truth. Revelation does not exist because M. Renan has chosen to say so—*sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas*. Dr. Ward uses the reason God has given, finds the Catholic Church to be the one true Church left to the remnant of Israel, enters it and then submits his intellect to her teaching, because his reason has told him that she is taught by God and cannot deceive. This I conceive to be the *rationabile obsequium* of which St. Paul speaks.

But we should be very wrong indeed if we imagined that the Church while exhorting us to welcome this captivity of intellect, either meant to cramp our powers or to make us nervous about constantly violating her tenets. Nothing of the sort. Cardinal Newman, in one of his Lectures on University Education, points out that the scientific man or the student in any branch of knowledge may push his investigations vigorously without fear of treading on dangerous ground. There are indeed certain broad landmarks, or if I may be allowed to change the metaphor, rocks and shoals and quicksands are indicated to enable us to steer our course out into the deep sea. If I wanted to point to men of independent minds I should instance the Theologians of the Church. No one will deny that they have used their intellect freely; they treat of the most sacred things—God, eternal life, the morality of actions, with a freedom which would be positively startling did we not recognize the spirit in which it was done.

This captivity of intellect, on which Dr. Ward lays so much stress, is due to the Church's *magisterium*; and by that term I mean to the Church in her office of infallible teacher. She teaches in two ways—first by solemn definition, or secondly, in her ordinary every-day *magisterium*. Who, it may be asked, are those who compose or take part in this infallible *magisterium*? Theologians tell us that the prerogative of infallibility in teaching resides in those and in those alone who have been intended by Christ as *authentic* teachers of the whole Church, that is, who teach in their own name, and with their own authority: namely, the Pope and bishops in communion with him. Neither laymen, nor priests, nor theologians, however great their attainments, are *authentic* teachers in matter of faith and morals, but only those bishops who have ordinary jurisdiction and are in union with the See of Rome. In the last chapter of St. Matthew is recorded the glorious commission assigned to the Apostles with Peter to go and teach all nations; and the Divine assistance was promised them until the end of time in the fulfilment of their task. But clearly, infallibility in teaching, implied in the phrase, "I am with you all days," cannot belong to any individual bishop, for no single bishop succeeds the Apostles as universal teacher; in their corporate capacity alone are these words applicable to the bishops in subordination to the Pope, who alone succeeds to the plenitude of Apostolic power.

The Pope in the strict sense of the words is the only successor of the Apostles—he alone succeeds to all Peter's power, and to all his prerogatives. The Councils of Trent and the Vatican both speak of the bishops as succeeding to the place occupied by the Apostles,<sup>2</sup> without individually sharing in those extraordinary gifts with which each of the Apostles was endowed. It may indeed be said that the bishops are the successors of the Apostles in Orders but not in jurisdiction. The Pope is by excellence *the Teacher, the Shepherd*, just as Peter was even as distinguished from his fellow-labourers in the Apostolate. The idea of Peter as being in a very special way Shepherd and Teacher is beautifully developed in the following most characteristic passage from the second sermon preached by Cardinal Newman at Oxford on Trinity Sunday.

<sup>2</sup> "Episcopi, qui positi a Spiritu Sancto in Apostolorum locum successerunt" (Vatican Council, Sess. iv. c. 3).

Now then, that being the state of the case as regards the Old Testament—the old dispensation—that Almighty God was the one true Shepherd, and yet that He appointed others to take His place, when we come to the New Testament for the most part, I may say through the greater portion of the Gospel, Almighty God—our Lord Jesus Christ—keeps the title to Himself. I do not recollect that anywhere He speaks of the Apostles being shepherds, though of course, in one sense—in the sense in which all priests were shepherds—they were shepherds too. But He did not give the name of the shepherds to them; nor in St. Matthew, where He spoke of Peter being the rock, it was not His will there to speak of St. Peter as a shepherd. But I think it very remarkable, and it demands great consideration and great stress to be laid upon it, that there is one passage, as you know, in which our Lord commits His sheep, and He especially says, “My sheep,” to one of the Apostles. He says, “Feed My sheep.” He says it to St. Peter. I do not, on consideration, find any parallel with that in the case of the other Apostles. Here is this great characteristic title of Almighty God, the office which He exercises towards the elect people, towards those whom He calls of His Church. This title, this office, He delegates to one of the Apostles, and this St. Peter; and I say there is nothing like such a delegation of so special or peculiar an office to any other Apostle. The Church calls St. Peter the pastor, according to the law of the Church, the ruler, the shepherd. And when we come to look at the passage in which He thus delegates His office—commits what I may call a vicegerent or vicar instead of Himself—there is no occasion for it from the circumstances of the case. It seems to be as if it was because He was going away therefore He did it. When He was going away we know He said, “All power is given to Me in Heaven and on earth.” And then He says, “Go teach all nations.” He says He will be with His Apostles to the end of time, all days, always. Now here is something parallel to that; and I say the principal delegation does not seem called for by anything. St. Peter did not neglect his sheep; his sheep had not, correctly speaking, been given to him. I say this, because it is sometimes said in controversy it was the restoration of St. Peter after his fall; but I say his fall was a denial of his Lord. There is nothing in the circumstance of this denial to bring out this, and therefore it seems, as the other passage about the Apostles generally, to be a substantive act of our Lord, a new gift, and not something rising out from the future, or some restoration merely. This seems to be so. And then I say that it is remarkable that this high gift should be given in the Old Testament. We know it was given to certain favoured and elected servants of God, as David, and David became the vicegerent, or the representative of Almighty God as a shepherd. But then as regards St. Peter it was much higher of course, inasmuch as our Lord, as the Incarnate Son, has, in His office and in His promise to His people, a greater depth of blessing than was accorded in the Old Testament. We know our Lord had, as it is often said, a triple office. He was a



King, he was a Prophet, and he was a Priest. Now in His case the word shepherd combines all three. It is the office of ruling, it is the office of teaching, because that is represented by the word feed. The shepherd feeds his sheep, and in those countries we know that the shepherd's office is one of great danger. He has to defend, as we find in the case of David, his sheep from the wild beasts, take care that they have pasture, and keep them from inclement weather, and the like, therefore a great deal is comprised in the office of shepherd. The representative of our Lord would rule if he is a shepherd, and he would teach if he is a shepherd, and he would at least be ready to go through all trials for his flock. That great office seems to be given there to St. Peter, and it is something, it seems to me, distinct from any other office which is given to any one else under the new Covenant.

According to this happy explanation of a Scripture text, Peter was specially chosen by our Lord to be the feeder, the teacher, the ruler of all the sheep. "Feed My sheep." All were subject to him, even the Apostles, in spite of their extraordinary endowments; Peter was to instruct and to govern all, while no one could instruct and govern him. The sheep were to look to Peter for guidance, and Christ prayed they might never look in vain, for Peter through all ages by the Divine assistance was to rule, teach, and defend the sheep. Peter in his successors had to choose subordinate rulers as the ages rolled on to fill the places occupied by his fellow Apostles, they were to derive their authority directly and immediately from him to teach and to rule. Viewed in their relations to Peter, the bishops are the noblest part of the Church built on the rock; they are brethren to be strengthened by him, and they are sheep to be fed, while as regards their position towards the faithful, they are true shepherds and authorized teachers of the doctrine they have learned from Peter's unerring voice. The Pope is the Supreme Pastor, but the bishops are true shepherds feeding and ruling, as the Vatican Council explains, the flocks severally assigned to them by the Pontiff, who has the fulness of teaching power and is the source of all jurisdiction.

According to this doctrine, the Pope is the supreme teacher, but he is not the only teacher appointed by Christ. There are other teachers subordinate to the Pope, his brethren in the Episcopate, whose office belongs to the Divine constitution of the Church, and who are as certain to last as the Papacy itself. While all admit that the Pope can, if he thinks fit, lessen the number of bishops or limit their jurisdiction for just reasons,

yet he can no more abolish the Episcopate, than he can teach heresy, *ex cathedra*. Christ confers on the bishops not merely Orders but also jurisdiction, although not in the same way; the power of Orders is given at consecration immediately and directly by Christ, and jurisdiction, according to the more common view, is granted at our Lord's command to the bishops, but immediately and directly through the Pope. For the power of Orders is quite different from that of jurisdiction—the former depends upon God alone and is changeless; in the latter the will of man may enter to limit or take away. Although God is the Author of all jurisdiction, He has nevertheless placed it in the Roman Pontiff as in a fountain whence others are to draw. The bishops then receive their jurisdiction from Christ through the hands of the Pope, to whom has been intrusted by our Lord the duty of appointing bishops, and bestowing upon them the jurisdiction that belongs to their office of teaching and guiding the faithful. It by no means follows that the bishops are mere vicars of the Pope because they receive their jurisdiction immediately from him. For these two conditions can easily stand together: first, that Christ wished each bishop to receive jurisdiction from the Pope; and secondly, that He also desired bishops as a general rule to be appointed by the Pope, not as delegates to be removed at his beck, but as shepherds and princes to govern in their own name the Churches intrusted to them. The power our Lord wished the bishops to possess each in his own diocese does not prevent the Pope from being what His Master made him, the true Monarch of the Universal Church, from whom alone each bishop immediately derives the power of governing his diocese, and by whom alone can that power, in a particular instance, for wise reasons, be limited, or altered, or even taken away. Nevertheless, by the institution and will of Christ, the Pope, although supreme monarch, must appoint others, who as princes in the Church guide the flocks intrusted to them in their own name and by their own authority. And thus, while the Pope is a true monarch with supreme authority, by the very fact of being bound according to our Lord's institution to appoint bishops who rule subject to him, that authority can never become either arbitrary or despotic.<sup>3</sup> Although granted by the Pope, still he is not free to refuse or grant jurisdiction by his arbitrary decision, for if he were, he could remove the Episcopate and put Vicars

<sup>3</sup> *Bouix de Episcopo*, vol. i. pp. 59, 77, 110.



Apostolic in their stead. To grant such a power to the Pontiff seems to be in contradiction with the belief of the Church. For the bishops are not mere vicars or delegates of the Pontiff, removable at pleasure; they have their allotted place in the Divine scheme of Church government, just as much as the Papacy itself. Over every member of every diocese throughout the world, the Pope exercises jurisdiction ordinary, that is, in virtue of his office, and immediate, that is, independent of any medium; and each bishop has ordinary and immediate jurisdiction over all in his own diocese, except over those who are exempted from his jurisdiction by the Holy See.

The wise and gentle spirit, the prudence more than human that characterizes the Sovereign Pontiffs, has induced them, for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, to withdraw certain members of the flock over which they rule supreme from Episcopal control, by subjecting them immediately and directly to the Holy See. This exemption is no new feature in the Church's varied ways of fulfilling the trust imposed by her Divine Founder. Exemption is not an invention of yesterday. It can be traced back by historical documents for far more than a thousand years. During that period the Chair of Peter has been filled by men belonging, some to the secular, others to the regular clergy. Viewed even naturally, many of the Popes have been eminent for learning, talent, knowledge of the world's needs, and singular farsightedness, while not a few rank as canonized saints; and over all, as Catholics believe, there is the watchful protection of Heaven in the discharge of their sublime office. Although the same authority that grants can withdraw the exemption it gave, nevertheless, through the varying vicissitudes of centuries the Popes have uniformly preferred to consider certain religious bodies in a very special way their representatives, and as such they have been withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Bishops. This exemption in no sense transfers to another the allegiance due to the Bishop. Its object is to build up, not to destroy, to strengthen unity, not to weaken it by uniting to the See of Peter, in a very close and very special way, those whom the Sovereign Pontiff chooses to perform his work in the manner that seems best to one who is ever guided by the Spirit of God.

Exemption is granted for a twofold end: the first is special, for the better development of the Order or Congregation, according to the scope of its institute; the second is general,

for the good of the whole Church, in placing certain associations of men and women under the immediate guidance of its Supreme Head. In periods of emergency and distress, when scandals arise and nations drift into heresy or schism, history teaches that it is a gain for the Pontiff who sits on the watch-tower of Israel to have under his immediate command trained followers, freed from diocesan ties, to oppose the threatening danger. Sometimes the work of the Holy See is accomplished by preaching, or the opportune publication of learned works, or by the education of youth, who are the hope of the Church in every land. But no matter whence the peril may arise, it is clearly an immense advantage that nothing should impede in any way the prompt and efficient execution of what the Pope may prescribe. In the exercise of their supreme authority, the Popes have extended to religious the privilege, to quote Benedict the Fourteenth in the Bull *Apostolicum Ministerium* (May 30, 1753), of being exempt from Episcopal control, and of being immediately subject to the jurisdiction of the Holy See. But they who enjoy this privilege of exemption will always be foremost in loyalty and reverence towards those who, although subject to Peter, still as princes rule with him the Church of God. It is an article of faith that a bishop's position in the hierarchy is higher than that of a priest, for a bishop enjoys the fulness of the priesthood; and it is the certain and received doctrine of the Catholic schools that the Episcopate is a holier state than the religious. For a religious as such is obliged by reason of his calling merely to tend towards perfection in the practice of the Evangelical Counsels to which he is bound by vow, while a bishop has to practice perfection which he is consequently supposed to have acquired, for no one can be asked to exercise what he does not already possess. Suarez, always safe and always moderate, in his great work *De Religione*,<sup>4</sup> lays down that bishops, because of their pastoral office, are in a state of perfection, not *in via*, but *in termino*. Suarez states this to be the doctrine of St. Thomas and the scholastics without one single exception. The object of the Roman Pontiffs in granting exemption cannot be to lessen the reverence due to those who have been set by the Holy Ghost to rule the Church, still less to weaken Episcopal authority, but simply and solely for the general good of the faithful. It belongs to the Roman Pontiff to give or take away, to lessen or increase the jurisdiction

<sup>4</sup> Tract vii. l. i. c. xv. n. 5.

which has its origin in him; and he can, when the welfare of souls demands, unite portions of his flock most closely to the centre of unity by subjecting them immediately to his own jurisdiction.

There can never be any conflict of jurisdiction between Pontiff and bishop, for both jurisdictions belong to different orders; the jurisdiction of the Pope is supreme and independent; the jurisdiction of the bishop is limited and dependent. "The Pope cannot limit Episcopal jurisdiction," says Dr. Murray of Maynooth, to whom Dr. Ward refers in p. 377, "so as to destroy totally or in substance the idea of Episcopal jurisdiction as instituted by Christ. He cannot, for example, say that no bishop shall have power to make any law for his diocese, inflict any censure, &c. He can do this, *ob justam causam*, in particular cases, so that the particular bishop loses Episcopal jurisdiction; but he cannot do so in so many cases as would constitute the *corpus episcoporum*."

I say, then, that the *Ecclesia docens* consists of the Pope and bishops subject to him, and that infallibility belongs to them when they teach on faith and morals, either by solemn definition or by their ordinary and universal *magisterium*. Each bishop is witness and judge of the faith, and authentic teacher in faith and morals for his own diocese, and the bishops in Council assembled around their head are witnesses, judges, and teachers for the whole Church. The bishops, individually and collectively, are *authentic* teachers (in the sense already explained above), because of their office, quite apart from the accidental gifts of sanctity or learning. No theologian, however skilled or erudite, is an authentic teacher: his opinions are worth so much as the arguments by which he supports them, and no more. He cannot impose his opinions on others as a bishop can. In his own seminary a bishop can order a particular doctrine to be taught or avoided, always supposing the doctrine in question is not clearly opposed to Catholic belief. Appeal can be made from a bishop's orders to the Holy See; but this only shows that a bishop is not supreme without denying that he is an authentic teacher. For no individual bishop claims infallibility or supremacy in his office of witness, judge, or teacher, and infallibility belongs to the Episcopate collectively because of its union with the Supreme Pastor. We know that this union will never be rent, and that our Lord will never allow the entire Episcopate to be separated from its Head. In Council the

bishops of the world teach the whole Church, and define jointly with the Pope; they are of course subject to him, and their decrees on faith or morals are not irreformable until ratified by the Pontiff. Nevertheless, the bishops, even in Œcumenical Council, are real judges of the faith, subordinate to the Supreme Judge who sits in the Chair of Peter. This judgment they exercise because of their office derived from God. Such, in brief, is a sketch of those who are authentic teachers in the Church.

The bishops dispersed throughout the world are always guarding their flocks from poisonous, and guiding them to safe, pasturage. Their vigilance never relaxes. They play their divinely appointed part of witnesses by proposing the truths of faith, they are judges of controversies on religion, they teach *viva voce* and *praxi*, and lead the faithful by the hand along the road to Heaven. The Sunday School for catechism, the pulpit, and more, perhaps, than either, the Professor's Chair, around which are gathered the future bishops and priests of the Church, are the means by which the pastor addresses his flock. This daily, hourly teaching is going on in every diocese throughout the world, and makes up the Church's ordinary *magisterium*. It is in a sense far more necessary than the *magisterium* exercised in Council by solemn definition—for it is addressed to a larger audience. The poor and the uneducated belong to the Church quite as much as the rich and cultured, but the former are unable to grasp the dry, technical formularies in which the Church embodies her definitions: the catechism, the Sunday sermon, and a mother's advice to her child find entrance into every heart. Devotions, processions, pilgrimages, spiritual books, and the priest's guidance in the confessional, enter largely into the Church's popular *magisterium*. I am far from asserting that all practices in all spiritual books are salutary, or that all advice given in the confessional is sound. Individual priests, bishops, writers may go wrong. Heresies and scandals will abound as long as the world lasts. But I do maintain that pious practices taught to the faithful all over the world by priests and bishops, with the tacit or express consent of the Roman Pontiff, are in themselves good. Were they wrong, the entire Church would be led astray, and, contrary to our Lord's promise, the gates of Hell would prevail against it. For instance—the custom of taking holy water is universal throughout the world. The Church prescribes it in the administration of some sacra-

ments, and in every church, nay, in every Catholic home, holy water is to be found. Were a man to believe that the practice of using holy water was in itself bad, he would, I think, incur a theological censure, and be guilty objectively of grave sin, because he would thereby say that the Church in her ordinary and universal *magisterium* sanctions a practice in itself bad, and leads the entire body of the faithful into error. All that represents in faith and morals the constant and universal teaching of the Episcopate united to the Roman Pontiff is infallibly true; all that they teach to be Divinely revealed is Divinely revealed. No man can limit the infallibility of the Church to her solemn definitions given in Council, without the sin of heresy. So the Vatican Council teaches in the third chapter of the third session—those things are to be believed as of Catholic faith which *either* by solemn judgment *or* in her ordinary and universal *magisterium* are proposed by the Church for belief as Divinely revealed. If only those doctrines were of Catholic faith which had been solemnly defined by the Church as such, for the first three hundred years there would have been no articles of faith at all. For the Fathers sat at Nice in 325, and before the definition, with one accord, the cry rang through the Assembly that Arius was a heretic. The Fathers were evidently then of opinion that heresy could be permitted by denial of Catholic faith held by the whole Church, even though the belief had not been so defined in precise terms. Strange as it may sound to some, there is no definition to enumerate the seven deadly sins, nor the Ten Commandments, nor has that comfortable maxim as yet been defined that we are to love our enemies; nevertheless, we are all bound to avoid the seven deadly sins, and to keep the Ten Commandments, and to love our enemies, little as they may have done to deserve our esteem. I believe I am correct in saying that there is no definition of the Real Presence extant before the tenth century, and the infallibility of the Church remained explicitly undefined until the Vatican Council in 1870. Yet who could have denied the Real Presence or the Church's infallibility without being considered a heretic? The clearer a doctrine is contained in Scripture or tradition, the less need, as a rule, of a definition. The Church commonly will not define except when she is pushed. When heresy arises, or doubt as to what is to be believed, then, and not till then, will the Church by solemn definition condemn the heresy or remove the doubt. Dr. Ward argues in page 181 that the Church's infallibility now

must be the same as it was during the time of the Apostles, but it was exercised then by her ordinary *magisterium*; therefore we may expect to meet it now in the same shape. Indeed, Dr. Ward has so many excellent remarks on the Church's ordinary *magisterium*, that the only regret is that they are not collected into one essay, instead of being scattered here and there over many.

But it should be carefully borne in mind that while the ordinary or popular *magisterium*, as Dr. Ward calls it, is constantly going on around us, the Church by no means teaches all things with the same certainty. Some may be inculcated as an integral part of the faith, others as pious, others may be tolerated as probable all over the world. Dr. Ward, wishing to give an instance of a truth involved in a practice sanctioned by the ordinary *magisterium*, speaks as follows:<sup>2</sup> "It was in former times debated among theologians, whether the souls are tormented in Purgatory by evil spirits. Now let us make the imaginary supposition that those pictures of Purgatory, which are exhibited to the Christian flock with pastoral sanction, contained *universally* a representation of evil spirits inflicting torment. On such a hypothesis we think that the Church would have practically ruled the question in the affirmative."

Some will not admit the conclusion drawn by Dr. Ward. I do not think a mere permission of a practice on the part of the Church can be interpreted as positive teaching. Far more is required. Such toleration amounts to nothing more than this, that the Church, without committing herself in the least to any positive statement of belief, sees no reason why the practice should be forbidden of painting pictures in which the demons torment the holy souls. Similar instances of toleration, which in no sense involve statements of doctrine, occur in the case of private revelations. A Saint's life is published in which many private revelations occur; and this work is spread throughout the whole world and read in every diocese with the full knowledge of the bishops. Does the Church thereby bind herself to the truth of every doctrine taught in the volume? Far from it: a general approbation merely means that the faithful may read the work without danger; it by no means implies a warrant for the truth of all we may find in a book, even though it be the record of a soul's intercourse with God. Before we can claim inerrancy for any particular practice or for any particular

<sup>2</sup> P. 189.



doctrine, we must be able to point to some clear, positive teaching; negative arguments are not of much weight.

Thus I should lay more stress on the teaching of the Church about Purgatory which we find in her theological writers, than in any popular representations of souls in flames. Dr. Ward says<sup>3</sup> that the bodily torment inflicted by fire is placed before the whole Catholic flock as a representation of purgatorial suffering, with full knowledge and approval of Pope and bishops. But besides this popular representation, whatever be its weight, we have the grave authority of learned writers. It is not indeed *de fide* that there is *true fire* in Purgatory, but it is very *probable*, if not certain, both on account of the authority of those Fathers who understand the words, "He shall be saved, yet so as by fire,"<sup>4</sup> to refer to the fire of Purgatory, and because of the consent among theologians, which was so strong in the Latin Church that Eugenius the Fourth wished to introduce this doctrine into the Decree of Union, were it not for the opposition of the Greeks. I give two quotations from the Fathers which are to hand. I find in St. Augustine on the thirty-seventh Psalm, "Because it is said 'He shall be saved' <sup>5</sup> that *fire* is despised. Still, even though men be saved by *fire*, nevertheless that *fire* is more severe than anything man can suffer in this life." And Isidorus Hispalensis says:<sup>6</sup> "But about this *fire* of Purgatory this is to be borne in mind, that it is longer and sharper than any torture man can in his present state imagine." If I wanted, then, any positive statements for acceptance with regard to the existence of fire in Purgatory, I should lean upon the teaching of Scripture, the Fathers, and theologians, more than on popular representations. The latter may indeed be an outcome from the teaching of the schools: in that case it deserves weight not so much for itself, as because of the source whence it springs.

The Church's ordinary, every-day teaching, is gathered also from what good men think about what they ought to believe and what they ought to do. This is called by theologians the *sensus fidelium*. I should define it briefly, as the echo of pastoral teaching in the hearts of the faithful. When our Lord commanded Peter and the Apostles to teach all nations, and promised them infallibility in their arduous, unceasing task, He at the same time imposed upon all the obligation of listening to these divinely appointed teachers. The Pope and bishops

<sup>3</sup> P. 188.

<sup>4</sup> 1 Cor. iii. 13.

<sup>5</sup> 1 Cor. iii. 13.

<sup>6</sup> *De Ordine Creaturarum*, c. xiv. n. 12.

through all times are to teach and to command, and the faithful are to learn and to obey. If the former can never go astray when they teach, neither can the latter when they obey. Here we have what is called in the schools *active* and *passive* infallibility; the active belongs to the teachers, the passive to the taught. And although the authentic teachers in the Church are confined, as I have often stated, to the successors of the Apostles, the Pope and bishops in communion with him, still the Catholic instinct (*Catholicus sensus*) of the entire Christian family, and their consent in holding some doctrine as belonging to the faith, is an infallible sign that such a doctrine has been revealed by God. This is one of the divinely appointed means for discovering what in previous generations has been the teaching of the ecclesiastical *magisterium* on any point. Popular devotions are sometimes the form in which this belief presents itself. For the holy and pure of heart may reasonably be supposed to have a clearer insight into the things of God than the carnal and worldly minded. Thus the Pope, before defining the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, asked each bishop to mention to him what was the *piety* and *devotion* of his flock towards the sinless conception of the Virgin Mother; while among the signs of the dogma being revealed by God, we find the Pontiff mentioning in the Bull *Ineffabilis Deus*, the remarkable agreement in belief of the Catholic bishops and faithful (*singularis Catholicorum antistitum ac fidelium conspiratio*). Obviously the consent of a Christian people is referred to mainly in less abstruse points of doctrine. The more difficult and subtle are indeed believed, but the belief cannot, by the very nature of the case, clothe itself in any very tangible shape. Just as in ordinary life we readily accept what all prudent and sensible men think, taking their judgment as the voice of reason, which is alike everywhere, much in the same way a common belief in the truths of faith is regarded as coming from the Holy Spirit through the visible agency of those authorized teachers who are overshadowed by His special protection as they deliver His Gospel to the world. The whole Christian people cannot even for a moment differ in faith from the Pope and bishops without Christ's promises being rendered nugatory. The Holy Spirit will never allow the entire flock to separate themselves from their Pastors.

And now I come to a subject treated very fully by Dr. Ward in the present Essays—the extent of the Pope's Infallibility in

defining. Dr. Ward catalogues his opinions under the head of seventeen theses. I do not differ substantially from him in any of them, although what Dr. Ward considers certain I should in some instances prefer to regard as more probable.

When we want an authoritative declaration of what is or is not an *ex cathedrâ* act, we naturally turn to the Vatican Council. The Pope speaks *ex cathedrâ*, says the Council, "when he defines a doctrine relating to faith or morals (*de fide vel moribus*) to be held by the whole Church." According to the Vatican Council, then, the Pope is infallible when, and only when, he speaks *ex cathedrâ*, and he speaks *ex cathedrâ* when, and only when, he defines a doctrine on faith or morals to be held by the whole Church. I entirely agree with Dr. Ward in his tenth thesis,<sup>7</sup> that the Pope is not bound to any strict form of words in an *ex cathedrâ* definition; but he is bound by clear and definite signs to express his intention of defining a doctrine to be held by the whole Church. When this intention is not clearly signified, we cannot know for certain that the act is *ex cathedrâ*, and therefore have no claim to impose upon others the obligation of belief. The Pope's intention must be signified by certain objective notes or marks which are as unchangeable as the defined doctrine itself. The presence of these signs proves *ex cathedrâ*, or infallible teaching; their absence shows that the teaching is not *ex cathedrâ* in the sense of the Vatican definition. For infallibility does not mean freedom from actual error, which the Pope may often enjoy when he speaks as temporal ruler, bishop, or theologian, but freedom from all chance of error.

The Pope, therefore, is infallible when he teaches definitively the whole Church some truth relating to faith or morals. The phrase *de fide vel moribus* is very wide, and in my judgment covers all that theologians teach about the object of infallibility. I confess that it is not as yet clearly defined by the expression, *doctrina de fide vel moribus*, that the Pope's infallibility extends to the minor censures; for the Fathers in the Council only intended to define that the Pope *ex sese* is infallible in declaring articles of faith or condemning heresy, and decrees of Councils are to be interpreted according to recognized rules of strict interpretation. But I believe the common teaching of theologians, that the Pope is infallible in all censures below the grade of heresy, is equivalently contained in the words, *doctrinam de fide vel moribus ab universâ Ecclesiâ tenendam*

<sup>7</sup> P. 463.

*definit.* I should be most unwilling to condemn others if they choose to take a different view of the words quoted : it is never pleasant to drive or to dogmatize : and I only mean to offer an opinion which commends itself to me after careful consideration. Had the Vatican Council used *credendam* instead of *tenendam*, I should have thought the Council thereby meant to limit the definition to what is strictly *de fide*, for *credendam* is the technical word used by theologians in that sense ; but the Fathers have chosen *tenendam*, a term of wider signification, covering the minor censures, which *credendam* might seem to exclude. However this may be, the Council, in the preamble to the definition, speaks of the assistance of the Holy Spirit as promised to the successors of the Apostles, to *guard* and explain the deposit of faith.<sup>8</sup> If infallibility is promised to the Church in her office of guarding the Deposit, this means that she is infallible not merely in the Deposit itself, but in all that is requisite for the defence of that precious heirloom. Truths belonging primarily to secular science, to philosophy, &c., &c., called by Dr. Ward,<sup>9</sup> "protective," seem to me indicated by these very suggestive words of the Council. All that indirectly relates to faith or morals may become necessary for the guardianship of the Deposit ; if so, the Church is promised the assistance of the Holy Spirit, and therefore infallibility, that she may defend without flinching what God has intrusted to her care. Even though a particular tenet is not directly opposed to faith, or directly hurtful to the purity of morals, the Church, as Divine Teacher of the truths contained in Revelation, can indicate infallibly the way and measure in which such a tenet is injurious. But what is this except saying in other words that the Church is free from error in her minor censures authoritatively pronounced for the whole Church. I think this conclusion may be fairly drawn from the words of the Council in the introduction to the definition on Papal infallibility.

Not everything that the Church condemns is false, for the simple reason that not everything she condemns is condemned by her as false. Thus a proposition may be condemned by the Church as scandalous, or offensive to pious ears, or defined to be more probable, as happened in the Council of Vienne, without falsehood being necessarily connected with the condemnation of the former, or some positive truth inculcated in the definition of the latter. For the censure and the definition are to be

<sup>8</sup> Vatican Council, Sess. iv. c. 4.<sup>9</sup> P. 445.

interpreted in the strictest, baldest, nudest sense. Dr. Ward has on his side, in defending the infallibility of the Pope or Church in the minor censures, every classical theologian, says Dr. Murray of Maynooth, without exception; and among moderns, Ballerini,<sup>10</sup> Perrone, Murray, Franzelin, Schrader, Palmieri, and Cardinal Newman, who thus speaks (the italics are mine): "*All that is of faith* is that there is in that thesis itself, which is noted, heresy, or error, or other peccant matter."<sup>11</sup>

The Pope's *ex cathedrâ* utterances are not limited to the nutshell of definitions; he can, when he chooses, give *ex cathedrâ* a lengthened exposition of Catholic doctrine.<sup>12</sup> Nevertheless, the Pontiff can also teach the whole Church without using his supreme prerogative of infallibility. The right of teaching which belongs to the Pope is not limited to that solemn act by which the obligation of belief is imposed on the whole Church. It may not be always opportune to teach by formal definition. A solemn definition is a very grave matter indeed; and we may well suppose that the Pontiff will shrink from so serious a responsibility if the end in view can be gained without an *ex cathedrâ* utterance. A decree of a Roman Congregation relating to faith or morals, confirmed by the supreme authority of the Pope, is not a definition *ex cathedrâ*, says Cardinal Franzelin,<sup>13</sup> unless the Pope makes such a decree *his own*, and stamps it with those signs declared necessary by the Vatican in order that a doctrine bind the whole Church. Yet such a decree can easily be a safe, practical instruction for the faithful, which all are to follow.

It may happen that an Encyclical, or Brief, or other Papal pronouncement, which does not certainly possess the marks or notes of an infallible guide in belief or action should afterwards be recognized by the entire Episcopate as a simple declaration of Catholic truth; in that case, all doubt as to its infallibility is removed by the acceptance of the bishops and faithful, and the expressed, or even tacit approval of the Pontiff. For the Pope, even by silence, confirms his brethren. The Holy Spirit will not allow the Pope to be silent, were such silence to lead the whole Church into error. I instance the Syllabus as an example of what I mean. With this observation I conclude this review of the *Essays on the Church's Doctrinal Authority*, wishing their author many years of usefulness for the Church he has always striven to serve.

M. GAVIN.

<sup>10</sup> *De vi et ratione primatus*, p. 352.

<sup>11</sup> *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, p. 121.

<sup>12</sup> P. 448.

<sup>13</sup> *De Traditione*, Second Edition, p. 133.

## *Theophrastus and his Successors.*

---

### PART THE FIRST.

WHEN a party of friends have travelled together, and one of their number afterwards writes an account of what was seen and done, it is not uncommon for another of the company to breathe it, in all confidence, to trusty ears, that the description very much better the reality. Sometimes this judgment may be forced upon its author by the simple fact that the book is full of those exaggerations, not to say fabrications, which make "travellers' stories" come to stand for sheer untruths. Such a case is not to the point at present. But a similar judgment may spring from a much more pardonable source. It may be based on no one positive misstatement that has been detected, but, after careful analysis, it may show itself to rest on this foundation: from a far larger mass of commonplace, tiresome, toilsome, vexatious incidents, a fair number have been culled which are interesting, especially, perhaps, as matters of narration. Hence the air of falseness about the book. On the discovery of this clue, from more than one mouth the cry bursts forth, Would that travellers could be as selective of actual events as they are of recorded events!

That the above is the correct account of, at any rate, much apparent untruthfulness, can hardly be called in question. And the less so now-a-days, when everybody is travelling everywhere, leaving so little to be told that it is quite a pleasure to find matters to set right. So that impunity of invention can no longer be hoped for, as in the days of the proverbial Mandeville. But if travellers can no longer, with safety, put in items from the region of pure fancy, on the other hand they must leave out many items from the realm of dry facts, just precisely because the fact is so dry. Life at its liveliest, life roaming over the wide world, is far too prosy to have its story told in full. It will allow of entertaining description, not in diaries faithfully chronicling everything, but only on condition that the warning be well kept in sight,



*le secret d'ennuyer est de vouloir tout dire.* And if it be asked whether this suppression, by travellers, of dull details, that is, of the greater part of what they come across, be chargeable upon them as want of honesty, the reply is pretty obvious. As to many matters, the author has a right to suppose, in his readers, intelligence enough to guard against taking partial aspects for complete views; while, on the other hand, there are some points which, either of their own nature or from the manner of their introduction by the writer, call for the fullest and exactest information that can possibly be given. Thus, in furnishing a moral estimate of a nation, it will not do to be selective; good and bad must be told, and in their genuine proportions.

What has been said about descriptions, on a larger scale, of countries or peoples, applies, in its way, to the portraiture of individual characters. Not to touch, at present, on the very delicate subject as to how far biographies and autobiographies ought to signalize not only all blemishes, but what are more than blemishes,—great, foul blots, which, perhaps, are far from being publicly notorious; it is an easier task to say something of those character-sketches, which are given forth as typical pictures of varied forms of life as it is. Here, again, the author must pick and choose; pick and choose not only what is eligible amidst different characters, but what is eligible amidst the several traits of the same character. Now if the idealism thus exercised be too clever, it overdoes itself. It fails to be true with that higher truth which belongs to idealizing rightly carried out. Hence, it is less valuable than the rudest picture, copied straight from nature, without any discrimination whatever of the choice-worthy. Here, as elsewhere, art and artlessness tend to succeed and to fail in opposite directions; and it is difficult to get the good points of one along with those of the other.

Now, if we compare ancient with modern attempts at characterization, we are likely to find that, if the former are rather too unsophisticated, the latter are in danger of being too artificial. Increased elaboration is sure to mark the more recent period. Accordingly, our present processes are decidedly elaborate. It is true that, in one way, our age writes in a simpler style than the age before it. It has given up those long balanced periods and other Johnsonisms, which certainly may be sacrificed without a pang. Still, our simplicity bears frequent tokens of being a laboured simplicity; while increased elaborateness of matter quite keeps pace with any decrease in manner. Hence, our

sketches of character are far from appearing to be the results of spontaneous observation, made without set purpose: rather, they show themselves to be the outcome of much studied research, conducted, perhaps, according to rule, or with the aid of the great modern talisman experimentation. The consequence is, that it is something appalling to think of the length to which the doctrine is being acted up to, that "the proper study of mankind is man." Whatever the enlarged sympathy for insentient nature and for the brute creation, man cannot complain that attention to himself has become less by the setting up of rivals. If a gentleman's circle of acquaintances is what it easily may be in a great city, he is, perhaps, painfully conscious some evening that his features, outer and inner, are being minutely scanned from various points of view. He is contributing items to the departments of the phrenologist and the general physiognomist; of the novel-maker and the concocter of paragraphs for "society journals;" of the royal academician and—sad dropdown!—the caricaturist of Mr. Punch. Meanwhile, another observer may be working out "the philosophy of clothes," in its literal sense, not in the mystic sense of *Sartor Resartus*. That opening sentence in *Theophrastus Such* is enough to make the presence of himself and his likes a source of uneasiness in any company: "It is my habit to give an account to myself of the characters I meet with." And, of course, the next step is to hand on that account to the world at large.

How Theophrastus has rendered that account, in three different ages, may be a matter worth exemplifying by a few specimens. The real Theophrastus;<sup>1</sup> next, La Bruyère; lastly, George Eliot: these shall be our successive character-painters. As to Theophrastus and La Bruyère, it is well, in the briefest way, to recall to mind who they were. The first was pupil of Plato, and afterwards of Aristotle, whom he succeeded in the headship of the school. Kings and peoples showed him marked favour; while hundreds of students honoured him with a hearing. His writings, though very voluminous and wide-reaching, have come to us mostly in fragments, or not at all; nor is it easy to gather much about his special opinions. The book of characters he is said to have written when he was very old.

<sup>1</sup> Yet even he did not bear the name originally, but only after earning it by his "God-like speech." The title, however, is not the less his because he won it, and did not get it by accident of birth.

And though he seems to have become a centenarian, or nearly so, he died lamenting that life ends when intellect is still only entering upon the problems that present themselves to human thought.

La Bruyère spent his days tranquilly in literary pursuits at the side of the Duke de Bourgoyne, in whose education, under Bossuet's superintendence, he took part. He loved books; he fled all ambition, even the ambition natural to his career, that of shining in conversation. Yet he was ready to join in cheerful entertainments, and to contribute to them a very good share. He studied the characters of Theophrastus with much assiduity, and ended by trying to rival them in a work of his own. The result to himself was, what he was told it would be—the making of many friends and of not a few enemies.

To pass from these short notices of the two earlier of the selected authors to the writings of all three in order.

The plan of Theophrastus is simple enough. It consists in giving, first, a definition of the character to be described; then follows a chain of illustrations, the links being formed by artless repetitions of the phrases, "he says," or "he does," this, that, or the other. The observed facts can hardly be called recondite, nor are the remarks upon them very shrewd. Indeed, commentary there is almost none. So that readers are not troubled, as in modern novels, to stop short for the purpose of considering whether a subtle analysis is to be taken as true, and whether a sharp epigram or generalization has any recommendation beyond its mere sharpness. Nor do the peculiar manners of the time enter so substantially into the pictures as to make them antiquated in regard to our own days. But, of course, there are accidental details that are now things of the past, as, for instance, when disobligingness is illustrated by the refusal to give an after-dinner recitation. Still on the whole, as La Bruyère says: "Though two thousand years have gone by since this Athenian people were living the life here painted for us, we are astonished to find that we ourselves, our friends and associates, stand out in representation; and that the likeness between men, separated by so many centuries, is still so complete. In fact men are not changed at heart and in their propensities; they are what they were of old. Among them always are the vain, the dissimulating, the adulatory, the self-seeking, the brazen-fronted, the importunate, the craven-hearted, the false-tongued, the quarrelsome, the superstitious."

Just to take one of the characters. The description of the newsmonger is a confirmation of the words of the Acts, that the Athenians "liked nothing better than to hear and tell something new." Theophrastus represents the story-teller as a man regardless of truth; as one quoting, in support of his statements, individuals of no note, thereby to shut out any attempt at verification; as so intent on laying hold and keeping hold of the attention of a crowd of listeners, as to let his clothes be stolen at the bath, or fail to make his appearance at a law-suit, or forego his own dinner. "Where is the shop, portico, or public walk, where men of this sort are not spending the whole day, deafening their hearers, and satisfying the craving of these with nothing but lies?"

In drawing the varieties of character, as is only natural, Theophrastus explicitly lays down no basis of morals; but his ethical principles he is known to have been taken from Aristotle, and they will stand favourably in comparison with those of his latest imitator, as will appear afterwards. Moreover, when he does incidentally mention religion, his tone is what it ought to be, according to the lights of the speaker. For instance, he reprehends "mockery at those who send their offerings to the temples on great feast-days; also a sneer to the effect that, if Heaven does grant what is asked, it is only in return for payment, not by way of bounty." And again, he reckons it a crime, "never to be seen earnestly beseeching the gods in their temples, or making vows or sacrifices to the deities." No doubt, the pagan worship was misdirected as to the precise nature of its object, but, in the earnest-minded, it was right as to its fundamental idea.

Although La Bruyère lays special stress on the fact, *que ce sont les caractères ou les mœurs de ce siècle que je décris*, yet his pages cannot be referred to as furnishing any large picture that may be consulted as exclusively belonging to his own age. Indeed the nature of his work shut out such particularity. To forego what is common to society at all times, in favour of temporary phases, is to give up the essentially telling matter in a book of characteristics. Life is not varied enough to afford substantially new materials to each successive portrait-painter of the generations of mankind. Yet they were his own surroundings that La Bruyère depicted, and there is enough local colouring to show that much. "I have derived my pictures," he says, "from nature, and given them truthfully; but it was not always this or

that definite individual that I had in view. Neither have I recommended myself to the public as drawing only such portraits as readily appeared plausible, and ran no risk of having their credibility questioned. On the contrary, I have set myself a harder task ; I have borrowed one characteristic from one quarter, and another from another, and, uniting these together in a single person, just as they might in reality have been united, I have produced portraits that are not chargeable with incongruity. My aim was less to please the reader than to hold up before him types for his imitation and for his avoidance." At times, however, all the traits were gathered from one personality ; but he protests that, where names are given, it is praise, and not blame, that is awarded. Against the many and contradictory "keys" that were forged, he makes strong reclamation ; and steadily refused to furnish the true key even to his closest intimates. "I took the precaution, in a preface, to enter my protest against these applications, which my knowledge of mankind led me to foresee would be made. So sure was I of this abuse, that I was for some time wavering whether to publish my book, and balancing the wish to be of use to my country against the fear of giving a handle for malignant people to seize hold of for their own purposes. But, since I have had the weakness to publish, what barrier strong enough can I now set up to check the deluge of pretended explanations, which are flooding the city and are on the point of gaining the Court ? Shall I solemnly declare it, shall I back my declaration with fearful oaths, that I am neither principal nor accomplice in the issuing of these "keys ;" that I never gave any key—no, not even to the entreaties of my fastest friends ; and that personages holding the highest places at Court have despaired of worming out my secrets from me ?"

The photographer has some advantage over the portrait-painter in this, that, in the case of the former, provided his work is mechanically accurate, the customer can but blame his own features if they do not show agreeably ; whereas, in the case of the latter there is a power of flattery, by way both of addition and subtraction, and it becomes a delicate point to decide how best to use this power to the satisfaction of him who gives his sittings. It has happened before now, that the suppression or the curtailment of a superfluous or a too prominent feature has caused offence when just the opposite of offence was meant. And if the position of the artist, who would like to please, is

generally what we call "ticklish," something worse is the condition of one who portrays character, not merely with a view to please, but also and especially to satirize, to rebuke, to correct. Playing the censor is almost a certain way to win the hatred of those censured. The more the cap is made to fit several heads, the larger generally will be the number of those who put it on, declaring all the time that it does not fit them, and forgetting that they themselves were the first to think it did, and perhaps the only ones to give public notice of the fact. Many, therefore, were the clamourers who raised their voices against La Bruyère. They professed to be speaking not on behalf of themselves—for who would be so barefaced as to think any satire could fasten upon them! Oh, no, their zeal was quite disinterested, in the cause of humanity generally, or of specially outraged classes of humanity, or of private persons, not themselves. Hereupon La Bruyère takes credit to himself, that he must indeed have been true to nature, if so many genuine cases are found to be actually pointed out; he concludes that his work must have some power, or it would not have taken such effect; and he finds consolation in asking who are his hostile critics: "Who are these people of susceptibilities so fine that they cannot allow vice to be denounced, even though the actual culprits be left unnamed and unwounded? Are the complainants Chartreuse monks, or are they hermits? Are they Jesuits, men noted alike for piety and knowledge? Are they the religious inmates of our French cloisters? On the contrary, the men just specified all read works of the sort in question; they read them as well in private as publicly during recreation; and they teach the same reading to those under their charge, emptying the shops of such books, and storing their libraries with them." Of the number of these supporters, whom La Bruyère found in religious orders, was Père Bonhours, himself a man of distinction in letters, who incorporated many of our author's paragraphs into his own *Pensées Ingénieuses*. Abbé Fleury is also quoted in commendation of *Les Caractères*. Of course to praise a book, in general terms, is not to guarantee the prudence or the charity of every single allusion. Before such a sweeping approval could be given more things would have to be ascertained than are, morally speaking, ascertainable.

Licet semperque licebit  
Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.



But it is often possible to do the last of these things without doing the first; and the main question for the casuist is, whether a definite risk, or a definite certainty of injuring character is warranted by circumstances.

As two prominent objects of La Bruyère's onslaught, we may pick out the Court, and, at least in some particulars, the clergy. The Court is always a mark set up on high for any satirist to hurl a shaft at; and courtiers will say that those are readiest to aim the weapon who see least likelihood of themselves ever being admitted into that select circle. No doubt the fable of the sour grapes has its application in this matter. The fact of being an absolute outsider does add zest to the sneer and to the muttered epitome, "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," with which a man passes over four or five columns in the *Times*, devoted to the names of those who were presented at the last Drawing Room. Still with every allowance for the grapes being sometimes pronounced more sour because out of reach—which, by the way, was not La Bruyère's case—it is indisputably true that these often see more clearly into a real vanity who are not themselves under its blinding fascination—that strange *fascinatio nugacitatis*—which at times seizes the best of mortals and makes them set trifles before treasures. But, indeed, it hardly requires an unprejudiced or an adversely prejudiced outsider to see that Courts have commonly their abuses, and that, whatever else they may be, they furnish the most glaring instances of the *vanitas vanitatum*. Evidence of this fact, enough and to spare, we have in certain recently published letters, memoirs, and biographies, which paint a sad picture of human vanity at its head-quarters. Admitting, therefore, the possibility of even sainted exceptions to the rule,

Exeat aulâ,  
Qui vult esse pius,

we may yet listen with believing ears to La Bruyère's Court descriptions. He says it is a place of "parties and cabals," where "ill turns" are done, and "baseness, flattery, and knavery" reign; a place "full of storm, turbulence, and intrigue as any comedy or tragedy, in which wise men would refuse to take a part beyond that of lookers on." So that there is highest honour in the taunt, "You are not of the Court." The courtier plying his trade "is a man who is master of his gait, his eyes, and his countenance; he is deep and impenetrable; he hides his deeds done to the hurt of others, smiles upon those he hates,

smothers up his fits of passion, belies his feelings, and speaks and acts against his own sentiments." Again: "The Court is like a marble building; that is to say, it is made up of men who are very hard and very polished." Later on the ardour of self-seeking is described: "At Court, whether on rising or on retiring to sleep, people's thoughts are bent upon self-interest, schemes of advancement are in process of digestion morning, noon, and night. This is the motive of what passes in the inmost mind, of what is said and of what is left unsaid, and of what issues in act. This is the spirit in which one company is sought and another shunned. By this rule are measured out the courtier's assiduities, his acts of complaisance, his esteem, his indifference, his contempt. Should any one, by his own virtue, be drawn in the direction of moderation and wisdom, ambitiousness, that *primum mobile* of the Court system, carries him away along with those most noted for greed, for violence of craving, for self-advancement. How stand still where all are on the move? How not run where every one else is in the race? It is made a point of conscience that each should give heed to pushing his own fortunes."

As a last specimen, take this of Court luxury and irreverence. The passage feigns to describe some region known only by report, where

He is reckoned a sober man who never gets drunk except on wine, which too frequent use has rendered tasteless to the people. These try to rouse their deadened palates by spirit-drinking and the strongest of liqueurs. The women hasten on the decline of their charms by artifices, which they use in the belief that thereby they are beautifying themselves. For it is their wont to paint their lips, cheeks, eye-brows, and shoulders, the last of which, along with their necks and arms, they expose uncovered. Features of men are cumbered and obscured beneath a load of false hair, which is preferred to natural, and which is woven into a long veil, covering the head and descending down to the waist, whereby they so change their appearance as to make faces unrecognizable.<sup>2</sup> Moreover, these people have their God and their King. The

<sup>2</sup> Another writer of characters satirizes court-dress, but with that overdone exaggeration which defeats its own purpose. "He flutters up and down like a butterfly in a garden. . . . He is part of the furniture of the rooms, and serves as a walking picture, a moving piece of arras. His business is only to be seen, and he performs it with admirable industry, placing himself always in the best light, looking wonderfully pretty, and cautious whom he mixes withal. His occupation is to show his clothes, and if they could but walk themselves, they would save him the labour. His tailor is his creator, and he makes him of nothing. Like the cinnamon tree, his bark is better than his body. His employment being only to wear clothes,

grandees of the realm gather together every day, at a settled hour, in a temple called a church. At the far end of this temple is an altar, consecrated to their God, where a priest celebrates mysteries that they style holy and awful. Round the steps of the altar the magnates form a large circle, and stand upright, with their backs turned full on the priest and their faces raised in the direction of the King, who is seen up aloft, in a tribune, on his knees. To him they give their whole minds and hearts. One cannot fail to see a sort of gradation in this usage: the people appear to adore the prince, and the prince adores God.

Enough of Court follies. The picture is one-sided, but still it represents facts, and the facts are far too many and too sad to be passed lightly over as trifles. They read a wholesome and a needful lesson, not to courtiers only, but to all orders. Those not courtiers find it no stretch of candour to admit that the Court is excessive in its worldliness; and courtiers retort upon the admission by a declaration, that those below are equally given over, body and soul, to earthly vanities, with less reason for the self-surrender. The reason may be somewhat less, measured by man's standard; but measured by a truer standard, it is alike, in both instances, no real reason at all. The injustice is pretty equally distributed, by which successive classes are inclined to think that the true dignity of life is best supported by itself, and that its degree of vanity comes nearest to being excusable. In tendency, at least, it despises what is below, can tolerate no airs there, and would not, on any account, level all up to its own degree, lest it should have nothing to look down upon. At the same time it *would* level

the account of his life and actions is recorded in shopkeepers' books, that are his faithful historiographers to their own posterity. And he believes that he loses so much reputation as he pays off his debts; and that no man wears his clothes in fashion that pays for them, for nothing is further from the mode. He is a kind of spectrum, and his clothes are the shape he takes to appear and walk in: and when he puts them off, he vanishes. . . . His hat has long been in a consumption of the fashion, and is now almost worn to nothing; if it do not recover quickly it will grow too little for a head of garlick. He wears garniture at the end of his toes, to justify his pretension to gout, that for the time being is most in fashion or request. His ribbons are the true complexion of his mind, a kind of painted cloud or gaudy rainbow, that has no colour of itself but what it borrows from reflexion. He is tender of his clothes as a coward is of his flesh. His bravery is all his happiness, and like Atlas, he carries his heaven on his back. He is like the golden fleece, a fine outside on a sheep's back. He is a monster that is good for nothing but to be seen. He puts himself up in a sedan, like a fiddle in a case, and is taken out again for ladies to play upon. If you praise him, he is so true and faithful to the mode, that he never fails to make you a present of himself, and will not be refused, though you know not what to do with him when you have him" (Butler's *Romans*).

all down to itself, because it regards these above as immoderate and as sadly needing to be sermonized on the matter of worldliness. Meantime, the true philosophy, and more than philosophy, is for each man to be content with his state, to better it if he laudably can, but, above all, so to live on it that he may be master of his worldly conditions, and not they of him. One of the saddest of sights is to see persons of excellent dispositions, well instructed, and highly appreciating the things that are nobler, but bending beneath the tyrant power of worldliness, too weak to be in the world without being of it.

In drawing inferences from a satirist's pictures it has always to be borne in mind that it is his profession to pick out abuses and to gibbet them. Too often he finds the abuses abundant; yet side by side with them he will find much that is good, or even heroic, and he will make no mention of this. It is, therefore, quite a canon of interpretation, not to take satire for complete history. The rule must be applied to what La Bruyère says of the Court, and also to what he says of some portions of the clergy. The last-quoted sarcasms on the behaviour of the courtiers during Mass, readily suggest Court-preachers. Of these some of the noblest deemed it needful, at times, to go as near to flattery as their consciences would allow. But less honest men would not stop short at the bounds of moderation. Moreover, provincial preachers aped the style of the Court pulpit, whereby they not only failed to preach the Gospel effectively, but they preached their own silly vanity so badly, as only to betray its existence without doing anything to uphold its pretensions. Hence we may be prepared to hear bitter complaints on the head of preachers, that is, of some preachers, or, if you like, of many preachers, but not, therefore, of most.

Christian preaching has been turned into mere display. The severe Gospel, the soul of a real sermon, is no longer to be traced in discourses. Its place is taken by the advantages of personal presence, by inflexions of the voice, by regulated gestures, by choice phrases, and by lengthy enumerations. The Word of God is no longer heard with seriousness; preaching is one among a thousand other entertainments—a game in which there are rival competitors and wagers are laid. At the very foot of the altar and in the presence of the sacred mysteries, the contest in eloquence is carried on. The hearer sets himself up judge of the preacher, to approve him or to condemn him; but whether he approve or whether he condemn, he is equally far from anything like conversion. The orator pleases some, displeases others, but carries

all along with him on one point, namely, that, as he is not seeking to make them better, so they have no notion of becoming better. . . . Till such times as there come back to us one of those, who, with style formed on the Holy Scripture, will give to the people a consecutive, familiar explanation of the Word of God, orators and declaimers will have their following. . . . For the last thirty years we have been listening to rhetoricians, declaimers, and enumerators. Not long ago they had ingenious falls and transitions, which were sometimes so smart, that they might pass for epigrams. Now, I confess, they have dropped the pointed style, and seek in their productions the excellence of the madrigal. By inevitable geometrical necessity they have always three matters, wondrously worthy of your attention. They prove such and such a thing in the first part of their discourse; another thing in the second part, and another in the third. Thus, to start with, you will be thoroughly persuaded of a certain truth, and this is the first point; then of another truth, and this is the second point; lastly, of yet another truth, and this is the third point. So that the first head of consideration will enlighten you on one of the most fundamental principles of religion; the second head on a principle not less fundamental; while the third and last head will expound a principle which is most important of all, but which, however, for want of time, must be left over for another occasion. Once again, to repeat and put shortly the above design and to sketch a plan. *Once again, you say to yourself, why, what a lot of preparation for a discourse that is to last three quarters of an hour, all the time that is now left over! The more they seek to put their discourse in order and make it clear, the more they bewilder me.* I readily believe you; and such is only the natural outcome of this heaping up of ideas, which all come to one in the end, and with which they load the memories of their hearers. To see the way they doggedly hold by this practice of theirs, it would seem that the grace of conversion were attached to these monster divisions. Yet how is a man to be converted by these apostles, when he can hardly catch their articulation, or follow them so as not to lose them. I should like to ask them, in the midst of their hurried course, to be so good as to take breath once and again, to respire awhile and let their hearers do the same.

The good old homilies of the Fathers, we are told, would no longer be listened to: people would flee into another diocese to get out of their way.

Most men now-a-days are in love with fine phrases and periods, admire what they midn't understand, suppose themselves well instructed, and rest content with deciding between the relative merits of the first point and the second, or the last sermon and the last but one.

And now, having disposed of two unpleasant topics, it is some relief slightly to glance at a few observations less grave

in the censure they convey, which lie scattered about here and there, and which illustrate matters more special to the times. A set of people called *Les Précieuses* are thus hit off.

Not long ago there was to be met with a circle of persons, men and women, bound together by interchange of ideas. They left it to the common herd to talk in a way that could be understood. One hardly intelligible utterance led on to another still more darksome; whereupon the members of the party began to outvie one another in the production of enigmas, which were always followed by applause. By means of what they called delicacy, sentiment, elegance of turn, and polish of expression, they at last grow to be mutually quite unintelligible. To their entertainments it was not needful to contribute either good sense, or discernment, or memory, or ability in any shape; it wanted wit, not of the better sort but of the baser, in which imagination runs riot.

Another kind of association is described in terms not more flattering. After speaking of Paris, its promenades, its displays, its criticism on great personages, on their equipages, and on all their belongings, La Bruyère mentions a curious splitting up into parties, which divided those dwelling in the same capital.

The city is formed into separate societies, constituting so many little states, of which each has its own laws and usages, its own jargon and jokes. While a company of this sort is in its prime, and is self-assertive, nothing is well said or well done but what has been said or done by one of its own members. Anything from outside meets with no appreciation. And this spirit goes the length of utter contempt for those not initiated into the mysteries of the fraternity. A gentleman of the world, whom chance has brought into the charmed circle, though he stand superior in intelligence, finds himself quite out of place there. He feels as if in a strange land, where he knows neither the roads nor the language, nor the manners and customs. He sees people who chat together, mutter, speak in the ear, burst forth into laughter, and then sink down into melancholy silence. He can get no footing in such society, unable to put in a single remark and finding no resort even as a listener. In such a gathering there never fails to be a *mauvais plaisant*, who rules the roast and is the hero of the company. Upon him it lies to keep the rest in merriment, and his sayings are laughed at before they are out of his month. If ever a lady enters, who is not acquainted with the nature of their entertainments, the mirthful band are puzzled to make out why she has not the wit to laugh at things she does not hear, and why she remains unmoved at silly jokes, which they would not themselves understand had they not been the concoctors of them. They cannot forgive her, either her tone of voice, or her silence, or her stature, or her countenance, or her dress, or her mode of entrance and of exit. But the same *coterie* never holds together for two years'



time. The seeds of division are always sown the first year, to burst into ripeness the next. An affair of personal charms or else of gaming, extravagance at the dinner table, where moderation was regarded at the beginning, but at which, in the end, the piling up of sumptuous pyramids of viands comes to be the order of the day—such causes throw the little republic into confusion, and finally give it its death-blow. Soon it is no more matter of remembrance than last year's flies.

In the description of the efforts made after rank, title, and pedigree, a state is mentioned such as under the all-disclosing light of modern publicity, could hardly have place.

Provided a man is not born in a town, but in a cottage somewhere out in the country, or in an old ruin sunk in a marsh and called a castle, it only wants his word for it, and he is believed to be a noble.

Again a like power of concealment of origin is implied in parts of the following passages.

Some people, for fear of the supply failing, carry three names. They have one for the town, one for the country, and one for the places where they conduct their business. Other people have a single name, which they dignify by the addition of particles, as soon as their fortunes rise. This man, by the suppression of a syllable, has turned an obscure name into a famous one. That man distinguished himself by a mere change of letter, from Syrus becoming Cyrus. Many give up the names which they might have borne without a blush, to take up finer ones, thereby becoming losers in the constant comparison they challenge between themselves and the previous wearers of the names. Moreover there are some, who, born under the shadow of our Parisian towers, and wishing to pass for Flemings or Italians, as if lowliness of condition were not found in every land, lengthen out their French names with a foreign termination, under the belief that to come from afar is to come from a good quarter.

No doubt tricks of this kind are still to some extent possible and practised. But it almost requires a man to go into the New World to shake himself thoroughly free from his antecedents; and, at times, even that device may fail.

Scattered up and down are many observations worthy of the note, either for their usefulness to a man of the world, or for the insight they show into human character. Such, for example, are the remarks on the dogmatic tendencies of ignorance; on the danger of joking with people who are too dull to distinguish joke from earnest; on the almost incredible incompatibility sometimes shown between two temperaments, each in its own way good; on the bad policy of trying to please in conversation

by monopolizing the talk, rather than by giving others opportunity to say what it will please them to have said; on the poverty of the reputation of being fit for all employments, which really means fit for none. But occasionally the love of pointed remark leads the author to say things that are scarce worth saying, having little in them beyond the pointed form of their expression, and sometimes having, what is less than nothing, want even of that degree of truthfulness which is needful to a witticism. Take an exaggerated account of this sort: "A modern author has usually two ways of proving that the ancients are our inferiors, by arguments and by examples. The arguments he draws from his own peculiar taste; the examples *from his own works*. He allows that, however unequal and incorrect the ancients may be, yet they have their beauties: he quotes some of these, and so beautiful are they, *that they gain his criticisms a hearing*." Take the turn of phrase out of this extract, and no one will set much store by the accuracy of the remarks. Yet La Bruyère must not be maligned as never knowing how to stop short at the truth. A notable example is worth a moment's consideration. There is much truth-loving restraint in the observation, *un caractère bien fade, est celui de n'en avoir pas*." It might have been tempting, and the spice would have been more pungent, if he had said that to be characterless was the *worst* of characters. Moreover, such a sentiment would have chimed in well with certain fashionable views about spiritedness, which prefer spirited wickedness to spiritless imbecility that, at least, does no great harm. It is the way of Mr. Carlyle, to be for ever preaching the Gospel of giving up "shams" and taking to "the reality of things;" he would have man put himself in harmony "with the eternal law of things," "do work in the world," and, in a word, be "thorough." Now, thoroughness is a very good thing in its way, when that way happens to be the right one; just as simplicity is an excellent thing, but only under conditions. Not, for instance, when it makes a simpleton. All Mr. Carlyle's heroes are "thorough;" but, if the truth must be told, not a small proportion of their thoroughness lies in the direction of scoundrelism, a drawback which their admirer does not sufficiently allow for. Frederick the Great was at least as great in this point as in any other; and the ugly word only wants a little accommodation to make it fit on to some of the other worshipful heroes.

Not to multiply extracts beyond all bounds, a few sarcasms on well-known types of character shall bring this first paper to an end.

One grain of intelligence and one ounce of business beyond what goes to make up sufficiency constitutes *the man of importance*. So long as we have only to laugh at the man of importance, we give him no other name ; but when we have a complaint against him, we call him *bumptious*. The *decent man* stands between the *sharp man* and the *good man*, though at unequal distances from the two extremes. His distance from the sharp man is daily growing less and less, and is on the point of becoming *nil*. The *sharp man* is one who hides his passions, who pushes his own concerns and sacrifices much to them, who knows how to lay hold of good things and to keep hold. The *decent man* is he who does not commit highway robbery, who kills nobody, and, in short, whose vices are not public scandals. It is generally well known that a *good man* is a *decent man*; but it is pleasing to imagine that every *decent man* is not a *good man*. The *good man* is neither saint nor devotee, and is afflicted at his having nothing but virtue.

These quotations are the last. The specimens given throughout do not profess to do duty for a full perusal of the books, nor anything of the sort. Still, in their own small way they may serve to illustrate a branch of literature not likely to die out. It is to the preference for moral characteristics over mere historic details that Whately attributes the popularity of Plutarch's Lives. And the study of man as a moral agent will be a favourite as long as man is man.

JOHN RICKABY.

*Passages from the Life of a Yorkshire Lady.*

CHAPTER XIII.

A FRESH CHANGE.

MONTHS now passed on without any alleviation to Mary's interior and exterior trials, which, as Winefrid Wigmore tells us, "lasted near a year, in which time how great were her sufferances, having all to oppose her [among so many contradictions and oppositions on the part of<sup>1</sup>] her Superior and confessor, who, though he could not disapprove what she did, would at least not approve it. It is to be imagined he did thus to comply with his Superior his opinion." At length it was whispered among the Community that Mary was purposing to leave the convent, and this became the means of inflicting upon her the severest part of the ordeal she was passing through, for no one being able to discern her motives for such a step, the rumour exposed her to universal contempt. "In fine, all the world," says our manuscript, "was against her, and the glorious *Hosanna* for her admirable and speedy ending the above-said work was turned to *Crucifige*. Some said she was left of God, and would die in the streets abandoned of all; others that pride and vanity had made her mad [thus each one spoke according to her fancy<sup>2</sup>]." But "the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men," and Almighty God completed His work in spite of evil tongues, and so strengthened Mary interiorly, that the poisoned arrows fell harmless. "What was all this," continues Winefrid Wigmore, "to that strong and magnanimous soul? No other than as if it had not been [remaining amidst it all in firm equanimity<sup>3</sup>]. As their glorious acclamations had not put her up, neither did their despisings [clamorous reproaches and contempt<sup>4</sup>] put her down, referring to God in the one, and relying on God in the other, with unspeakable grace within and heavenly serenity

<sup>1</sup> Fr. V.

<sup>2</sup> Fr. V.

<sup>3</sup> Fr. V.

<sup>4</sup> Fr. V.

without [which was spread over her countenance and her whole exterior<sup>5</sup>], so as her Superior was in admiration, especially when her ghostly father, on whom she relied, had wholly left her, she [saw her<sup>6</sup>] (Mary) still the same, [she<sup>7</sup>] would put her hand on her head and ask her how she did, adding, 'Is this the manner of your friends (naming the Order), to leave their penitents in temptation and greatest need?' To all which this blessed servant of God would answer with a cheerful countenance, 'I am very well.'

Father Lee, as we have seen, would neither give Mary his approval nor the contrary, and seems to have left her entirely to herself to form her decision. She relates his final words to her before her departure, which must have fallen coldly on her ear at such a juncture: "You may be saved, whether you go or whether you stay;" and at a later date she tells the Papal Nuncio Albergati, that those words were the only consolation which she had to take with her out of the convent. She seems to have made some further arrangement concerning her property before leaving, so that the community should not suffer as to temporalities by losing her, and this to so great an extent, that one of her biographers writes of her that "the foundation of this House of Poor Clares changed her from a rich English lady into a poor exiled woman, as she expended most of her property upon it." Thus faithfully did Mary complete the work she had set in hand. What her own feelings were meanwhile, she expresses in the letter to the Papal Nuncio just quoted. "To leave what I loved so much, and enjoyed with such sensible contentment, to expose myself to new labours, which then I saw to be very many, to incur the several censures of men and the great oppositions which on all sides would happen (appearing at that time, as I afterwards found them), afflicted me exceedingly; yet had I no power to will or wish any other than to expose myself to all these inconveniences, and put myself into God's hands with these uncertainties. When the rest were to be clothed, I departed from them," that is, in the spring of 1609, after Palm Sunday and during the Easter festival, when the nuns were preparing to take possession of the new house at Gravelines. It was given out that she was of too delicate and weak a constitution to endure the severity of the Order, and this report she did not contradict, but let it pass.

Such was Mary's second painful combat and no less painful

<sup>5</sup> Fr. V.<sup>6</sup> Fr. V.<sup>7</sup> Fr. V.

victory. She had heroically overcome herself in steadfastly enduring the sternness of her confessor, the severity of the Superioress, and the contempt of all who knew her, in obedience to what she afterwards fully proved to have been the impulses of Divine grace, and which she felt at the time powerless to resist. But even had she failed in her subsequent vocation, the work which she had accomplished in the foundation of the Gravelines Monastery was one amply sufficient for the devotion of a whole lifetime, so great has been the glory which it has given to God, in the exalted purity and exactness with which the holy Rule of St. Clare was observed within its walls, as well as in the number and saintliness of the souls who dedicated themselves to Him both there and among its many filiations. To her also both England and Ireland (as the following brief sketch of the history of the monastery will prove) are to this day indebted for the prayers, austerities, and labours offered up on their behalf by the inmates of the convents of St. Clare in both countries.

We have just seen that the little community left St. Omer and took possession of their new building at Gravelines, which was called the Convent of Nazareth, during Eastertide, 1609. It is stated that in 1611 some improvements or additions were made to the house, and the church was built by Mr. Edward Gage of Bentley, already mentioned as a benefactor to the foundation. The building suffered severely from fire in 1626, and subsequently in 1654 from the explosion of a powder magazine, but it was immediately repaired, so as to be again habitable, though the elder and infirm nuns had meantime to reside with friends in the town. In the *Life of Lady Warner*, who became a nun at Gravelines, with the name of Sister Clare of Jesus, in 1666, which was written in 1690 by Father Edward Scarisbrick, S.J., there is a short description of the convent itself and of the way of life practised there, which doubtless gives a tolerable picture of what existed in the early days of the foundation. Father Scarisbrick says:<sup>8</sup> "The convent is commodiously and neatly built, but a true emblem of poverty. Their cells are not long enough for one of an ordinary stature to be at full length, and therefore, when they sleep, they almost sit upright in their beds, which are not two feet and a half broad; and the cell is no broader, besides what the bed takes up, than to give room enough for a single person to go in and

<sup>8</sup> *Life of Lady Warner*. Edition 1858, p. 106.



out. All their furniture is a little low stool to sit upon, and a straw bed and bolster, or, if sick, a pillow of chaff upon which they lie in their habits, having a blanket to cover them. They wear no linen; go barefoot, having no sandals; rise at midnight, abstain all their lifetime from flesh; and keep such a fast all the year, except Sundays, as we do in Lent. Their cells were then only separated with bricks, without any plastering upon them, but the present Bishop of St. Omer, in his last visit, gave order to have them plastered. Their tables in the refectory are never covered, and they eat only in earthen dishes. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, the neatness that is observed in their dormitory, choir, refectory, and cells, is such as charms the eyes of all that, by the Bishop's leave, are permitted to enter; and the cheerfulness of these mortified souls, their fresh colour, the healthful and youthful looks even of ancient persons, are such as strike admiration into those that behold and converse with them."

Father Scarisbrick also gives the formula of the vow which the nuns took at their profession, by which they bound themselves to "observe the rule and form of living of the Poor Sisters of St. Clare, given her by St. Francis and confirmed by our Holy Father Pope Innocent the Fourth." The latter part of the phrase permitted of their not being entirely dependent upon alms, which, as we have seen, was one of the conditions insisted upon by Albert in granting the foundation, while it still left them all the severity of the first ancient rule.

Mother Mary Stephana, the first Abbess, only lived to fill that office for six years, dying at the age of thirty-six, in November, 1613. The character given of her during the years of her superiority is: *Non tam imperio præfuit, quam exemplo profuit*.<sup>9</sup> The spirit which she had so successfully introduced, with the ancient rule, into the new foundation, did not languish under her successors, and we find its members thus commended in the Douay Diary by Dr. Kellison, in a report to the Nuncio in 1622: *Florent magna sanctitatis et rigoris laude, et magnæ admirationi sunt spectantibus*. The monastery is also described in an unpublished letter of Father John Gerard's, which is among the Nymphenburg archives, and which will be further quoted in regard to its main purport at a later date. Writing concerning the state of religious communities in general, he says: "What do you think of our English Poor Clares at

<sup>9</sup> Dr. Oliver's *Collections for Devon and Cornwall*, p. 132.

Gravelines, for so many years not only an example of sanctity to all other convents of our nation, but almost to the entire world, because there was nothing to be compared to them in the Catholic Church." Some portion of the spirit and pre-eminent grace of their first foundress, Mary Ward, seems to have rested upon the community after her departure, and to have remained as a permanent inheritance; for in the Introduction to Lady Warner's Life, mentioned above, Father Scarisbrick says: "The monastery of Graveling, in which she lived and crowned her merits by a happy death, was always looked upon as a nursery of eminent sanctity; but humility seems to be their darling virtue."

So much did God prosper the new community that in a manuscript list, supposed to be that of a Government spy of about the year 1624, which contains the numbers of English subjects in various religious houses in the Netherlands, those in "a monastery of English nuns of the Order of St. Clare," at "Gravelines," are stated to be "sixty-five." Among these were several Irish ladies, whose warm hearts continually turned to their native country with aspirations resembling in some measure those of Mary Ward herself. Their desire was to plant once more in their own land, though in secret, the seeds of the life of holy religion which had been even more ruthlessly destroyed there than in England. Ireland had been made the theatre for a system of monastic destruction in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and in those of Elizabeth and James the First, of persecution and oppression towards the Catholics, of even a more brutal and sanguinary nature, than its sister country. It is very doubtful whether the Order of Poor Clares had ever as yet possessed a house there, and a very small number only of their foundations are mentioned by chroniclers as having existed in England, which had disappeared amidst the late general wreck. The choice of such a stormy period for their introduction into a country where the faith was struggling for its very existence, and when Catholics were mercilessly hunted up and down amidst the mountains and woods like beasts of prey, might at first sight cause some surprise. But there was one feature of the Order which made the attempt not so hopeless as it appeared, and this was its absolute poverty. Greed of gain had been one of Satan's most efficient engines in the successful work he had been carrying on, and such a weapon fell powerless where men and women actually possessed nothing,

and lived on the bounty of others. It was a fitting moment for the true followers of St. Francis; poverty, humiliation, and suffering, such were the materials on which the new edifice was to be based; there was little else in prospect before the noble souls who were daring so much for the love of God and of their neighbour.

---

## CHAPTER XIV.

## FILIIATIONS FROM GRAVELINES.

IN the year 1625 six nuns left the Gravelines convent for Ireland. For a short previous period there had been a lull in the violence of the persecution against the Catholics; foreign princes had expostulated with James the First, and above all, he had himself set his heart on bringing about a marriage between the Infanta and Prince Charles, and one of the conditions involved the toleration of Catholics. Their hopes were therefore raised, and though "the Spanish match" failed, the subsequent alliance of Charles the First with another Catholic Princess, Henrietta Maria of France, still left them sanguine as to the future. The names of the six courageous religious who arrived in Dublin must not be omitted. Two of them were daughters of Viscount Dillon, in religion, Sisters Mary Joseph and Cicely Francis. Sister Mary Magdalene Nugent was probably one of the family of that name who had so generously rescued the fine Franciscan church and monastery of Multifarnham, Meath, by purchasing and repurchasing it for the monks from those to whom they were sold in Henry the Eighth's and Elizabeth's reign, until the year 1601, when Lord Mountjoy sent soldiers who pillaged and set fire to them both. The fourth was Sister Martha Marianna, whose name for prudential, perhaps political, reasons was concealed. The two remaining nuns, Sisters Mary Power and Mary Eustace, were from Dublin, where it had been hoped that the first settlement would have been made, and where six novices at once joined them. But after many difficulties, the whole party were obliged to leave the city by twos and threes, and after a perilous journey they made their way to Athlone, where they were in less danger of observation. Here, in a retired situation, Sir Luke Dillon built them a convent, which they named Bethlehem, and the ancient rule of St. Clare which they had learned at Gravelines

was established in it with the greatest exactness. In a few years their number amounted to sixty, and they also, in spite of the virulent persecution around them and all its attendant evils, sent out filiations to Drogheda and Galway, who took with them the same traditionary rule and customs.

But in these peaceful days it is hard to realize what their daily life must have been, or what the grace which enabled them to persevere in it, when from hour to hour they did not know whether they might not be driven out homeless and shelterless, at the mercy of the pitiless men employed in the work of persecution and extermination, which had very soon begun again with fresh vigour. They had in effect to fly before an attack of the soldiery in 1641, and to conceal themselves in various spots, the convent at Athlone being pillaged and destroyed. Some of them went to Wexford, but it does not appear that they were able, after this date, to live together more than temporarily, in communities. Finally, in 1652, when Cromwell's soldiers were performing their cruel work in Ireland, the greater number were obliged to leave the country, when they entered the convents of the Order where the primitive rule was observed in Spain. Those who remained were scattered in different parts, endeavouring still to carry on and propagate their severe way of life, even under what appear to us now like insurmountable difficulties, and were often forced to change their places of concealment. In 1712 they again attempted a settlement in Dublin, and it is from these religious and their successors that the several Houses of Poor Clares now in Ireland are descended. It is remarkable that in the beginning of the present century, a fourth vow, that of devoting themselves to the education of poor children, was added by Pope Pius the Seventh to their three ordinary vows of religion, so entirely was this in accordance, as we have seen, with the first original thought of their Gravelines foundress, Mary Ward, whose largeness of mind and heart had already in some measure foreseen the great work which was just beginning to open upon the Catholic Church, one of such vital import to her and to the generations of centuries to come—the religious training of the young. The development of this thought commenced even at Gravelines itself, where there was a school for young girls, and at Dunkirk it was part of the original conditions of the foundation, that children should be instructed.

We must next turn to the foreign filiations from Gravelines,

which were three in number. The first in point of time was that of Aire, in 1629, made at the instigation of Father Francis Davenport, President of the Franciscan College, which had been founded at Douay by Father John Gennings. The mother-house was sufficiently rich in subjects to send out on this occasion a ready formed community, twenty-three in all, among whom were three who had been Mary Ward's companions in the Novitiate at St. Omer, with Sister Margaret of St. Paul (Margaret Radcliffe), who was professed in 1612, as their Abbess. This foundation was placed under the jurisdiction of the order. The vacant places at Gravelines were soon refilled, and in the course of some years the house was again overflowing to such an extent as to cause a dearth in the means of supporting the inmates. A second colony of nuns was therefore sent out from Gravelines in the year 1644, having obtained permission from Louis the Fourteenth, through Queen Henrietta Maria, to establish themselves at Rouen, a city where, in the previous century, many distressed English Catholics had found shelter. It was there that Father Persons' famous book, the *Christian Directory*, and many others which had strengthened or restored the wavering faith of souls in England, had been printed, and had been sent over thence year after year. The Bridgettine Nuns of Sion, when finally driven from their convent, had at first settled at Rouen; English families and English priests were well known there, and after a fair amount of the difficulties usual to a new foundation, the English Poor Clares of Gravelines succeeded in settling themselves and building a convent, which they entered in 1652. Fourteen nuns, among whom were Margaret (in religion Ignatia) Bedingfield, Winefrid Giffard, M. Magdalene Browne, sister of the Abbess at Dunkirk, all of them afterwards Abbesses at Rouen, were sent with one hundred pistoles only for their expenses and future maintenance, on what was then considered a long and dangerous journey across France, with Mother Mary Francis Taylor as their Abbess.

A letter from the latter to the Abbess of Gravelines, Louisa Clare Taylor, still exists, relating how they started in the "coach" provided by the governor's wife, and from Calais proceeded in waggons, "one with six horses and four waggons." It tells of the warm receptions and feastings they received in the various convents on the way; how one of the waggons was upset in the mud, and another stuck fast in a trench one

day, and all three were upset the next; how the nuns stopped and washed their linen in an orchard, and how finally on arriving at Rouen, though the chaplain from Gravelines had preceded them, no dwelling had been got for them, rents being too high, and when at length one was obtained, the windows were broken and the doors would not shut. Meanwhile they had to house themselves in an inn for a considerable period, and it was perhaps this circumstance that made them eventually name their convent "The exile of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," for though while in the inn they must have had a rather precarious subsistence from alms, yet Rouen finally proved anything but an ungenial "land of Egypt" to them, as they flourished there and found many benefactors, among whom was Sir Richard Forster, who gave them £1000 with which they bought ground for their building. Numerous holy and gifted souls entered among them also, noted for their "humility, disengagement from the world, spirit of penance, holy zeal, and fervent love of God," and they remained in the undisturbed exercise of their austere life for one hundred and forty years, at the end of which period they were still forty-two in number. It was to this house that Sister Martha of the Holy Cross, whose name and parentage was concealed, but who was supposed to be a member of the Howard family, belonged, who led a life of such eminent sanctity as to be deemed worthy of a place in Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*. The convent which the Poor Clares built at Rouen, through the generosity of an English lady who compassionated their confined quarters in the hired house in the Rue du Grand Maulevrier, still remains, and is occupied now by Visitandines. In the chapel are ancient monumental slabs to four of the first Abbesses, including Mother Mary F. Taylor the foundress.

The third filiation, that of Dunkirk, appeared equally to have originated from the large numbers and the poverty of the mother-house, Sister Anne Browne having been sent there to collect alms for the necessities of the Gravelines Convent. This lady was one of two nieces of Lord Montague, who had both of them been educated at St. Omer and had been many years professed. She was accompanied by Sisters Clare Francis and Mary Colette Rookwood, Clare Colette Blundell, Anne Clare Anderton, and three other nuns. The inhabitants of Dunkirk gave them so warm a welcome and so urged them to remain and teach their children, that a permanent settlement



was made there by the help of the Spanish Governor and others, and the nuns opened a ladies' school in 1652 which gave them a sufficient maintenance. The community afterwards became large and flourishing. Mother Anne Browne filled the office of Abbess until her death in 1665: she was remarkable for her great humility and invincible patience under many trials and sicknesses. It was during her rule, when the English and French took the town in 1658, that the nuns received kindness from the Puritan Governor, Lord Lockhart, and his wife, who finding them discaled and without fire in the house, during a cold winter, sent them coals and wood. They subsequently, however, suffered from the rudeness of Cromwell's Puritan soldiers, who, it is related, among other insults lighted their pipes at the altar while Mass was being said, and they removed for a year to Ghent, but returned at the suit of the magistrates and people. When Dunkirk had passed into the hands of the French, the Queen-Regent, Anne of Austria, took the nuns under her protection. Mother Clare Colette Blundell was the second Superior of the house, and the two Rookwoods mentioned above, succeeded her. They were granddaughters of Ambrose Rookwood, one of the chief actors in the Gunpowder Plot, some of whose family were much connected with the future history of Mary Ward. Alban Butler, the well-known and holy author of the *Lives of the Saints*, visited the convent during his travels in Flanders in 1745, and says<sup>1</sup> in his account of the foundation, "the present Mrs. Langdale is the seventh Superior."

To return to the mother-house at Gravelines. In spite of its poverty and its filiations, the number of inmates remained undiminished during the seventeenth century. There were sixty professed nuns there in 1654, at the time when the grate of inclosure was torn down by the explosion of the powder magazine. In 1682, an old manuscript written by a nun of Gravelines states, that while Father William Warren was confessor eighty-two religious had been clothed, of whom fifty-eight were alive when he died. Among those to whose holy lives and deaths this Father gave a written testimony were Lady Warner, already mentioned, and her sister-in-law, Elizabeth Warner, Sister Mary Clare, who had entered the convent with her. The former, Sister Clare of Jesus, died in the odour of sanctity, and it is stated that when her body lay exposed for three days in the choir in 1670, that a painter might take

<sup>1</sup> *Travels through France and Italy*, p. 41. By the late Rev. Alban Butler, 1803.

her likeness, "the choir and church were filled with such a perfume as all wondered at." In digging her grave next to that of Mother Louisa Taylor, her former Abbess, the grave of the latter was broken into, when a scent no less fragrant issued from it, "so that," Father Scarisbrick writes, "their sweet odours were thus united after death, as their affections had been whilst they lived." This Abbess was succeeded by Mother Anne Bonaventure Bedingfield, one of the remarkable family of Francis Bedingfield of Redlingfield, whose eleven daughters were nuns, of whom Margaret (Mother Ignatia), second Abbess of Rouen, was the second, and Anne Bedingfield, who was professed at Gravelines in 1640, was the tenth. Two other of these holy sisters we shall find were intimately united in friendship with Mary Ward during the later part of her life.

During the lukewarm days of the eighteenth century, when open persecution had ceased, and through the deadening influence of Protestant society, and the charms of a peaceful life, the faith of Catholics had grown less fervid, the numbers of those who embraced the austere life of a Poor Clare visibly decreased in the English convents abroad. At Gravelines they dwindled to one half those of the preceding century. In 1745, Alban Butler describes it<sup>2</sup> as having a large inclosure and a very handsome choir in their church, but adds, that it was "in low circumstances, containing about forty nuns, several of birth and good fortune." At the time of the French Revolution, when the Poor Clares of Dunkirk, together with the Benedictines (of the filiation from Ghent founded in 1662), were sent to Gravelines as prisoners, and the mother-house was turned into a gaol and their church taken from them and desecrated, the whole number of the three communities only amounted to seventy-seven. Of these thirty-four, including lay-sisters, belonged to Gravelines. The nuns of Aire and Rouen were similarly imprisoned in their convents. The treatment of the religious during the horrors of the Reign of Terror by the Revolutionists has become a part of the history of those times in France. The English Poor Clares of Gravelines and their filiations had their full share of suffering, though they escaped the guillotine. At the death of Robespierre they were released, but being all ordered to leave the country, they took refuge in England, where, after living as separate communities for a time, the

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 38.

remaining members were finally united in that of Clare Abbey, Darlington, which now represents the Gravelines foundation and those of its three daughter-houses.

---

## CHAPTER XV.

### "TO-MORROW TO FRESH WOODS, AND PASTURES GREEN."

THE Gravelines register, which was brought with them to England by the Poor Clares, gives the names of two hundred and seventy-nine nuns professed there since 1609. That of Dunkirk, still existing, with obituary records of each, at Ushaw, has eighty-four names in addition to the eight nuns who first went there. The communities of Aire and Rouen were fully as numerous. In these ancient registers are to be found the names of most of the principal Catholic families of the two last centuries, who in some instances, from generation to generation, could boast of having a Poor Clare among their daughters. Thus there are as many as fourteen of the Clifton family, five Radclyffes, seven Rookwoods, seven Blundells, and several Howards, Petres, Langdales, Gerrards, Andertons, Giffards, Cannels, Shaftoes, and we also find the names of Talbot, Jerningham, Tempest, Smythe, Throckmorton, Vavasour, Silvertop, which occur among numerous others. The well-known fact of the longevity found in the members of ascetic orders, is well exemplified in the history of these houses of the Poor Clares. There are frequent notices of jubilarians in the registers, and some long survived even that age, as, for instance, the third and fifth Abbesses of Rouen, who attained the ages of ninety and ninety-one respectively; the latter, Mother Francisca Clifton, having lived seventy-five years in religion.

Such was Mary Ward's first work, emanating from the sudden impulse put into her heart by God on St. Gregory's Day, with a few, though in reality but a fraction of its exterior results: its fruits for eternity lie hidden with God. The Poor Clares of Gravelines are now in their native country, perhaps in answer to her prayers, and a memorial of both the impulse and the day appears to remain, though probably unconsciously to the holy souls who make it, in the rosary said annually on that feast for the conversion of England by the Poor Clares at Darlington.

We learn through various writings of her own the respect and reverence shown by the Gravelines nuns towards Mary Ward as their foundress during her lifetime. She says in one of her conferences: "When I came to Gravelines, the Mother behaved thus; she asked for my blessing, and I asked the same from her, and neither would rise first; and she said to me that I had founded it all, and that therefore I must come to them as their Mother. At my departure she begged that they and those in our house should always be in union with each other."

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to add, that the Poor Clares at St. Omer, where Mary passed her painful novitiate as a lay-sister, moved to better quarters in 1619, while she was still living in the town, the Arquebusiers' House and Garden being given them by the magistrates, and that when the Revolution broke out in France, the community there numbered forty-two nuns.

To return to our history. We learn from Winefrid Wigmore that, "when Mary was out of that house and in her secular habit (which was exactly modest, genteel, and becoming) she took herself lodgings in the same town of St. Omer, often visiting those she had left, loving them as ever, most entirely dearly." She was, therefore, much against her own natural inclinations, free again exteriorly, but in reality forced to return to the world, and, as if from choice, to live as though belonging to it. Nor was that world slow in letting her know that to human eyes she had failed in attempting a life so far removed above its own, nor in showing her how greatly she had fallen in popular estimation in consequence. The epithets of "run-away nun," "the visionary," "the false prophetess," were freely bestowed upon her when she was seen again in the streets of St. Omer, clad in an ordinary dress of the fashion of the day. But such expressions did not disturb her peace. "She found," says our manuscript, "a special and fatherly assistance from God, so as not (to be) the least discouraged." And in another place Winefrid Wigmore writes: "Whatever seemed great in this world, whether in point of honour, fame, riches, or pleasure, was mean and of no value with her; as they did not please, so neither did their opposites displease: her tempered calm freed her from their ebbs and flows. This appeared admirably when she left the English Poor Clares, by which she seemed at once to be deprived of all most pleasing and satisfying in this world

and greatly promising for the next, and yet done without repine or murmur towards God, loss of courage, or confusion before men: ever serene, peaceful, and judiciously present to herself in all occasions."

Yet in spite of this exterior and even interior serenity, Mary had now entered upon a time of great suffering. She had foreseen in a measure, as we have heard, that this must come; but its length and the thousand details which were to add to its heavy pressure were concealed from her. Twenty years after, when she had occasion to recall this crisis of her life to herself and to others, she said publicly that all the manifold dangers, labours, and sufferings which she had hitherto gone through, were to be reckoned as nothing, and in no way to be compared with those she had endured during the years in which she had not as yet discerned her vocation and the Divine will respecting it. Two years previously, in 1627, she writes, in her Italian Life: "The distress was great, but yet on this account to be borne, that He Who imposed the burden Himself also carried it. None the less do I consider it certain that there can be no greater trouble than doubt concerning God's will, when any one has made the firm resolution to seek God alone and to serve Him. But I would not desire that the knowledge of the Divine will should have cost me less. I equally cannot be sufficiently astonished at the imperfection of those who would in this way buy it so cheap."

Part of the distress which Mary speaks of was no doubt the mystery which hung over God's dealings with her soul during the two years just passed. If she ever endeavoured to read their meaning, it must have been in vain. The year's novitiate as a lay-sister which God's providential ordering had given her, ran entirely counter to the strong interior drawings coming from Him as she believed them, which had filled her with Divine love and taught her great lessons in the spiritual life for nine years, and now in the short space of one half hour Almighty God had utterly destroyed the imaginary fabric which she had thought was to have been built up in her soul to His honour by means of the austerities of an enclosed life in religion. She was permitted to read the Divine meaning better at a future time, when she had become an adept in what God would teach her, and could say with still greater confidence and perfection those well-known words, "Put me where Thou wilt; I am in Thy hand; turn me hither and thither as Thou choosest; I am

Thy servant, ready for all things." Winefrid Wigmore writes thus: "But God, having ordained her for another end, would that this should be but as the means to prepare her, and for other secret judgments known to Himself, and perhaps (as herself was wont to say) to take away a temptation. Had she not proved this austere kind of life, she might have conceived as all commonly do, she jealous of the best, that perfection is measured by the practice of austerities, and consequently not have had that entire satisfaction in her own blessed state."

But at the moment we are now considering, the past was to Mary a sea of perplexities, and the future lay before her as a dark void, without a sign from on high how to steer her course or how to discover what that will of God was, to accomplish which she was in truth ready to part with even life itself. It is true that Winefrid Wigmore has told us that "she found a special and Fatherly assistance from God." But this consisted mainly in the firm conviction which remained within her, that it was His voice and His command that she was obeying. "Yet," continues the manuscript, "wanted she not sensibilities and apprehensions, doubtless to her increase of merit, of the loneliness and dangers of her now to be taken in hand encounters, her so long loved and looked for solitude, scarce possessed but snatched from her, and she [in the midst of uncertainties, in this state full of doubts and disquietudes<sup>1</sup>], spoiled, as it were, of all contents and assurances, but her love to the will of God and dependence of His Fatherly Providence." Human help there was none; for Father Roger Lee having refused to pass any judgment, left her to herself while she was still with the Poor Clares. She asked and obtained his approval, however, to make a vow of perpetual chastity before leaving the convent, and this she made on Palm Sunday, 1609, and ever afterwards observed that day very solemnly as a day of special thanksgiving and prayer until her death. In spite of his withdrawing his direction, Winefrid Wigmore writes that, after leaving the Poor Clares, "she still kept her former confessor (a man himself truly holy and deserving)," and as she continued to frequent his confessional, it was not long before he relented so far as to counsel her to make two further vows, one that she would hold herself ready to enter the Teresian Order whenever he should recommend it, to which she added that of obedience

<sup>1</sup> Fr. V.



*"To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures green."* 379

to him ; the other that she should go to England. The remarkable occurrences resulting from these two vows, and the consequences they involved, will be the subject of future chapters.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

NOTE.

[*These chapters on the Life of a Yorkshire Lady will now be discontinued for two or three months, in order to give time to the writer to use a number of very interesting letters and documents preserved in the Bavarian Houses of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin. They relate to the second period of Mary Ward's life, and are now being carefully examined or copied.*]

### *The Peruvians of other days.*<sup>1</sup>

---

It seems that we may not have the narrative of a French scientific exploration without a certain garnishing of occasional impieties, and a pervading affectation of intelligence superior to petty questions of creed and worship. We bow to our fate, and accept as best we may many little impertinences about sacred things, and profound reflections touching the infancy of nations, with broad hints that in the author's judgment the religion of the ancient Peruvians was better adapted to their national character and the conditions of their social development than the Gospel of Christ, which was too spiritual for their immature powers of appreciation: "Even gods must yield, religions take their turn: 'twas Jove's, 'tis Mahomet's." In such remarks and conclusions there is nothing to cause surprise, since they are in full accordance with the fashion of the hour; but there is in the present instance much to regret, because by them an otherwise attractive volume of varied information and excellent description is sadly spoiled to the taste of Christian readers. The regret is the greater because the moderate tone of the Introduction prepares us to expect a different treatment of the subject.

Even for ordinary mortals, who have no special predilection for digging into *tumuli* and deciphering mysterious scratches on ancient walls, there is, or there ought to be, an interest of no common kind attaching to the past of the great American continent. No one who has read the account given by Mr. John Lloyd Stephens, thirty years ago, of his discoveries in Yucatan and Guatemala, will easily forget the ruins of Copan and Palenque. We know no more to-day of the men who built those massive walls, and fashioned with wonderful skill those gigantic idols, than when these first revealed themselves to the astonished traveller in their close covert of forest growth

<sup>1</sup> *Pérou et Bolivie. Récit de Voyage suivi d'études archéologiques et ethnographiques et de notes sur l'écriture et les langues des populations Indiennes.* Par Charles Wiener. Paris: Hachette et Cie., 1880.

through which the hatchet alone could clear a path. About the early inhabitants of America, North and South, we know absolutely nothing, except that they are descended from Adam. In what direction the peopling of the continent advanced, when it began, what races succeeded one another—to all such questions there is as yet but one melancholy answer. If the world lasts, this ignorance is sure to be in part dispelled. “Breathes there a man with soul so dead,” who can gaze upon the mighty works of generations of his fellow-creatures, and not wish to lift the veil which hides their history and their name?

On the 9th of July, 1875, M. Charles Wiener was commissioned by the French Ministry of Public Instruction to undertake an archeological and ethnographical survey in Peru and Bolivia. It occupied two years, and resulted in the addition of a great amount of well-digested information about the Peruvian “dead cities” and “cities of the dead” (perfectly distinct appellations), and in a superb collection of objects illustrating the manners and customs of the buried citizens. About the right method of forming such collections, M. Wiener offers some valuable suggestions. A mere conglomeration of specimens makes an old curiosity shop; a series properly grouped, and, so to say, *in situ*, with due explanation of the original surroundings, forms an admirable basis for historical synthesis. “Antiquities from Cuzco” is the misleading title of a well-known collection of South American remains gathered together by different hands in different parts of the country, and illustrating different epochs. “This way of collecting does not throw the light of science on the as yet unascertained facts of American history. Instead of being an illumining ray amid the darkness which envelops the past of these regions, it creates confusion, and substitutes error for ignorance by intermixing relics which by their difference of origin might have given an accurate idea of the succession of races in these lands.”<sup>2</sup> We have the assurance of the Minister of Public Instruction that M. Wiener has not followed such bad example with the four thousand objects which compose his Peruvian collection.<sup>3</sup> Perhaps the best service he has rendered is in showing that records do exist, not written upon rocks and walls, but upon the tissues in which the mummies are enfolded.

Having sailed through the Straits of Magellan to Valparaiso, M. Wiener begins from that port the narrative of his varied

<sup>2</sup> P. 551.

<sup>3</sup> Introduction, p. viii. note.

experiences and laudable industry. The picture which he draws of the mining stations on the coast of Chili shows poor human nature in its most repulsive form. "They are peopled by men of every land, eager after gain, feverish and dismal. These miners cling to their illusions tenaciously, living on under a sky of impassive blue, scorched to death, with no water except what comes from the sea, sold after distillation at an enormous price, with no provisions except what the English steamers bring, no interest except the search for the precious metal, no pleasure except gambling, no hope except in a stroke of luck, no God but money" (p. 4).

Lima is the meeting-point of many races. As M. Wiener, in the transcendental language of science informs us, the Church on her holidays gathers there, as nowhere else, "the descendants of Sem, Cham, and Japhet, whom the Bible knows, and the Mongol, the Tatar, the Indian, whom it does not know." But the Chinaman is the future master. Coolie, or freeman, already he is everywhere, in domestic service, in all branches of trade, even in medical practice. The negro slaves were enfranchised in 1854, and Chinese coolies were substituted. They are slaves without the name. They have no wives, for the Celestial Government does not permit women to be exported. They sign an illusory agreement, by which they place themselves at the absolute disposal of a master for the term of eight years. It was the interest of the slave-owners to prolong the life of his slaves. The master of the coolie thinks only of obtaining from his servant eight years of hard labour, and it is a horrible fact that about two-thirds of the poor creatures are worked to death before they reach the term of their brief engagement (p. 35). But the revenge may come at any moment in a dreadful servile war. Fifty or sixty thousand men, packed together like cattle in large inclosures, kept in order with whip and revolver, rendered desperate by vicious living, and burning with revenge, may explode, like a powder-magazine, in an instant.

The first excavations made by M. Wiener were in a field well worked before his arrival. Ancon is too near Lima to have kept its graves intact; for the descendants of the gold-hunters, still dream of buried treasure. More than a thousand tombs had been opened, and when the French explorer arrived in that place of horrors, fragments of skeletons and broken pottery and decaying rags were strewn about in hideous confusion. There were plenty of tombs still undespoiled, but the

first six days of digging necessitated such an outlay that, but for the enthusiastic assistance of some kind-hearted French marines who volunteered to carry on the work for France and science, the results would have been very meagre. The new labourers worked with a will, and succeeded in excavating a monster tomb, in which they had to pierce the soil to a depth of eleven metres before they met a trace of any contents. Their perseverance was well rewarded. The so-called ruins of Ancon are only a subterranean cemetery.

The next exploration was of far higher interest, though again the scene was well known on account of its proximity to the capital. The ruins which M. Wiener inspected at Pachacamac were those of the great temple, the Delphi of Peru, into which the brother of Pizarro forced his entrance in 1533. The priests tried to stop him at the entrance, but he led his Spaniards along the galleries to the summit of the mount, amid the trembling of an earthquake which drove back all his native followers, and reaching the inner shrine, he beheld not a lofty hall blazing with gems and gold, as he had expected, but a foul reeking chamber of sacrifice containing the god of oracles, a loathsome idol. It was dragged out, and broken in pieces before the eyes of the terrified Indians, who could not understand either the audacious act, or the impunity which followed. But the god, by tamely submitting to such treatment, sank in their esteem, to rise no more.<sup>4</sup> If the *conquistadores* had wrought no other destruction in Peru than to break up its gods of wood and stone, their memory would be blest; but their odious cruelty, and revolting sensuality, nipped in the bud the reverence which the poor pagans were ready to accord to them and their creed, if only the chance had been granted. It is impossible to forgive M. Wiener, and the men of his way of thinking, for laying at the door of the Church the sorrows which she bewails far more than they themselves ever can. Every soul of those poor Indians is dear to Mother Church and her Apostles; and she can never anathematize as they deserve the bloodthirsty ruffians who spoiled the fair work of Christ.

It is much easier to pursue the coast line of Peru by water than by land; so much so that in former days the overland route was deemed impassable for several months in the year, by reason of the swollen torrents which fell from the wall of the Cordilleras. M. Wiener pushed northward to the "countries of

<sup>4</sup> See Washington Irving, *Conquest of Peru*, vol. ii. bk. iii. ch. iv.

the Yunga race and the Chimu princes." He disembarked at Supe, where he was so little expected, that he intervened in the mid process of flogging a coolie, which was at once suspended when he dawned upon the scene. The victim was lying on the ground, and two stalwart negroes were applying the scourge, while the master looked on complacently. The master was at once all politeness, but the guest had no appetite. There were drops of blood, as he fancied, on the plates and everywhere. The fortress of Chimu-Capac was very dilapidated, but the traces of its former grandeur were not easily obscured, for the walls were of the thickness of four and a half metres at the base. The building rose against the hill in three terraces. The Incas knew how to place their forts where the spurs of the Andes struck down to the sea.

In order to get to the fortress of Paramonga, four leagues further north, it was necessary to pass the river Supe, and this was at first declared to be impossible. It would have been really so to the former inhabitants of the country who did not possess horses. After waiting some days till the rush of the dark water became a little less violent, two negroes were induced by liberal pay to undertake the crossing. A writer in the *Times* declared with reference to some incident in the Zulu War that the stories which are told of riding across rivers are by the nature of things apocryphal, that a horse is an admirable companion in passing a river, but that the transit must be made not on his back, but at his side. M. Wiener's experience of a powerful Chilian horse seems to have been otherwise. It carried himself and two negroes to boot, in some sort of fashion, which he does not explain, but his words imply more than swimming alongside with one hand on the horse's mane. The defences of Paramonga consist of eight separate forts rising from the coast-line. Seven of these are almost entirely destroyed, but the eighth, the nearest to the sea, is in good preservation, and enables the archeologist to form a fair judgment of the whole range of the fortifications. This fort, which rises in three terraces, was not all built at the same time. It bears evidence of different epochs and even of different intentions. The earlier walls were manifestly raised to defend the people of the north against an army advancing from the south, the later walls were added in behalf of the southern race. The mere existence of defensive works formed on so large a scale reveals a very advanced state of material civilization.



Walls less thick and strongholds of more simple architectural design would have served to keep out savages armed with bows and slings and blow-pipes, and there must have been blessings of peace worth defending in a kingdom so defended. The empire which Pizarro destroyed was not in its infancy; but there had been a highly wrought social organization before the Incas rose to power.

The villages along the coast between Paramonga and Truxillo are in their circumstances of place and climate not unlike the mining stations in Chili, but with a very marked difference in the population. Instead of fierce activity and entire godlessness, there is a general laziness in which the most marked interruption is church-going. The indolence and insolence of the free negroes cannot be surpassed. They are all, by their own account, descended from African princes. The remains of the aqueducts which supplied the ancient city of the Great Chimu near the Spanish Truxillo shows that the former lords of the soil understood the principles of irrigation better than their conquerors. Truxillo is nearer the river than the city of the older date, but the land around is almost uncultivated and the want of water is severely felt. The ruins of the ancient palace are of imposing grandeur, and it is still possible to trace out the city in nearly all its extent. It was built in three terraces, the palace being situated on the highest terrace, the chief part of the habitations occupying the middle terrace, and the necropolis lying below. Everywhere the buildings were interspersed with gardens and patches of maize and cotton, or with open courts, perhaps because vast intramural cemeteries needed a corrective of the kind. There were two labyrinths, one on the highest and one on the lowest plateau, having apparently some sacred significance. In their present unroofed condition it is not difficult to trace their windings, but the path must have been hard to find under a thick covering of reeds and clay.

"As we mentally re-construct," says M. Wiener (p. 105), "this ancient city, pondering on the marvellous past, the powerful princes who built these walls, the energetic population which, under intelligent and skilled guidance, created this vast assemblage of buildings and public works, we might fancy ourselves the sport of some sad dream. Compared with all this, what is the picture which presents itself now—the stupid muleteers, the donkey-driving negresses, the mulatto women

making their bargains, all moving lazily along a king's highway under the mouldering walls of a right royal palace? In the name of what principle of greatness, or power, or civilization has a world so pitiful, so miserable, so paltry, pushed from its place the fruitful industry of nations, which have perished from the land after having been judicially condemned as a race of barbarians?"

It is only of late years that the cultivation of the land has received any proper measure of attention in Peru, for the first efforts of European settlers were invariably devoted to the mineral treasures of the country; but abundant testimony remains of the wise providence of the earlier inhabitants. The valley of Chicama, not far from the city of the Great Chimu, only fourteen years ago was a desert of ill fame, a place of refuge for banditti. It is now once again like a smiling garden, as it was in the light of other days. The change is the work of one enterprising proprietor. In a journey into the interior, Don Luis Albrecht observed the signs of former cultivation, and, seeking, found the artificial channel through which the fertilizing streams had been conveyed. He traced it to its source, and saw where the water ran to waste in a deep ravine. He purchased the uninviting wilderness for an inconsiderable sum, and spent £1,600 in restoring the old canal. He is now the possessor of almost fabulous wealth, employing and treating kindly fifteen hundred coolies. He has established a patriarchal but lucrative banking system. Metal coinage is growing scarcer day by day in Peru, and paper money soon wears out when it passes through many rough and soiled hands. Don Luis, on his own responsibility, issued squares of gutta percha, prepared in different colours for different values, on which he stamped his own promise to pay the specified sum. All the people of his district considered his word worth more than the Government guarantee, and the gutta percha tokens superseded the ill-conditioned paper currency. It was a benefit to all concerned, and a source of revenue to the benefactor, who thereby enjoyed the use of large sums of money for which he paid no interest, and derived into the bargain a steady profit from the disappearance of his gutta percha pledges by carelessness or accident, as the Bank of England grows richer by shipwrecks and conflagrations.

From the valley of Chicama M. Wiener ascended the first slope of the mighty Cordillera range and arrived at Cascas,

a village elevated more than six thousand feet above the sea, and lying at the foot of the mountain which had to be crossed on the way to Cajamarca (Caxamalca), the place where Pizarro treacherously seized the last of the Incas, Atahualpa. Comparatively few Europeans care to visit Cajamarca at such a cost of climbing, and our indefatigable traveller found the inhabitants living in a state of isolation and complete stagnation. Agriculture kept the Indians usefully employed under their former masters, but mining operations were foreign to their nature, so that the Spaniards having destroyed the old industries of the country were unable to establish a new form of activity. The soil in these mountain valleys is still fertile and the Indians are of vigorous frame, but they lead a sleepy life. They have very noble churches which, if M. Wiener will permit the remark, show that the spiritual welfare of the Indians has been an object of solicitude. With true Catholic reverence every little detail of ornament has been chiselled in the hard granite and porphyry by workmen who did not stay to count each stroke and calculate its price. Yet all this magnificent devotion has been thrown away, we are assured, upon these half-formed Christians. It may indeed be so, for cathedrals do not supply material food, and he who will not work must starve; but there is just a *souçon* of rhetoric, when we read, that as there are no *connoisseurs* to appreciate the workmanship, so there are no worshippers to use the temple, *pour ce temple, point de croyants*. If this were strictly accurate, we surely should not hear that all the buildings round these churches are in a state of dilapidation, but rather that the churches themselves are fast falling into decay (p. 124). The palace of Atahualpa has for its present inmate a poor Indian, who lives in contented poverty under a roof of thatch in the "palace of the Cæsars."

A few miles from Cajamarca, at Incatambo, one of the most curious of the monuments of old Peru remains to perplex the student. The *Coyor* (star), as the old ruins are named, formed the subject of M. Wiener's meditations for a week, while he lived as best he might upon beans and potatoes, before the meaning of the vast concentric circles of masonry broke upon his intelligence.

"We have to imagine a hill covered with bushes in the middle of a plain at the side of a marshy lake; this is all that appears at first sight. Plunging through the brushwood we

encounter walls, remnants of houses, towers partly overthrown. Soon a symmetrical arrangement is perceptible, and we come by degrees to understand the plan of the Coyor, which is at once a city and a huge mausoleum" (p. 150). The explanation is ingenious. The artificial conical hill is situated in a little level valley, bounded on the south by a lake. Beside the lake is an oval tablet of granite, about four hundred metres in length and three hundred in breadth, rising five metres above the plain. In the rainy season the waters of the lake submerged the valley, and the plateau of granite offered a refuge to the inhabitants, who naturally preferred to build their houses upon the elevated rock. There are other examples in Peru of dwelling-houses built by choice on the circumference of a circle. Here, then, we have the outer ring of the Coyor sufficiently explained. But while the living citizens thus occupied the edge of the platform, the mortal remains of their departed friends were preserved in the interior, for it would have shocked all the religious instincts of ancient Peru to leave the venerated mummies in the moisture of the plain. In course of time as the tombs thickened, and the circumambient population grew more numerous, it was obvious to a people naturally inclined to terrace-making, and whose whole country, as M. Wiener elsewhere observes (p. 116), was arranged in storeys, *étagé*, that the next move must be to erect an inner circle of houses at a higher level. The process was repeated, till eighteen concentric rings had been formed, and there remained finally a platform of thirty metres in length at the summit containing a building which seems to have been a temple. Four walls ascended from the granite base to the centre, and probably the Coyor owes its name to these radiating lines. The process by which the Coyor grew, if this explanation be the true one, bears some resemblance inversely to the formation of our "fairy-rings" of fungi, in which the living circles go on widening round the central space where their predecessors flourished; but nothing can be less like mushroom growth than the patient industry which formed this imperishable monument of unknown date, and possibly of great antiquity.

The rest of M. Wiener's very interesting tour of inspection may be rapidly sketched. Everywhere he was gathering as he went along fresh specimens of ancient art, surveying and photographing majestic ruins, and acquiring fresh data for the scientific study of a forgotten history. From Cajamarca he turned

southward on his mountain road, crossing in one place a suspension bridge supported by eighteen long strips of leather, of which half the number were hopelessly rotten and the rest of uncertain strength, in another place having an encounter with armed Indians, in which he was seriously wounded, and in another an adventure with his own attendants, which is too characteristic of the country and its traditions to be dismissed in one word. Near Taparaco he noticed some sepulchral grottos in the wall of schist which towered above his path, and having marked the position of one of them, he dismounted from his mule, and with two of his Indians scaled the rocks and found good footing at a point some three hundred feet above the aperture. He made the Indians lower him with leather thongs to the depth required, and found after a little digging two skulls and a mummy. With the skulls slung to his belt and the mummy in his arms, he ascended slowly, guarding himself from the sharp corners on his way, but unconscious of a greater danger to which he was exposing himself without the slightest need. The mummy and himself appeared simultaneously above the edge of the rock on which the Indians were standing, and the sight of their grim ancestor unnerved them for the moment. They gave a start which conveyed to M. Wiener a sensation not easily forgotten. He felt himself in mid-air unsustained, and in the agony of the moment he dropped his precious mummy. It was the work of a second, and as he scrambled over the edge, bathed in a cold sweat, the dead man who had been so carefully preserved for centuries was shivered to atoms in the depths below. It was an escape to be grateful for, but we only hear of the rating which the poor Indians received for their share in the disaster. Their excuses were very valid. They knew that the great men of other days, when rudely dislodged from their resting-place, had an unpleasant habit of throwing their arms round the necks of their remote descendants, who perished in the dread embrace. One of the two guilty Indians said that his own father, having incautiously touched a mummy, received a prick from one of the bones, which resulted in his death; the other gravely declared that the moment M. Wiener appeared above the rock the dead man opened his mouth, and that if he had found time to hurl his malediction at their heads, they would have been ruined irretrievably. It was clearly a great relief to their minds that the object of the Frenchman's solicitude had been reduced by the roll down the rocks to a state

of impotence. Argument is idle where essential interests are in irreconcilable conflict, so M. Wiener tried to swallow his wrath, retraced his steps, and remounted his mule. He tells us of other strange fancies which had possession of the vulgar mind. It was the fixed belief that there were wonderful subterranean passages under the Andes, formed by order of the Incas. One informant declared that he knew the western entrance, another had seen the mouth of the tunnel on the opposite slope, a third had actually travelled several leagues along the covered way. All this mass of fable at least attests the tradition of the power of the extinct dynasty.

The chief difficulty of the journey was the sheer fatigue to man and beast. The road never ran for long together at the same elevation, and when it passed along the high level, the *puna*, the march became almost a struggle for life. "To form a notion of this, a *puna* must be seen; the eye must rove bewildered over the immense expanse covered with a scentless and colourless vegetation; the frame must shiver in the freezing wind; the sight must be dazzled with the glare of the sun and the flashes of lightning; the hearing must be deafened with the thunder; the unsteady steps of the mule when its strength is failing must be felt, and the experience must be continued day after day in these vast solitudes, with the lungs compressed as if in a vice by the air, which is almost too thin to breathe;—only on these conditions can a right idea be gained of the higher regions of the Andes" (p. 173). The depression of spirits, the sensation of being lost in immensity, was the severest part of the trial, because it withdrew the sustaining power just when fainting nature most needed help.

By a curious ocular illusion the chain of Santo Toribio, past the foot of which the road ran, resembled a perpendicular wall, and the villages on the side of the mountain seemed merely attached to the face of the rock, and in immediate danger of rushing down to destruction. There were parts of the route where the illusion was unpleasantly reversed. As M. Wiener was approaching the term of his labours on the heights above Cuzco, he found himself when the sun rose preparing to enter upon a perilous path, which, as his guide said at first—but he changed his opinion afterwards—was no worse than the one which they had traversed in the mists of the evening a few hours before. It was an alarming prospect.

"The mule showed signs of hesitation; the side of the



mountain, hitherto sloping, assumed a new aspect; the path seemed to disappear on the side of a vertical wall by which we had to pass. I asked my guide if he had not lost his way. 'No,' said he, 'we passed along there yesterday, only the mist kept us from seeing the road, and the beasts managed it safely. Let them go; they will do it all right again.' I gave my mule a touch with the spur, but it would not move, and my guide's mule also refused to stir. We dismounted. The Indian armed himself with his *lazo*, and a few strokes overcame all hesitation. The Indian followed the beasts, clinging to the wall and resting his feet on the angular projections which the rock presented at intervals. When I looked at the practised mountaineer hugging the vertical wall of the Cordillera, and standing out in bold relief above the abyss, I shook with an involuntary shudder; I knew that I was less strong and less skilful than this man who was moving in front of me, sustaining himself as if by a miracle, and creeping along the face of a wall which seemed to afford no foothold. However, it was no good hesitating; the thing had to be done. I took off my boots, and, sometimes standing upright, sometimes crawling on hands and feet, now and again shutting my eyes when I felt my head beginning to swim, I accomplished the journey—those hundred yards of horror—and arrived all safe and sound, with my hands and feet bleeding, on a sort of landing-place, where the mules were waiting, and my Indian greeted me with the words, *Caminito malvado* (cursed little road); and then, forgetting the habits of his race, burst into a boisterous laugh" (pp. 294—7).

During a great part of the journey the route coincided with the grand road of the Incas. The path so rarely trodden now in its whole extent was once almost an imperial highway; but a voluptuous monarch would certainly have gone many a league round in his palanquin rather than tempt fate "on all fours" in the way M. Wiener describes.

The mountains which had been the scene of so many hardships and dangers and so much fatigue were not abandoned without some mixture of regret. Their wild grandeur had begun to be loved for its own sake; but poetic fancies were merged in deeper feelings when M. Wiener gazed down from his lofty post of observation on the city of Cuzco in the smiling valley below. He had even then more than accomplished the mission which had been entrusted to him, and if he still contemplated fresh labours it would seem that his own enthusiasm

was the immediate motive. A little self-congratulation was natural on such an occasion, and his words will find ready sympathy.

"A short league separated me from the capital of the aboriginal rulers, and I felt a thrill of joy at the thought that before many minutes had passed I should have completed my scientific mission, so far, at least, as all difficult exploring was concerned, having traversed that great line of march obliterated since the Conquest, having made good my engagements with the Government at home, and justified the confidence reposed in me by my superior officers. I had learned from letters which reached me at Tarma that my journey had excited much interest at Lima, and that the educated classes in the capital had followed me in my peregrinations, though with a persistent conviction that the enterprise could not be carried through. When I left Truxillo for the interior I was assured that no inhabitant of the Sierra had ever undertaken or accomplished that journey, that a lowlander of the coast had not the qualifications for succeeding, and that only a man fresh from France and unacquainted with Peru would yield to such an illusion and allow so foolish a fancy to bewitch his judgment" (p. 304).

He had been called in plain terms "a conceited fool" by the less polite journalists, and it was therefore a day of sweet revenge, as well as honest pride, when he arrived at Cuzco. He was received with a hearty welcome, and as an honoured guest in one of the leading families he spent a few weeks not of idleness but of comparative repose. There was, indeed, much in Cuzco for an ethnographer and an archeologist to observe. Perhaps it is there that the solution must be sought to some of the great problems in the past of Peru. Nowhere more distinctly are the successive periods presented in imperishable records. It is also a good centre for the study of the people of Peru, for within a few miles are to be found all the gradations of Indian life, from the most refined to the most uncultivated. Hitherto M. Wiener had not met in all his travels any savage tribes, but a short excursion from Cuzco placed him in the midst of them. Those whom he had seen as yet on his journey which led him through so many sequestered villages in the bosom of the Andes were, with many varying degrees of intelligence and virtue, one and all the mixed offspring of two civilizations. Of the Christian Indians, whom we meet in M. Wiener's pages, it may be summarily said that they are

good-natured for the most part, but lifeless and melancholy, and having very lax notions of morality. They are much addicted to drinking and dancing and singing; but even their dances are lugubrious, and their festal chants are plaintive.<sup>5</sup> If the picture is not painted in colours which take a more sombre tint from the mind of the observer and the requirements of a pet theory, the Indian of the Cordilleras is a most unenviable being. Yet with all his idleness and drunkenness and vice, he has more hope of Heaven than the godless miner of the Chilian coast. The poor Indian has been debased by those who should have set him the example of Christian virtue. There is extenuation for his sinning in his having been so much sinned against, and those innumerable signs of the Cross and invocations of the Blessed Trinity, which our author regards with a glance of disdainful compassion, and those repeated prayers to the Blessed Virgin, which he chooses to think injurious to God, may have an admixture of superstitious observance, but they are not superstitious practices.

Peruvian conversations in Cuzco are laconic beyond all our English experiences: "Two neighbours are smoking their cigarettes together, with their elbows on the table; they look at one another with an air of abstraction. Every now and then a *Si señor*, uttered by one or other, breaks the silence. At the end of an hour or two of this animated intercourse, they part company, and the visitor thanks his friend cordially for the pleasant evening spent in his company" (p. 326.)

A journey of six days from Cuzco carried M. Wiener into the territory of the Piros savages, with whom and the Campas he spent a week studying their mode of life. They seem harmless enough when they are not provoked, but their moral degradation is very great, and except that they show considerable intelligence in hunting and fishing, they afford little promise of future improvement. Savages have been tamed before now in South America, but the very thought of the Jesuit Reductions of Paraguay rouses the wrath of M. Wiener.<sup>6</sup>

Our traveller had made a resolution that he would not quit the country without scaling some peak of the great central chain, to confirm by barometric and thermometric observations the results obtained with the theodolite. He selected the height of Illimani to the south-east of Lake Titicaca, and in this ascent he touched the southernmost point of his wanderings. No

<sup>5</sup> P. 174.

<sup>6</sup> P. 757.

European, we may be sure, had climbed to the top of that mountain before him, and no Indian, at least since the time from which local superstitious terrors date. It came by tradition from ancestral days, that no one could see the summit and return alive. At the height of nineteen thousand five hundred and twelve feet, his Indian escort, who had reluctantly followed so far, deserted him, with the exception of three who in his company overcame their fears. The ascent was successfully achieved, and standing at an elevation of twenty thousand one hundred and twelve feet above the level of the sea, M. Wiener, using his right as first occupant, gave the name of *Pic de Paris* to the height which he had scaled. Soon after this he returned to Lima and to grateful France.

An imaginary bird's-eye view of the Empire of the Incas is the fitting sequel to the history of his expedition.

"The attention is arrested first by two great streaks of grey which run from north to south, the one along the coast, the other between the two ranges of the Cordillera chain. They are the two roads of the Incas. From east to west a series of transverse lines at short intervals join the long grey streaks, like the rungs of an enormous ladder. These are the roads of communication between the coast and the interior.

"Skirting these roads are groups of buildings, some of small size, some of majestic proportions, which rise amid green tracts of cultivated land: artificial water-courses intersect the soil like the meshes of a silver net; the sides of the mountains are formed into vast terraces, on which a peaceful civilization lives and thrives."

How sad the change! M. Wiener goes on to say; but of such lamentations I have already spoken. There is something to be deplored in that departed glory, but there is much more which need not be deplored.

A. G. KNIGHT.

## *The Adventures of Twelve Catholic Students.<sup>1</sup>*

---

### PART THE FOURTH.

"SO soon as we came within sight of the town of Tangiers, our persecutors, that were now not far from us, leave us, and return towards their native coast; whereby they sufficiently made known what they were.

This fair town, or rather city, of Tangiers is a Bishop's seat, adorned with all variety of learning taught there, in the possession and under the government of the Portuguese, and solely inhabited by them. It is seated on the coast of Barbary, at the mouth or entrance to the straits to the Mediterranean Sea, and in diameter opposite to Cadiz on the Spanish coast, and in so narrow a passage that from the one city to the other may easily be discerned, being no more than sixteen miles distant. This night we safely sheltered ourselves under the command and safeguard of this city. The next day divers officers and some merchants came aboard us, as well to see our ship as the wares she carried, whom by means of an Irish interpreter we entreated to obtain of our captain that George Champian (who was then far spent in a burning fever) might be taken to land there to get a little fresh meat for God's sake to save his life, for of ten days he had eaten nothing but bread and vinegar. Which suit they very charitably requested and as fortunately obtained, and moreover that two others of the most strong and healthful of us, viz., John Robinson and Robert Neale, might be allowed to attend on him, for he was not able to go by himself alone. As they went up the streets from the waterside, finding him very feeble and too heavy a burden to be carried betwixt them about the town till they should find relief, not having any certain place to take him to, they set him down upon a block against a wall, meaning there to leave him whilst they could seek out some priest or other charitable man that could understand them and answer in the Latin tongue

<sup>1</sup> Continued from vol. xix. p. 410.

for they had not a word of the Portuguese language amongst them. But they were not parted a stone's cast from him when, looking back, they saw him lie grovelling on his face in the dust, not able any whit to help himself. Speedily, therefore, running back they take him up almost stifled, and conduct him up the streets as well as they may, in hopes God would move some pious heart to commiserate and afford him some relief. When, no sooner looked for, but a gentleman soldier, taking notice of some distressed strangers, and especially of the sick man in the midst, asked them in the Latin tongue who they were and whence they came. This was no small lightening to their heavy hearts, wherefore having heard their distressed condition and present wants, he conducted them to the governor's house, who, again hearing a repetition of their miseries and wants, gave order the sick man should with all speed be taken to the hospital, where all convenient charity and care should be administered. Where coming, he was immediately taken to a chamber, laid in a comfortable bed, put into a fair shirt, attended by a servant, sweet and wholesome diet brought him, a physician for his soul, another for his body, who, observing his extremity, commanded he should be speedily let blood, and other things expedient for a man in his case administered.

We, in the meanwhile, that were still on shipboard, emulating the good fortune of our companions at land, made suit the next day to some gentlemen that came to visit our ship, that they would ask the same favour for us to go to land so long as our ship should lie at anchor before that town, which was likewise granted us. We went therefore altogether to the governor's house, with an humble petition to have the liberty for some few days to beg the charity of the town. To whom he returned this no less charitable than courteous answer, that such of us as were not well in health might repair to the hospital to our other three companions for what we should stand in need of: the rest that were in health might also take up their lodging there, but must seek their food where they could get it in the town, because it might not be afforded there to any but sick or lame, according to the foundation of the hospital. Thus with no small comfort we met all ten together again and, according to the order given us, those that were in health went abroad for their victuals.

Upon All Saints' Day those seamen that were well in health went to the Cathedral Church to High Mass, and after sermon was made by the Bishop of that place, they delivered an humble



petition to be read for begging the charity of such as were disposed towards relieving their present wants ; the success whereof came to about seven shillings, and after service they were all severally invited home by divers of the best of the town, and, as homely as they were in apparel and mute in their language, were placed with them at their tables to dinner. After evensong again, many moved with the like charity towards them for what was now reported in the town of our quality, education, and miseries, took, some two, some three, home with them to supper. At bedtime we met altogether again at the hospital, where we could with content sit and recount our day's fortunes and shameless begging, and the charity of those good Portuguese. And we again that were lame and sick had enough to say of our private chapel, and of the charity, and all kinds of commodity we found in the hospital.

The next day, being the Commemoration of All Souls, eight of our company repair again to the church service, as well to distribute their own spiritual alms to the faithful departed, as with hopes to find the same charity from the good citizens which they had tasted the day before. In which meanwhile our captain's mate, with their Huguenot and English Protestants at shipboard, having a fair ship in their possession, well fraught with good merchandise, not sought after by any one, nor so much as known to any one that could then or afterwards challenge it from them, had plotted to get her to pass the Mediterranean Sea, and at Algiers to sell to the Turks there, not only the ship and merchandize, but also all the Catholics of divers nations which were with them, and were little or nothing suspicious of this conspiracy. Neither should they be able to prevent it, though they might chance to get the knowledge of it, because all the offices and arms must be put into those heretics' hands. For this reason our captain was very solicitous how to get us ten youths from the town into his ship again, that he might hoist up sail and be gone. For this end he made great complaints of us in the town, that we had been ransomed from Salle at great rates, that he was to be accountable for us, that he justly suspected our coming into that town to be for no other end than to give him the slip and defraud the deceased merchant's executors of the price of our ransom ; it was therefore just we should be compelled to shipboard again. Thus having handsomely forged this complaint against us, he procured a warrant for the arresting us, and at

the time as Divine service was ended, when every one was hastening home to his dinner, our company, little surmising any mischief towards, were met at the door by the Alguazeis, or bailiffs, which, apprehending them, delivered them to the captain at the ship. Yet it was the good fortune that two which were invited by a gentleman home to dinner with him, went forth by a back door, and so escaped the bailiffs; which two about three hours after brought the sad news to George Champian and me in the hospital, and that our ship had presently hoisted sail and was gone they knew not whither. This was heavy tidings to us all, not only for that we were now separated from one another that had so much desired and endeavoured to return home together, or suffer abroad together, but much more for that we understood the ship was gone a wrong course up the straits towards the Mediterranean Sea, whereas, by order left by our deceased merchant, they were to present both ships and merchandize and passengers to John Bravo de Laguna, the executor, living at Cadiz, which lay on the other side the straits, directly over against this Tangiers.

But see the singular care and providence of Almighty God over us, for, beyond all human expectation, we had not been three hours in this affliction for the loss of our six companions but a boat with two gentlemen, it seems factors also to the said John Bravo, arrives at Tangiers in quest of our ship. Who, having received information by the two pinnaces which had safely arrived at Cadiz of the death of John Agazetta, our merchant, and that a ship was left at Mamora under the charge and command of a French Huguenot, they feared that which came to pass, lest the Huguenot captain might prove false and run away with the ship. Wherefore they undertook this dangerous journey over the main sea towards an enemy's country in a boat, first to Mamora, and, not finding him there they went to Marache, and there also, missing of him, but having intelligence that [we had been] there some days since, they made for Tangiers, where, when they understood he was also departed thence not above six hours before their arrival, and that he was gone up the straits beyond his appointed course, it was manifest to them that our captain was a knave, and had gone for Turkey with the prize. Though the departure of the captain not a little troubled them, yet they hoped well he might be stopped at Gibraltar, or elsewhere, before he should pass the coast of Spain; for this cause they resolved not to give him

over, but still to pursue him. One only difficulty they found remaining, that in case they should overtake him, they neither knew the ship by sight, nor the captain, nor any other person within it; they should therefore not dare to challenge it though they should meet with it. But when they understood there were yet in town four young men, who came forth and belonged to that ship, who could assist them in this difficulty, they came to the hospital and earnestly requested us to accompany them that night in pursuit of our ship. We found great difficulty at first in regard of our sick man, George Champian, but they, making us large and fair promises to bring us again to the rest of our companions, and to set us on Spanish land with sufficient moneys in our purses to bring us to our journey's end, we remitted the answer to George Champian, who was now somewhat heartier. Though in a weak state for such a journey, yet, desirous to be partaker of so comfortable and desired promises, he showed a willingness to go with them which was an answer for the rest. We were therefore warned to be in readiness against midnight, the appointed hour for their setting forth to sea. And so, at the determinate hour, taking leave of our good friends in the hospital, we walked down to the water-side, I limping upon my staff, and George Champian sustained by our other two companions. And because the boat could not be brought to the dry sands, there being neither quay nor banks near whence to ship in, John Robinson, very willing to supply the office of a penny porter, there ordinarily used, stripped himself above the knees, and carried the other three upon his shoulders to the boat; whence immediately after launching forth with sail and oars, we furrowed the liquid soil with such celerity and violence that the rebounding waves, cut by our encountering prow, dashed over our heads all the night long like a constant shower of rain, and by sunrising the next morning brought us into the harbour of Gibraltar amongst a wood of ships, merchants and others.

This Gibraltar is a fair haven, and much frequented by the wine merchants, lying on the coast of Spain; and as Cadiz begins the straits towards the main ocean, so this town ends them towards the Mediterranean Sea. Here our captain, fearing lest he might be stayed and questioned by the Spaniards whither he was bound, as commonly they question all as they pass by, resolved of his own accord to make his passage fair by resting himself there a night. When betimes in the morning we arrived

at this haven town, our two factors rouse us up to view about whether we could discover our ship amongst the multitude, when instantly, in the greatest exultation, we threw up our caps and hands with a *los companeros, los companeros*, "Our companions, our companions!" whom we discovered walking above the hatches; for this was all the language we had to express that most joyful spectacle the world could have afforded us. At that time to this ship, therefore, our factors make, and demand to speak with the captain, to whom it was answered he lodged all night at land. Then they ask for the captain's mate, to whom having related who they were and the cause of their journey, they requested him to come into their boat and to go to the town with them. Whither when he came, they there committed him to safe custody, and having found out the captain's lodging, they in like manner set a guard over him. Then, taking officers along with them, they took possession of the ship and of all that was in it, in behalf of their master, John Bravo de Laguna.

After this most important business was settled, our golden age draws nigh, and we ten students are set on Spanish ground. Our long-expected joy returns more full by how much longer detained from us, and now we see and tread our wished coast, so dear and welcome to us that, holding it too holy to be trodden on by feet, we stoop to embrace it, and even kiss it with our mouths. From the waterside we were by two factors brought to an inn in the town, where we remained two days to refresh ourselves. In which meanwhile our captain and his mate were discharged for knaves from all command in our ship, and for a more and sufficient reward of their former charge, were permitted to depart free from all punishment due for their treachery. The greater part of our mariners gave the slip, some into merchant ships of their own nation, of which were divers there in that harbour; others by land. Those that honestly remained had order to weigh anchor, and return back with our ship for Cadiz, the two factors offering us ten our choice to return either by land or with them by sea. We answered them we had found such bad entreaty and variety of misfortunes at sea, that we were resolved never more to trust ourselves to the salt waters when we could go by land; wherefore desired them to lend us money to bear our charges, and within three or four days we would by land meet them at Cadiz, which we did; and upon the 6th of this month of November they set forward

by sea, and we by land, in company of four honest Irishmen, our fellow-captives, which spoke a little Spanish, and therefore stood us in great stead in this foot voyage.

But the country being very scarce of towns or houses of refreshment, after we had travelled three leagues, and night overtaking us, we were fain to take up with a poor *venta*, or drinking house, in the highway, where we found neither beds nor meat for our money. We made a drinking, therefore, of bread and wine, and lodged upon the floor; but before midnight, finding our bones weary and cold with this hard and bare lodging, and understanding of some country people who were in their journey some part of our way, we paid our shot, and the remainder of the night we travelled along with them through woods, hills, and other places, amongst the howlings of wolves and the noises of other wild beasts; sometimes, again, over pleasant fields and meadows. This day we crossed the earthly paradise commonly known amongst the poets as the Elysian fields; now, also, we waded through the memorable and famous river Lethe, that deprives all of memory of former miseries that drink of it; and, after eight leagues overcome, towards evening we reach Medina [Sidonia], the titular town of the great Duke of Medina, famous on our English coasts for his memorable voyage of Eighty-eight; a very perspicuous town situated upon a high hill, and therefore deceitfully made our wearied bodies believe we were at it, when we had yet many heavy and heartless steps to measure. For though we had this day found very good refreshment by the way in an inn for our money, yet were all of us so spent that, when we came within a mile of the town, we could scarce crawl up the hill to it: some were faint, others sick. Thomas Coniers was taken with a violent fever; all of us weary and sorely fretted on our feet, and some so grievously that you might have discovered the naked bones, and this by want of commodious shoes and stockings and by the rottenness of our flesh, having not been shifted scarce upon of a quarter of a year. And here begins our misery by land, as formerly the heavens, fire, and water had conspired against us. One looks heavily upon another, but none knows how to afford relief; yet was there no spare of charges out of small stock of money, either to comfort the heart within or ease the sores without, but let every man call for what might do him good. Notwithstanding, because we were homely, or rather beggarly in our appearance, we could not obtain any beds for money

wherein to refresh our wearied limbs, but were enforced, and that by special favour and authority of the constables, to take up our rest all night upon mats on the ground.

The next morning, the better to encourage those that were sick, sore, and faint, to a new journey both longer and more tedious than that of the day past, for our scarcity of money and want of language (if our Irish should ever go from us) would not permit us to linger there, we procure a large warm breakfast of beasts' livers, minced and buttered with good salad oil ; and, being armed with this good stuffing, we cheerfully set forward for Cadiz. But our Irishmen, with their buck-horn heels, lead us on so fast, that before we were gotten two miles from the town some of our raw-boned feet were almost out of sight behind, pressing every step upon their old sores, more sharp than thorns or glowing coals. Some, therefore, stay for their neighbours ; others complain that if we make no more haste forward, we shall be benighted before we can reach Cadiz. Our Irishmen threaten to leave us ; those behind even cry for grief, as well of pain of their feet, as for that they are not able to comply with their neighbours' desires in making better haste. Sometimes they try to go barefoot, and then both sand and stones fret more upon their sores ; then, again, put on their shoes, which, being hard with age and want of moisture, scorch them more. Thus, between pain and grief, complaints and threats, we shuffle on, though not together, yet in sight of one another, till towards noon, when, by the highway-side, we find a pleasant spring falling from the side of a small descent, artificially beautified with a commodious cistern for the comfort of the thirsty traveller, and stored by nature with a copious and most delicious stream. Here we all sit down, as well to refresh ourselves as to stay for our dispersed company, when, no sooner had we come together, but our Irishmen solicit to be hasting away, because the way was long, our money short, and day would fail us. But we, more compassionate of our neighbours' sores and means, than solicitous of their desired company, resolved to spend one hour or two there together, not only by this means to entice them sweetly along with us, but especially to comfort those that were comfortless and scarce able to set one foot before another in that desolate place. And blame us not if both heart and heels failed us almost all, since there were scarce three amongst us perfect in health after many miseries undergone, and who, since our setting forth betimes in the



morning, had not received any refreshing till we came to this crystal fountain. By which our stay we lost the comfortable company of our linguists, the Irishmen, that went forward towards Cadiz with all speed.

After an hour's rest, those that were more hearty began to call upon the rest to be travelling forward, for time went on and our journey was long. Some rise with difficulty, but Peter Middleton and William Fairfax resolutely answered they were not able to go any further that night, therefore intreated the rest not to urge them beyond their ability; they would take up their rest that day at that fountain, since they could not meet with any more convenient and comfortable lodging. And when the rest offered to stay with them and keep them company, they again wished them not to do themselves that wrong, since their stay could do them two no good, and might do the rest much hurt, for the next day they would, God willing, meet them again at Cadiz. Wherefore we, observing they were heart whole, though lame on their feet and legs, resolved that it was nothing against charity, and more discretion, to leave them two for a night, than to hazard the lives or welfare of others that were sick or faint by our staying. So, leaving them two two shillings of five we had remaining, we bade them farewell till to-morrow, when we would expect them at Cadiz, if God prospered us in our journey.

Though we were quit of these two lame companions, yet some also of the rest hasting forwards, with but slow and faint paces, were the cause that John Robinson, impatient of so extreme loitering (as he termed it), and finding himself able to reach Cadiz in few hours, overwent us after the Irishmen; to whom, for the providing his supper that night, we gave one shilling of the three that were yet remaining in our purse.

We were now no more in company than seven, all of one heart, though unequal and imperfect in health and strength, viz., William Appleby, Thomas Conniers, Robert Neale, George Champian, Thomas Kensington, John Woodas, and myself, who, towards three in the afternoon, were wandering about the fields, as well to find some relief to our bodies (for we were both hungry and dry and faint), as to get directions for the way we knew not. After a while, about a mile out of the way on the left hand, we descried something like a house, but, upon better observation, we plainly perceived they were but ruins of an old house, or square walls, without roof or covering, of some decayed

vineyard, and so not worth our going to. Therefore we held on our former course, when, on the sudden, we discovered three soldiers upon their full career, as it were, from thence towards us—proper men, well apparelled and regularly mounted, the one having in his hand a demi lance, another his musket, the third his truncheon, and every one his sword at his side. These three cavaliers daunted us very sorely, for we made no question but they were some public officers that went abroad to pick up rogues and vagabonds, such as, by our apparel, we might seem to be; we should therefore, for a conclusion of our miseries, be led away to the galleys, not able to speak a word for ourselves. Who, when they came up to us, demanded whence we came, whither we went, what countrymen we were, and the like questions, to whom, every man laying to all the Spanish he had amongst us, we made up this coarse answer—*Ingleses, captives de Berbaria, studiantes para Sevilla*, that is, “Englishmen, captives from Barbary, scholars for Seville.” Having heard this rude answer they bade us follow them. Then it was manifest to us what we had suspected, that they would take us away for rogues; but what remedy? We had no language to plead for ourselves, neither durst we refuse to follow them. But, before we had followed much above a stone’s cast, they made signs, and bade us look towards those ruinous houses, and go meet those two men we saw coming thence, which having said, they set spurs to their horses, and rid a quite different way with such speed that in a trice they were out of our sight, and we left doubtful whether we might not endanger ourselves by going as we were commanded; but observing they were but two, and on foot as we, we resolved to go meet them.

When we came near we beheld the former of them a complete gentleman in all respects, both in person, apparel, and behaviour, of a middle age and stature, the other, following at his heels, a venerable and comely old man, in a suit of frieze, without a hat, bearing in his right arm seven loaves of bread and in his left a great pitcher of wine. After a courteous salutation, the former told us he did heartily compassionate our sufferings, and doubted not but we were both faint and hungry, having eaten nothing since our coming forth in the morning. He wished us therefore to refresh ourselves with the charity he brought us. Then he gave each one a pure white manchet and a draught of sack out of his pitcher—the best, we thought, had ever passed down our throats,

and told us we had travelled a long journey that day, were faint and weak, and Cadiz, whither we intended, was yet eight miles distant. We would not, therefore, be able to reach thither that evening, but, if we turned on the right hand over a hill, about half-a-mile off, we should within one hour come to a town called Puerto Real, where we should find good meat and lodging for our money, and next morning betimes reach Cadiz by water. He bade us therefore be travelling in God's name.

Who these so charitable people were we are none of us to this day able to say, nor that there was any dwelling-house whence they came, but, by all conjectures, they were of the number of those blessed souls whose octave day this eighth of November was, as we might probably guess by their charity in seeking to relieve us that sought not after them; in that they understood our wants before we made our complaints; in that they gave us directions for our journey when we wanted language to make it known whither we would go; in that the three soldiers vanished speedily out of our sight; in the excellence of their bread and wine; in that they foretold us the success of our journey at Puerto Real. Making, therefore, signs of thankfulness for their charity, we took our leave of them, and by the way as we went we savourily fed upon our manna from Heaven, and cheerfully repeated God's wondrous favours towards us—*Narrantes laudes Domini, et virtutes Ejus, et mirabilia Ejus quæ fecit*; and within an hour came with ease to the fore-said town of Puerto Real.

But taking up our inn there as we had been advised, we remembered ourselves we had no more than two shillings amongst us; therefore, because some were sick, some lame, and all weary, we agreed to have two beds amongst us for one shilling (for beds are at sixpence apiece throughout all Spain), and with the other shilling to content ourselves with a light supper, since we had already had a good refreshment that afternoon, never taking care nor forecasting how to pay for our boat the next morning for Cadiz, which was to be hired at the rate of sixpence, or a royal, a passenger, whence the town hath its name.

After we had sitten awhile in that inn descanting over the divers passages of that day's journey, and it being some hours yet to night, William Appleby made a motion that if any one had but so much courage left as to bear him company, they

would together seek out the priest of the parish, to whom they would in Latin make known their state, and beg his assistance for some small relief for that evening ; which motion was no sooner made than accepted by George Champian, now quit of his fever, and myself, now rid of my swollen legs. Thus we three, not having so much Spanish amongst us as to ask for the parish priest's lodging, sauntered about the streets from place to place, and were an hour before we could make any one understand what we sought for. At length, in our return towards our lodging, we observed a man in black walking before us, whom by his apparel we conjectured to be a scholar. George Champian, therefore, made haste after him, and boldly salutes him with *Loquitur Dominatio vestra Latine?*—"Does your worship speak Latin?" To whom he again, *Ita loquor, quid vultis?*—"I do, what would you have?" This was comfort enough. Then we related to him our intentions in travelling, and the divers misfortunes we had fallen into, and, lastly, that our present desire was to make our case known to their parish priest who, we doubted not, would in his charity afford us some relief. This honest man we talked withal proved to be an apothecary of that town, and, saviour like, bade us *Venite post me*—"Come along with me;" but, not finding the parish priest at home, he led us down to the waterside, where he bespake a boat for us and our companions against the next morning, because he saw we wanted language to do it. Whom a couple of gentlemen, sitting at the riverside to take the cool air of the evening, merrily asked, "Mr. Apothecary, what attendance have you got there to wait upon you?" to whom he related all we had told him of our state and misfortunes. The two gentlemen, moved with compassion, opening their purses, gave him sixpence apiece for us. He, finding so good success from them, took the same course also at every likely house as he returned back up the streets towards our inn where, when he came, saluting courteously the rest of our companions, he laid us down eight shillings, which he had gathered from door to door for us, with part whereof he brought us a very good supper, and for the next day's breakfast at a cook's shop, and, at his own cost, gave us two quarts of wine. This was a quite different conclusion from what the beginning of the day had promised us, yet it was according to the prediction of our benefactors from the Minon's house, and nothing different from the wonted goodness of Almighty God, *Qui dat jumentis escam ipsorum, et pullis corvorum*

*invocantibus Eum.* Having, therefore, in grateful manner complied with this good apothecary, and bidden him good-night, before we betook us to our rest, we kneeled down upon our wearied knees, gave the glory to Almighty God, the Author of all good, and praise to All Saints, whose octave day it was.

The next morning, being Sunday, we arrived betimes at Cadiz, where, before all other places, we repaired to the church of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and there attended to prayer, hearing of Masses, and thanksgiving for our safe arrival at length at that long-desired place; when, no sooner known by the good religious Fathers of that house, but kindly entertained, and, after dinner, directed by them to an English Catholic merchant in the town, called John Skone, consul at that time for the English merchants there residing; who, as these priests understood, had order from the English College at Seville to relieve us in all we wanted, if it should be his chance to hear of twelve such youths as we. And here the care and charity of the religious priests of the two Colleges of St. Omer, whence we came, and of Seville, whither we were going, cannot sufficiently be commended, in that as soon as they understood by John Collert, our first captain, brought prisoner into the Low Countries, and by Jacques Bamberie and his false brethren that arrived safe at San Lucar, that we were lost, and could not learn whither we were carried, these two Colleges having forelaid most of the greatest haven towns as well in Spain and France as in the Low Countries, with order for such merchants or friends as had the best intelligence to inquire us out, and lay out either money or what we should stand in need of, to be repaid them again by the said Colleges. And, furthermore, the College of Seville had already before our arrival dealt with the Cruciati Trinitarians, or Crutched Friars, whose proper institute it is to redeem captives, to send into all parts of Turkey to inquire us out and ransom us at any rates, if they should chance to hear of us.

Here by the care and courtesy of John Skone we had a . . .<sup>2</sup> who not only furnished us with good and wholesome fare and lodging, but with shirts, hats, bands, shoes, stockings, and other such furniture as we stood in present need of. And now again we meet with John Robinson, to whom relating the particular blessings of God upon us after his and the Irishmen's departure, he likewise told us he had no less reason to praise God's special

<sup>2</sup> Blank in MS.

goodness to him than we to us, since much about the same hour as we were refreshed with bread and wine, he was met in the way by a man riding upon an ass, with a pair of paniers under him, who, without further intercourse of words, friendly asked him if he were not hungry ; to whom he answered, "Sy, senior." Then he pulled out a large manchet and a great pomegranate, and gave it him, and bade him adieu : wherewith being well refreshed, he came in good time to his journey's end.

Whilst we were seriously relating these and such-like passages, having a little before taken order with Mr. Skone for the sending mules to look after Peter Middleton and William Fairfax, left the day before at the fountain, all unexpected enter the two amongst us and make up our joys, whom having cheerfully saluted, we set them to the table, and, as they revived themselves with a good dinner, they merrily recounted to us their success since our departure from them : how towards sunset, after we were gone from them, limping over the hills on the right hand, within half a mile of the fountain, they discovered a farmhouse, whither they went, and were by the good wife of the house sufficiently relieved with victuals, though neither could they understand her language, nor she theirs. But their lodging was in the straw in an out-house attended by a sow and pigs.

The next day, Mr. Skone accompanied us to John Bravo de Laguna his house, to whom he made an acknowledgment that we were ten of the twelve English students ransomed from Sallee by his factor, John Agoretta ; who, demanding our names, turned over his book of account left him by his said factor, but reading the names of a hundred and fifty, as well English as others, and the rates of each man's ransom, he could neither find their names, nor any rate of our ransom, wherefore he again asked us what we knew concerning any money paid for us. We answered him plainly and sincerely what had passed concerning our first bargain with our patrons, but after he had begun to deal with John Agoretta, his factor, we remitted our whole business to his discretion and charity. We could not, therefore, certainly tell what he had done for us, as he himself had often told us, and lying on his [bed] also said, *we knew not yet what he had done for us*. Yet this we certified him, his factor had lent us forty shillings for our maintenance whilst we were housekeepers in Sallee, which we desired John Skone there in hand presently to discharge for us, with that other money we



had borrowed at Gibraltar for our foot journey. Then he told us he had no more to say to us, unless we were able to say anything of ourselves, for, according to the accounts delivered in to him, either John Agoretta had paid nothing for our ransom, or he had disbursed it free out of his own purse. Thus we were dismissed.

But, before a twelvemonth came about, this question was clearly solved, for there came letters from Saltee to our English College at Seville, directed from the Moors, our patrons, demanding the sum of £300 from us, certifying that John Agoretta had left them in a chamber, whereof he delivered them a key at his departure, £300 of Spanish cloth as a pawn till he should send them the £300; but, hovering three or four days in their harbour before he set to sea, he had in the night-time, by means of some private friends in the castle, defrauded them, and stolen the cloth all away into his ships; threatened us severely if we failed in the payment of this money, due for our ransom, they would not only ever after use all Englishmen the worse, but, if ever they took any one of us twelve again, before we should be ransomed, it should cost us that £300 or our lives. But the threats of thieves and such as use their extremity of cruelty, covetousness, and barbarousness, towards all sort of people, little moved us, beginning then to understand by our books that if the defect of our non-payment concerned only them that had unjustly exacted it from us, neither justice nor charity did oblige us to satisfaction, and so it remains to this day.

Thus we came truly to understand the mystical words of our friend John Agoretta: *You know not yet what I have done for you*; whose sense he would not declare to us so long as we were at sea, because there were divers, as well of our countrymen as other heretics, so malicious against us that if they had come to understand we had cheated the Turks of our ransom, would have endeavoured to have made it known before we were out of danger of being overtaken again, or at leastwise would have borne us a grudge for it, and repined at the merchant for not doing them the like favour.

Whence Wadsworth's slander in this legend of his and impostures entitled by him, *The English Spanish Pilgrim*, is easily confuted, who there gives the world to understand that we cheated our merchant and his executors of £300 for our ransom. But the reason of Wadsworth's error in this point might be his

own guilty conscience, who neither presented himself to the executor, John Bravo de Laguna, to make his acknowledgment of his being ransomed by his factor, nor was at the English College when the letters came to us from Barbary; and so, flying the payment, and understanding nothing of the truth of the case, might, out of his own bad and apostatizing conscience, measure and censure all us, according to his own dealing. For it is to be noted that this our fellow-traveller, Wadsworth (whose father was an honest, converted minister, and lived divers years in the Court of Madrid), thence travelled into Flanders, where he lived some time a captain, and, after awhile, selling his place there, he came for England, where he not only fell from his faith, but became a notorious pursuivant, hateful to God and man.

And here I cannot omit to relate one passage in our journey at sea worth the observing concerning Wadsworth, and it was that, not long after the pilot of our Hamburg ship had in scornful manner told Captain Quest that he had the Twelve Apostles in his ship, going to study to convert England, John Robinson, a man of mature age, not enduring to be often abused by Wadsworth's proud and insolent language, told him one day to his face: "They say we are Apostles, but, if we be, thou art Judas, so insolent is thy tongue and bad thy carriage." Which afterwards fell out more true than John Robinson did then at that time conceive; the rest of his fellow-travellers after this tedious journey to Spain taking laudable and orderly courses. Wadsworth alone proving treacherous to God's Church, abjuring his faith, hath since been the cause of the spilling many religious priests' blood, and of the imprisonment of more, and utter undoing of many virtuous Catholics, and (as I understand) persecutes to this day in his apostacy. I leave him therefore to God's future judgments, wishing all honest souls to beware of him and his slanderous, scandalous writings.

Having despatched with John Bravo, we were by Mr. Skone set forward in our journey from Cadiz to St. Lucar, partly by boat, and partly by hired mules, where we were charitably entertained by the good English priests of St. George's Residence there, and thence conveyed by water up the River Boëtis, and upon the fourteenth day of the same month of November we arrived at our long-desired home, the College of St. Gregory, in the street called Calle de las Armas at Seville."

*Ad majorem Dei Deiparæ que Virginis gloriam.*

Having thus brought to a happy conclusion the Adventures of our Twelve English Catholic Students, the question naturally arises for our consideration: Who was the author of this narrative?

According to the writer, the twelve friends who were transferred from St. Omer's to Seville were Thomas Conyers, William Appleby, Robert Neale, George Champian, Thomas Kensington, John Woodas, Peter Middleton, William Fairfax, John Robinson, Peter Edwards, James Wadsworth, and the writer.

Wadsworth, in his *English Spanish Pilgrim* (already referred to), tells us,<sup>3</sup> that he "departed St. Omer's for Spain with the mission consisting of twelve of us, whose true names were Clifford, Gerard, Appleby, Coniers, Hausby, Robinson, Evely, Naile, Atkins, Middleton, Farmer, and myself."

Six of these "true names" occur in our relation, so that the author must be selected from the students whom Wadsworth designates as Clifford, Gerard, Hausby, Evely, Atkins, and Farmer. These correspond to the Champian, Woodas, Fairfax, Edwards, and the author of the relation; for Kensington had died before the narrative was completed.

Out of these persons only one entered the English Mission, and that was Atkins. He subsequently joined the Society of Jesus, to which he for long seems to have had a warm feeling of attachment.

Dodd, in his *History*,<sup>4</sup> gives the following account of him: "William Atkins, a priest of the Society of Jesus, exercised his ministerial function for the most part in Staffordshire; where being apprehended he was tried at the county assizes, and condemned to die upon account of his character; Sir William Scroggs being upon the circuit. The witnesses that appeared against him were Francis Wilden, John Jarvis, Henry Brown, and Thomas Dudley. They deposed respectively that they had seen him administer the sacraments, heard him say Mass, and confessed their sins to him. He died in prison."

We glean a few additional particulars respecting our author from Cobbett's *State Trials*:<sup>5</sup> "William Atkins was tried at Stafford assizes, August 13, 1679 (Titus Oates's plot being then at the height of its ferocity), under the designation of William Atkins, late of Wolverhampton, gentleman, for being a priest and remaining at Wolverhampton. Francis Wilden swore he had seen him give the Sacrament to seven or eight at a time,

<sup>2</sup> P. 32.

<sup>4</sup> Vol. iii. p. 314.

<sup>5</sup> Vol. vii. p. 725.

at Mrs. Stanford's, at Wolverhampton. John Jarvis had received the sacraments from him many times. William Brown had been to confession to him, and Thomas Dudley "had seen him perform several rites of the Church of Rome at Well-head at Ham." The prisoner made no defence, and "received the sentence usual in cases of high treason." He died in prison March 7, 1680-1, being eighty years of age, "regretting that he was not so happy as to shed his blood in his Master's cause."<sup>6</sup>

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

\* See Challoner's *Missionary Priests*, vol. ii. p. 425, where his printed trial is quoted.

### *Anglicans and "Re-union."*

---

WE ventured, in our last number, to say that there were two classes among Anglicans, differing from one another in the attitude which they respectively assume towards Catholics, in relation to the controversy between England and Rome. There are those who are, as we said, practically Donatists—men to whom the Catholic Church of the Creed, in the living existence of which they profess their faith every time that they recite it, is in truth nothing more, as far as their sympathies or obedience go, than the Anglican Communion itself. St. Augustine accuses the Donatists of saying in effect, that Christ became Incarnate for the sake of the people of Africa, and these Anglicans may certainly be said to think and speak as if the living effects of the Incarnation at the present day were confined to the Anglican Communion as such. That is to them the One Holy Catholic Apostolic Church—the Anglican Communion, interpreted by themselves. But there are others, and, we hope, they are an increasing number among the members of the Establishment, who have true Catholic instincts and affections, and who certainly do all that lies in their power to extend the range both of their allegiance and of their sympathies beyond the four seas. They do really look with affectionate yearning to those whom they conceive to be their separated brethren beyond the Channel. The practices and beliefs of the great bodies of Catholic Christians on the Continent are to them matters of the deepest interest, and they do not exalt their own Communion to the place of the one Bride of Christ. The history of this class of Anglicans is a deeply touching history to all those who look at them from the Catholic point of view. While many of those who make great parade of their Catholic tendencies, and who boast of their approximations to Catholic doctrines and practices, are plainly most hostile to us, in a degree that can hardly be predicated of the ultra-Protestants themselves, many of the party of which we speak, separated from us as they are by

far wider gulfs of difference, are yet courteous, peaceable, and kind in their language, which breathes a spirit of sincerity and a yearning for unity which engage at once our sympathy and our prayers.

Among recent manifestations of this philo-Catholic spirit—if we may be allowed to coin a word which is much wanted—we may reckon the paper lately read by Mr. Charles Wood, the President of the English Church Union, at a meeting, as it was called, of the "Friends of Re-union." The meeting gave occasion to a rather surprizing speech on the part of Dr. Lee, and to a division, in which a considerable minority of those who voted openly declared their desire of union by means of the Pope, or, to use their own title, the Patriarch of Western Christendom. But we shall have quite enough to occupy us, in this brief paper, in the remarks of Mr. Wood to which we have now referred. Starting from some general statements on the importance of his subject, and on the deep interest which it must excite in the hearts of all who truly understand the nature of Christ's Body on earth, Mr. Wood proceeded to limit himself to the consideration of the possibility of re-union between England and "the rest of the Latin Church, from which we have now been separated ever since the schism of the sixteenth century." "There are some in England," he continued, "who in that separation see nothing but a cause for rejoicing, but the number of such persons, among those who care for religion at all, is happily diminishing, and at no time can they be said to have represented the true mind and attitude of the Anglican Communion. Between us and Rome there has been indeed strife, but it has been a strife never without an undercurrent of kindlier feeling, often with avowed desire for re-union, issuing in definite attempts towards peace and reconciliation."

We shall not pause to say whether we can quite agree with Mr. Wood as to the "true mind and attitude of the Anglican Communion," and it will be seen hereafter that we can hold our own opinion on this subject without any violent breach of sympathy between ourselves and those who feel as he does. Mr. Wood then goes on to give an account—which appears chiefly to be summarized from a work republished a year ago by Mr. Oxenham, *An Eirenicon of the Eighteenth Century*—of the various attempts, more or less formal and authoritative, which have been made from time to time to bring about a better understanding between the Anglican Communion and the



Catholic Church, or at least some portion of it. These efforts begin in the reign of James the First, they reappear in the time of Archbishop Wake in the beginning of the last century, and there are intimations of the same spirit in sayings and writings of the famous Catholic Bishop Doyle of Kildare and Leighlin, and of the Anglican Bishop of Durham, Dr. Barrington, whose date brings us almost to the time of Catholic Emancipation. Here again we should, perhaps, if we had to speak our whole mind, have to say something about the history of the subject as given in the book already named, which, as it seems to us, Mr. Wood has a little taken for granted. But we are not now disposed to enter into every possible question which might be raised as to the statements of the author of the *Eirenicon of the Eighteenth Century*. The true nature of some, at least, of the advances towards Anglicanism, such as they were, can never be understood unless people first make themselves acquainted with the true facts as to the position of certain portions of the French Church in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, and a little later. But as to this it is not necessary, at present, to do more than record a protest.

Mr. Wood will seem to his own friends somewhat courageous in the announcement which he goes on to make—that he is not staggered in his hopes and prayers for re-union by the late definitions of the Vatican Council. Perhaps we do not quite fathom his meaning in this part of his paper, but we must certainly agree with him, if he considers that whatever re-union was possible before the Vatican Council must be equally, if not more, possible since. He quotes some words of Dr. Döllinger, to the general truth of which we can certainly subscribe. "On the day when, on both sides, the conviction shall arise, vivid and strong, that Christ really desires the unity of His Church, that the divisions of Christendom, that the multiplicity of Churches, is displeasing to God, that he who helps to prolong this situation must answer for it to the Lord, in that day four-fifths of the traditional polemics of Protestants against the Catholic Church will be cast aside, for four-fifths of it consist of misunderstandings, and logomachies, and wilful falsifications, and relate to personal, and therefore accidental things, which are utterly insignificant when only principles and dogmas are at stake. On that day also much will be changed on the Catholic side." A more complete condemnation of the polemics of Dr. Littledale and his admirers could not be quoted, and we are

glad to see Mr. Wood thus citing a passage, which he could hardly have cited if he had any sympathy with the book lately published, by authority of the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge." The only qualification we should be inclined to make, in applying Dr. Döllinger's description to the book in question, would be to say that a good deal more than four-fifths of it consists of "misunderstandings, logomachies, and wilful falsifications."<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Wood then passes on from the past to the future. He gives certain grounds for the hope he expresses as to the possibility of re-union at some unknown, perhaps not very distant, date. In the first place, he says, the widening separation between Church and State which is everywhere displaying itself is a reason why all kinds of secondary considerations and temporal motives which have tended in the past to keep Christians apart are likely to have much less influence in the future. He seems to think that some claims of the Pope to sovereign power in the temporal order were imprudently and only too loyally advocated by the Jesuits and others, in the times immediately succeeding the Reformation, and that thus impediments to union were raised which would be of no force now. He thinks also that Louis the Fourteenth interfered against the projects of re-union in the time of Leibnitz and Bossuet on political grounds, and that there can no longer be any chance of any such opposition. Another ground of hope seems to him to lie in the fact that the spread of the Colonial Episcopate of the Anglican Church has made the necessity of a central authority more palpable and prominent. This might, perhaps, lead, if we understand Mr. Wood, to some parallel desire in the whole Anglican body for a re-union with the "Primate of the West." He sees another hopeful element in the critical spirit of the age, which, though it need not do so, tends practically to an increase of infidelity, and that this on the other hand, may make the Catholic authorities more ready to reconsider some of their present positions, in order to re-unite all Christians under one flag. To illustrate this, he quotes a passage from Cardinal Newman's Preface to the late edition of his writings on the *Via Media*, in which the author remarks how it has often been that considerations of policy have been made to

<sup>1</sup> We may perhaps mention here that the continuation of the article on "Irrelevant Controversy" is postponed for the present month, on account of the large space occupied in the present number by theology or controversy.

override strictly theological conclusions in dealing with practical questions. "We can," says Mr. Wood, "conceive without much difficulty, a series of circumstances which, in the interests of the Church at large, might induce the Holy See to reconsider many matters supposed now to be settled in an adverse way to the Church of England, and give them, upon such reconsideration, a very different decision." Once more, Mr. Wood sees ground for hope in the revival of religious fervour and love everywhere, as tending to bring together all Christians who are affected by that revival. But we can hardly do full justice to Mr. Wood's paper without quoting from it more largely than is possible here, on account of the fact that a great part of its charm, and even of its force, lies in the temper and tone, rather than in the argument. What we have said may, however, as we hope, give our readers some idea of the reasoning on which the hopes which it expresses are based.

And now, instead of going through, one by one, the grounds of hope which are here set forth, we shall take the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Wood, and others who may think with him, one or two considerations on the subject in general, and for this we shall not have to travel far from the contents of the paper before us. It is most true—and it is a delight to any Catholic to see this truth taking more and more possession of minds like that of the writer of this address—that the unity of the Church is the great desire of the Sacred Heart of our Lord. Holy Scripture itself contains no more full revelation of the interior aspirations of that Sacred Heart than the prayer which is set forth in the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and the great burthen of that prayer is the union of the faithful in one body, and that, moreover, a visible union, because it is made the evidence to the world of the truth of the mission of our Lord by His Father—"That the world may believe and know that Thou hast sent Me." Now, will Mr. Wood forgive us for asking, whether it is quite respectful to our Lord to suppose that He has provided for everything else in His Church—for the application of His merits by the sacraments, for the preaching of the Word, for the preservation of the true faith, and a score of other great necessities, and yet that He has left no provision behind Him for the preservation of Unity? He said that men must be born again, and this saying of His has its practical provision in the Sacrament of Baptism. He said that men must eat His Flesh and drink His Blood, and this saying

is practically embodied in the institution of the Blessed Sacrament. He said that those who "believed" should be saved, and He has consequently provided that faith should come by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God. He said that the Son of Man had power on earth to forgive sins, and this saying of infinite consolation is brought home to us day after day, all over the world, in the Sacrament of Penance. So it is all through—men are not left to look out for tendencies, and hazard auguries, and gather hopeful signs that, some day or other, their enjoyment of these great benefits may be brought about in the good providence of God, by changes in the relations between Church and State, or even by the gradual growth of a spirit of religious or mutual love, or by the constraining effect of the necessities of the times on the central authority, leading it to reconsider past decisions and revise former modes of action. Our Lord decided that these gifts were to be in the Church, and at the same time He provided an easy and perpetual means, by virtue of which they were to be secured by "men of goodwill." How is it, then, that He has made no provision and secured no remedy against the sin of schism? How is it that when there are continually divisions in the body of the Church—as He said, that scandals must come,—there is no simple, obvious test by which the faithful can tell where is that unity to which they are bound to be loyal,—where is that rebellion in which they are to have no part if they value their salvation?

But, on the other hand, if there is such a provision, in this case as in so many other cases, for the preservation and daily exercise of an essential attribute or gift of His Church, then what are we to say about people who look about for other ways of securing and enjoying it, and do not avail themselves of our Lord's provision? What should we say of a man who declared that he would spend his life in prayer and almsdeeds and fasting, to win thereby from God the gift of regeneration, or of the participation of the Body and Blood of Christ, when all the time he had only to go to the font in proper dispositions, to receive Baptism, or to the altar-rail in proper dispositions, to receive Holy Communion? We should certainly say many things—and among other things we should say that he would never receive the holy gifts he was seeking until he sought them where God intended them to be found.

Mr. Wood augurs great good from the increasing desire and yearning for unity among the members of the Anglican Com-

munion. We augur the same—but we think that the fruit of these good desires and prayers will probably and naturally be, that people will begin to ask what is the provision which our Lord has left behind Him for the preservation to His Church of that priceless gift, for which He so earnestly prayed to His Father, and that then they will discover that they have not got to invent any new machinery, or to wait till Protestants lay aside all those misrepresentations and prejudices of which Dr. Dollinger speaks, or till Catholics reconsider some of their rules on the subject of heresy and schism—but that, on the contrary, the way to the unity which our Lord has made the characteristic badge of the true Church, is at hand and open to every one. The moment people understand that the Church is a kingdom, and that, if it be the Church of God, it must be always One in the eyes of the world, as well as in the eyes of Heaven, they will see that there is no other imaginable provision for its unity than that which has actually been acknowledged from the beginning—that Unity, like authority, must reside in one Centre and one Head, and cannot be divided. Nationality is a principle of division and independence; it cannot be the principle of unity to more than a nation. An Episcopate scattered over the whole world may be a bond of union, but to make each bishop a centre of Catholic Unity is to divide the indivisible into a thousand parts. Who can read history and not know that there have been bishops of all sorts and kinds, and that, in proportion to the relative numbers of the two orders, they have been sometimes as much divided among themselves as priests have been divided among themselves? When was a multitude the guarantee of unity? A Council of a part of the Episcopate may have another part against it, and a Council of the universal Episcopate can only meet at long intervals, whereas the Centre of unity must be permanent as well as One. Turn the matter how you will, you will have to come back to the words spoken to St. Peter, "in the parts of Cæsarea Philippi," and on a later solemn occasion, under the rays of the morning sun by the Sea of Tiberias. In the institution in which those words live on in the Church of God, and in that alone, shall we find the abundant security which our Lord has made for the preservation or for the recovery of Unity. Mr. Wood can believe in the everliving and, so to speak, creative power, of the words of our Lord when He sent the Apostles, or when He instituted Baptism or Holy Communion, and why is the same

Divine character to be denied to His solemn words which made Peter the foundation of the Church, which gave him the keys, and which made him the universal Pastor of the flock of Christ? Why are these words, alone of those so spoken and so recorded, to have no everliving result and fruit in the Church of God? The Church is to last for ever—why is not the Rock to last for ever? The Flock is never to fail—why is it ever to be left without the Shepherd to whom our Lord committed it?

We shall allow ourselves one more remark on this subject before we pass on. Mr. Wood will readily agree with us, that it is Unity rather than a mere truce between contending parties that can alone be worth thinking of and praying for in the Church of God. Would he, and others like him, really think that the intention of our Lord, in this respect, would be at all satisfied, if there were to be established, between the several divided portions, as he deems them, of the Church, that kind of union which at present exists between the various parties in the Anglican Establishment, who, on many most vital points, consider each other as outrageously wrong and heretical? Would he be satisfied that the "Re-union of Christendom" should be such a compromise as would allow the members thus united to each other, to teach diametrically contradictory doctrines on such questions as the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Real Presence, the Priestly Power, and the like? We think not. We think he will see, therefore, that any "Union" that is worth the attention of those who have Catholic instincts and feelings must be more than an agreement for the toleration of various phases of opinion and practices which are incompatible with one and the same standard of doctrine. But to say this is to say that the peace of the Church must be founded upon identity of dogma, and upon identity of dogma secured by recognized authority, against which there is no further appeal. And he will also, perhaps, allow without difficulty, that if the Catholic theory of unity be true, this kind of peace can be secured, while, if any other theory be maintained as true, we should like to hear how it can be secured. What is the use of patching up a peace like the peace which now keeps quiet the nations of Europe, each armed to the teeth, and ready to pounce upon its neighbours the moment it can feel itself safe in doing so, and with a good prospect of satisfactory results? But there can be no other peace without some central authority to declare its conditions and to enforce the penalties of its violation. The "re-union



of Christendom," of which we hear so much, must not be a treaty, or a contract of partnership, or an alliance from which either party may withdraw when he wills. It must be the restoration to the living and unfailing Unity of those who have been separated from it.

Now this, at all events, is the Catholic theory. And it follows from this that the central authority cannot sacrifice principle, even for the sake of peace, which, so gained, would be no peace at all. Any peace that is to be permanent must be founded on the acknowledgment of principle and of law, such as will prevent future outbreaks. Mr. Wood is quite right, of course, in thinking that the Catholic authority can be extremely indulgent, that it can sometimes override strict theory for the sake of founding an order of things in which that strict theory will no longer be in danger of violation. It is easy to allow a number of "simoniacal ordinations"—to take his own instance—to be held valid, if the danger of the perpetuation of such ordinations is thereby avoided. No doubt the Donatists were accepted on very easy terms by the African Church—but then they gave up their heresy as well as their schism, and no more was heard of either. But one enormous difference between their case and that of the Anglicans, as Mr. Wood must be aware, is that the Anglican Communion, as such, has not the slightest inclination or desire for any negotiation. Dr. Pusey, some years ago, talked of what the "English" wanted to have explained, and the like. But he had not the slightest authority to speak in the name of any one but himself and his own party. Whatever truth, then, there may be in the examples quoted from Cardinal Newman by Mr. Wood, it has no bearing upon the case before us, nor, under any circumstances, can truth be sacrificed. The Church can never renounce the prerogatives which she has received, not for her own aggrandizement, but for the "healing of the nations," whom she is to instruct in the Divine truths and to prepare for the eternal mansions. Were she to do this, to gain a whole hemisphere, she would assuredly not gain it, or bring about a true pacification. But where concessions can be made at no sacrifice of principle, the Church would never urge her full rights harshly, for she considers above all things the salvation of souls.

This leads us to another query which we should be inclined to address to Mr. Wood and to those who think with him. He speaks of those Englishmen who rejoice in the

separation from the "rest of the Latin Church" as not representing "the true mind and attitude of the Anglican Communion." Does he really maintain, then, that the "philo-Catholic" party for which he speaks does truly represent that mind and that attitude? Long ago, as it seems to us, the High Church party, to use a more common term, has abandoned the claim to represent authentically the Anglican Communion. There was, as we lately said, a time in the history of the Oxford movement when that claim might have been made, but it was abandoned finally and for ever when those who had protested so valiantly against the Gorham decision took counsel of prudence rather than of principle, and determined to put up with the consequences involved in that decision. In this, as we believe, they acted as true Anglicans, but not as true Catholics. That is, they practically acknowledged that the Anglican Communion was essentially based and founded upon a compromise, the terms of which were not only fatal to all exclusive claims, as all such terms must be, but were also actually and historically far more unfavourable to the "Catholic" than to the Protestant party. From a Catholic point of view, any such compromise, whatever may be its character, however it may hold the balance between the two several elements, is in itself hostile to the Church. It has been condemned for ever in the saying of our Lord, "He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth." But apart from this, it cannot be denied that the anti-Catholic elements in the Anglican formularies are far more numerous and more weighty than those which are capable of a Catholic interpretation. The whole history of religion in England since the schism, bears witness to the immense preponderance of Protestantism in the National Establishment. It is only in the generation of a multitude of sects that Anglicanism has been really prolific.

One thing, however, we most willingly and gladly grant to Mr. Wood. A Catholic reaction in the Anglican Communion began even in the darkest days of Elizabeth, when every vestige of the Holy Sacrifice and the Real Presence was swept away, and while the "Supper" was still celebrated on a board supported by trestles in the middle of the desecrated churches, and long before Laud ventured on the decided revolution of putting the Communion tables back to the chancel wall. Hooker was the apostle of this reaction, and in that respect his name deserves more reverence than that of any Anglican

who ever lived, even though he denied the "Objective" Presence, and led Mr. Keble to deny it in the *Christian Year*, even though he did not require Episcopal ordination in the ministers of the Church, and received himself, when dying, Absolution and Communion from an unordained person. Hooker's actual theological position would be scouted with scorn by the Ritualists of our time. But the first man who turned the stream backwards did a giant's work, and by the side of him the Puseys and Mackonochies of our day are but as dwarfs. And after him the reaction made frequent, though we cannot say continual, progress. The history is a beautiful and a most interesting history, but it is the history of a set of fitful movements, full of bright gleams, succeeded by overwhelming storms. The soil of England was rank with Catholicism. Catholicism was only stamped out by brute force among the people, and as soon as the rulers, ecclesiastical and civil, set themselves seriously to the work of constructing anything in its place, they were driven back perforce upon ancient models and the traditions of the Catholic world. The people had been cheated of the Church, but baptism was still, though with very numerous exceptions, rightly administered to them. They had the Bible to tell them many things which no "Black Rubrics" could explain away, the Prayer-Book was derived from ancient forms, the Creeds were still recited—not always without mutilation—in the churches. Who can wonder, who knows the goodness of God, that thousands in every generation never wilfully renounced the Church of the Creeds?

Moreover, it must never be forgotten, though it cannot be written without a pang of sorrow, that while many Catholics suffered so nobly in their estates and in their loss of all social consideration, and while so many others bore witness to the ancient faith under the most inhuman tortures, and on the scaffold and the gibbet, many others, partially first, and wholly at last, conformed to the new religion by the acknowledgment of the Royal Supremacy—the one cardinal and test doctrine which Anglicanism can never abandon without ceasing to be Anglicanism. These poor men, counted by thousands, became, in one sense at least, a Catholicizing element in the Anglican body. At first, at all events, they were not more Protestant than they were forced to be; their hearts grieved over what they had lost—

Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.

Thus, under Laud, the tide of reaction flowed high, though the Ordinal was still left with a fatal flaw, and though the Thirty-Nine Articles were still the avowed and acknowledged measure of the doctrine of the Establishment. But Laud and his fellows, the men who in quiet times, and under more favourable circumstances, might have brought, what can never be done now, the whole Anglican Communion as such into negotiations with Rome, were swept away, and a terrible ebb followed. That was the only time when the official Anglicanism was even distantly inclined to re-union with the rest of Christendom, in the sense of Mr. Wood. It had been an immense progress—for the men to whom even Hooker held out his hand, in his beautiful supplication for peace, were not Catholics, but Puritans and foreign Protestants. But the Rebellion made short work of Laud and the few who were like him.

Then again the tide turned at the Restoration, and some advance towards more Catholic positions was made even in the formularies themselves, though the opportunity was lost for ever of perfecting what Laud had begun, and of getting rid of open denials of Catholic doctrine as to the Blessed Sacrament. By this time the nation had become resolutely anti-Papal, and though individual conversions were frequent under the second Charles and the second James, as under the first of either name, the mere fact that he was a Catholic cost the last of our Stuart Kings his throne. Again, there was a chance for Catholic instincts among the non-jurors, for they were free from the shackles of the Establishment, and could, to a certain extent, develop unhindered in the direction of Unity. We know what became of the non-jurors. And history, we are confident, will in the same way tell what is to us future, as to the ultimate issue of the present High Church movement, which in some respects has gone beyond all others like it in its return towards Unity; while, on the other hand, it has done what has never been so plainly done before, and admitted that its highest claim in the Anglican Communion is sufferance, not domination. To our mind, this admission is one of the most hopeful possible signs for the future of the party whose leaders have made it. It formally gives up the claim to Catholicity on the part of the Establishment, as such. It acknowledges that the Establishment is but an institution, in which people are allowed to hold and teach a certain number of Catholic truths, while others teach, with equal right, a larger number of anti-Catholic false-

hoods. This is not, and never could be, the description of a Catholic Church. Yet this is the Communion which the rest of "Christendom" is to receive—the whole of this Communion, not a part of it, if the wishes of Mr. Wood and others like him could be fulfilled!

Far be it from us to speak hardly of, or to condemn, the many good and loving souls who have, from time to time, in the last three hundred years and more, taken part in the various movements of Catholic reaction of which we have just been speaking. They have been men of all classes and characters, men of learning, men with the highest mental gifts, men of lofty virtue, men willing to sacrifice all that they had for the truth, as they conceived it. They have had a great part in the formation of our literature, they have sometimes guided our counsels, they have influenced in various ways for good the national character and the national life. One thing, Mr. Wood must forgive us for saying, they have not done, and it was impossible that they should do. They have not altered in the slightest perceptible manner the essential character of the National Church. All these three hundred years the stream of individual conversions to Catholicism has been going on, and these men have sometimes helped it and sometimes hindered it, but they have not moved the Anglican Establishment one inch nearer to the Unity from which it broke off by separating from the Holy See. The "Church of England" remains what it was in the days of Elizabeth—its doctrine the same, its formularies uncorrected, its servility to its Royal Protector surviving all the other servilities to Royalty in the land, and, to the eyes of the Catholic world, its brow marked as ever by the twofold brand of schism and of heresy. The beautiful movements of reaction with which Providence has visited it have benefited thousands of souls—because they have left it. They have swept other thousands nearer to Catholicism, who have not left Anglicanism. We do not deny the beauty of their lives, the sincerity of their minds, the purity of their hearts. We do not deny the immense amount of good which this country has received at their hands. But they have not affected the Church of England as a Church in the slightest degree. In proportion as the manifestations of fresh vigour and life within its pale take an official form, so to speak, as in revived Convocations and "Pan-Anglican" Synods, in that same proportion do they issue in anti-Catholic utterances. In proportion as the same manifestations are personal, indi-

vidual, and of a more marked Catholic character, as in the Sisterhoods and the revival of Ritual, or of the practice of Confession, just in the same proportion do they fail to obtain the patronage of authority, and do they *not* fail to incur the condemnation of authority. The men who wield authority in the Establishment are good, virtuous, hardworking, well-meaning men. They are over-timid, as we think, and imprudent in not fostering the manifestations of Catholic instincts of which we speak. But how can they resist the mighty weight of Protestantism? How can they stand against the spirit which dominates their community? They must bear witness, good men as they are, to the fundamental principles of that community. They may differ among themselves in all other things, they must agree on one point—in hostility to "Rome."

It was the dream of the early partisans of the Oxford movement, that it was to spread and rise in volume and in height, until it flooded the whole country from the Land's End to John O'Gaunt's house, and that then, having made England Catholic according to its own standard, it was to turn and hold out the hand of peace to Western Christendom and ultimately to the separated portions of the Church in the East and elsewhere. It need not be said how long this dream lasted, nor whether its realization would have been in truth the restoration of the one Church of Scripture and of antiquity, or rather the foundation of a kind of federation and commonwealth of several Churches, such as neither Scripture nor antiquity ever knew. It is enough to say that the dream is passed for ever, and with it ought to have passed away, long ago, the Anglican idea of what is called corporate re-union. That old dream was, at least, logical and consistent, if it was not Catholic or primitive. For it supposed a "corpus," homogeneous and self-united, to begin with—something very different indeed from the Anglican Communion ruled over by Dr. Tait and his colleagues, and to which men of all shades of opinion may belong with as good a right as Mr. Wood and his friends of the Church Union. But now, as we have said, there is no talk or thought of gaining for the philo-Catholic party more than toleration. The Evangelicals and the Broad Churchmen are secure in unquestioned possession, and no one attempts or dreams of attempting to deny that they also are the genuine children of the comprehensive body which goes by the name of the "English Church." This is enough to make it clear, if it were not otherwise clear already, that the several



parties in the Anglican fold may develop, each in its own direction, if they choose, but that for one dozen of clergy and laity who draw nearer in their theological position to the Catholic Church, there will always be at least as many who are drawing nearer to ultra-Protestantism, and who will probably not stop short, even at ultra-Protestantism. There is at this moment a far greater amount of friendliness to Catholicism than existed in the time of Elizabeth or of Charles the First, or of George the Third—well and true. But there is also a far greater amount of hostility to Catholicism, a far wider range of diversified error, for which the new re-united Church would have to make room. Many Catholic doctrines are now held and taught, which were not held and taught in those times, but doctrine itself as such, even the fundamental doctrine of the Incarnation of the Son of God and the consequences of the Incarnation, is neither taught so authoritatively nor held so exclusively. We do not say this for the sake of upbraiding Mr. Wood and his friends with what they deplore as much as we do, but we do give the fact as a decisive evidence of the character of the body which he and they wish to see clasped in the embrace of the Catholic Church.

And lastly, there is one truth more, which, however unpalatable it may be to those for whose sympathies we care so much, must be plainly stated in a paper of this kind. If our memory serves us rightly, the present Cardinal Newman, in one of the Letters to Catholics which he wrote while he was yet an Anglican, and which occur in his *Apologia*, states the Anglican theory as to unity, as he conceived it then, as including the tenet that visible and external unity, such as that which he then supposed not to exist between the various parts of the Catholic Church, in the sense in which he used the term, was a thing, desirable indeed, and even necessary, for the perfection of the Church, as such, but not a thing necessary to her very existence. Such must of necessity be the theory of all those who hold the position which that great writer then held, and which he has since, by the grace of God, abandoned as untenable. Such must of course be the theory of Mr. Wood. He thinks that men may live and wait and labour to adorn and embellish, in their generation, the particular part of the broken Christian community in which they are born, and that they may hope that in the course of time, when they are past and gone, it may be, the days of re-union may come, and the Church may

be herself again. From a Catholic point of view, we can only say, this is a denial of the Creed. To belong to the unity of the Church is the essential condition of the participation of the benefits of which the Church is the store-house and the dispenser, and the unity of the Church requires the membership of the one visible Body, as well as the possession of the one faith, the sharing of the one spirit, and the worship of the one God. From the beginning, in the Church of Christ, schism has been held to be a sin as great as, or greater than, murder. Wilfully to remain in a state of schism is like remaining in a state of uncharity. It is a good thing to labour in any way for the service of God, to build churches and propagate true doctrines, and defend the faith when it is assailed. But all these things are not true virtues in the state of schism, because, as St. Paul says, if men give all their goods to feed the poor, or if they speak with the tongues of angels, or if they give their bodies to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth them nothing. The higher the spiritual level, so to speak, in any community or portion of a community, the more imperative, as it seems to us, is the duty of at once getting rid of a state of separation. To put the re-union of Christian "bodies" as the ultimate flower and crown of their perfection in every other gift, is, as it seems to Catholics, to say that the foundation of the edifice may be left to the last. Such—if Mr. Wood will forgive us for saying so—such is not the teaching of St. Paul in the passage to which we have just now alluded. No, and such is not the teaching of a greater than St. Paul, when He said that the offerings of piety and devotion were to be left before the altar of God, rather than that they should be offered by the hands of those who were at variance with their brethren. It is no common breach of charity to remain outside the Christian unity, the indefectible existence of which is an article of the Creed. If these philo-Catholics are inside it, what do they want more? If they are not within it, why do not they see that their first duty of all is to seek it and to enter it?

## *Catholic Review.*

### I.—REVIEWS.

1. *The Repressor of over-much blaming of the Clergy.* By Reginald Pecock, D.D., sometime Lord Bishop of Chichester. Edited by Churchill Babington, B.D. Two vols. Longman and Co. (Rolls' Series).

REGINALD PECOCK became Bishop of St. Asaph in 1444; was translated to Chichester in 1450. In 1457 he was arraigned before his Primate for heresy, and saved his life by a recantation—his life, but not his status nor his liberty, for the next year saw him deprived and committed a close prisoner to Thorney Abbey till his death. Of the writings by which he got himself into trouble, the most notable was his book entitled, *The Repressor of over-much blaming of the Clergy*. The “over much blaming” came from the Lollards or Wycliffites, the “Bible men,” as Pecock calls them, who as he goes on to tell us in his fifteenth century English—

Ben so kete and so smert and so wantoun, that whanne ever eny clerk aftermeth to hem any gouernaunce being contrarie to her witt or plesaunce, though it ligge ful open and ful sureli in doom of resoun, and ther fore sureli in moral lawe of kinde, which is lawe of God, for to be doon; yit thei anoon asken, “Where groundist thou it in the Newe Testament?” or “Where groundist thou it in Holi Scripture in such place which is not bi the Newe Testament revokid?”

Pecock's reply is that the precepts of the natural law are not grounded or founded on Scripture. Though the Bible had never been written, still the natural law would be written as now in the hearts of men. It is on this natural writing, he says, those precepts are grounded, not on Scripture, for a structure can be said to rest there only where the whole weight of it rests, and the natural law does not rest wholly on Scripture. The ultimate ground of our knowledge of the natural law is natural reason and “moral philosophie.”

This conclusion of Pecock raised a loud outcry against the author. *Falsa calumnia tua est*, exclaims his opponent, John Bury, *O aemule Legis et Scripturarum, ubi mores humanos*

*regiminaque moralis vitæ in Sacris Literis dicis non fundari.* This, however, is not numbered among the "errors and heresies" which he was made formally to renounce at Paul's Cross. He might have claimed for his doctrine the support of an authority to which, as an Oxford bachelor of divinity, he could scarcely have been a stranger—the *Summa Theologiæ* of St. Thomas. He may have been familiar with the passage:

It is impossible for the same thing to be at once seen and believed by the same person. Whence it is likewise impossible for the same thing to be known and believed by the same person. It may, however, happen that what is seen or known by one may be believed by another. . . . What we believe, the angels see. And so in like manner it may happen that what is seen or known by one man, even in the state of passage, may be believed by another who does not know it demonstratively. . . . Thus faith and knowledge are not of the same object (2—2. 1. 5).

St. Thomas, then, would declare, and Pecock with him, that whatever moral precepts are known to any mind by the light of natural reason, cannot be accepted by that mind as articles of faith on the authority of Holy Scripture. Some of Pecock's examples of such truths are:

That a man schulde be trewe to God in payiing hise iust promissis, if he hath eny suche maad to God; that a man oughte be temperat in eting and drinking, and not be glotenose; and that he oughte be trewe and iust to othere men.

These truths are in Scripture, but the ultimate ground of our acceptance of them, according to Pecock, is not their being in Scripture, but their evident intrinsic reasonableness. They are, then, truths of reason, not of faith.

This view is quite tenable, and Pecock held it in good company. Nevertheless, it is one of the doctrines of St. Thomas which has found least favour from later theologians. Many have maintained, against St. Thomas, that knowledge and faith may be in the same mind concerning the same object. Thus, while clearly understanding and being able to demonstrate that lying is unlawful, I may, say these theologians, furthermore believe lying unlawful with an act of Divine faith grounded on the Divine authority of the Scripture declaration, "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." If we took that view, we might accept John Bury's conclusion against Pecock, without John Bury's acrimony: *Domus fundata in vico civitatis in ipsa etiam civitate fundatur: ergo traditiones et doctrinæ morales in*

*lege naturæ fundate* (as truths of reason, matter of moral certainty), *etiam in Sacra Scriptura fundantur* (as truths of faith, matter of supernatural assurance).

The remaining points of the *Repressor* which I shall notice are the defence of the endowments of the clergy in the middle ages, of the life of the prelates of that time, of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, and of the religious orders, all which points the Lollards were wont over much to blame.

No inconsiderable amount of worldly possessions is requisite for the Church to discharge her functions in this world to the full. On the other hand, the malediction, "Woe to you rich!" lights on churchman as it lights on layman. The possession of wealth, perhaps, has been the sorest trial which the Church on earth has had to endure. The Lollards found a ready point of attack in the lives of certain of the wealthy Church dignitaries of their time. There was something in what Wycliffe and his followers said on that score; there is commonly something in what any heretic says: it is not wandering wholly wide of truth, it is exaggeration and self-opinionatedness that make the heretic. Against the endowments of the clergy the Lollards railed without end or measure, mindful of their master's sayings: "To enrich the clergy is against the rule of Christ," and, "Pope Silvester and the Emperor Constantine made a mistake in endowing the Church." They further trumped up the story that at the moment of Constantine's donation a voice was heard crying in the air, "Now poison is being poured into the Church." Pecock remarks that value of this utterance depends on the character of whoever uttered it. He quotes Giraldus Cambrensis as saying that "the oold enemy made thilk voice in the air." He then, in a style of criticism masterly and remarkable for the fifteenth century, refutes the fable of the Donation of Constantine.

The Lollards made much of a saying of St. Jerome, that "sithen the chirche wexid in dignitees, he decrecid in vertues."<sup>1</sup> Pecock takes occasion to say of St. Jerome: "Certes his tunge was not the key of heven or of erthe, neither had power to make eny thing to be trewe or fals, or otherwise to be than he couthe fynde bfore it to be trewe or fals in doom of resoun or in Holi Scripture"—an observation which the Saint himself would have cheerfully accepted. Pecock adds that the Doctors of the

<sup>1</sup> "Quomodo Christi ecclesia . . . postquam ad Christianos principes venerit, potentia quidem et divitiis major sed virtutibus minor facta sit."

Church, St. Jerome himself and his contemporaries, have all flourished since the conversion of the emperors to Christianity; and that the benefactions of the great ones of the earth towards the Church have been the soil on which books have multiplied and ecclesiastical science has grown. The remedy for the abuses which he does not deny, he contends to be, not poorer benefices, but a more judicious election to prelacies. Furthermore, though what St. Jerome says be true, it need not be that endowment has been the cause of the decline of piety. Endowment may have been merely an occasion of decline, as the beauty of the angel who forgot his wisdom in his beauty, was the occasion of that angel's fall. Neither can any man be sure that endowment occasions more evil than good. Probably it is the other way about. The straight and narrow way of poverty is indeed the more perfect way, and the better for a perfect man; but it is at the same time "the hardir and the bateilfuller" way, and not the best way for the multitude even of clergymen. A needy and ill-provided clergy is more prone to prevaricate than are decently endowed ministers. The false and fawning teachers that St. Paul complained of among the Corinthians, became such under the pressure of apostolic poverty too strict for weak men like them to bear; had they been beneficed clergymen, they might have risen above the temptation to flatter.

Pecock testifies from personal observation that the clergy, secular and regular, in England, did more to preserve and improve their houses and lands than did lay proprietors; also that they were easier landlords; and being less expensive in their personal habits than laymen, they spent their surplus money in repairing buildings, in feeing "worthi gentil men leerned in lawe for mentenaunces of her rightis," in supporting their friends and retainers, and in alms to the poor. The religious houses that covered England when Pecock wrote, had within their enclosures "grete, large, wijde, highe, and stateli mansiouns for lordis and ladies ther yn to reste," an institution which the author calls "allowable, profitable, and procurable," to the end that the said lords and ladies, when they came to town, might be kept from the world and occasions of evil, might hear the Church Offices, Evensong and Matins and Mass and preachings, and by the sight of regular observance might be moved the more to contrition, compunction, and devotion. This combination of convent and hotel must have been an interesting



feature of the London season before the reforming touch of Lord Cromwell.

St. Ignatius, writing a hundred years after Pecock, lays down this rule: "We ought to be more forward to approve and praise the ordinances, recommendations, and morals of our prelates than to blame them." Pecock says :

Weel y wote that in summe thingis prelatis synnen and amys doon : for though thei ben prelatis in the Chirche, thei ben men and not pure aungels. But [continues this medieval prelate, speaking to posterity] weel y wote herwith, that in summe thingis thei ben iugid to be more gilty than thei ben, and also in summe thingis thei ben iugid to be gilty whanne thei not gilty ben, as tho same iugers schulden weel wite, if thei were homeli with the same prelatis.

He complains that people have blamed his proceedings at St. Asaph, who could have counselled him to do no otherwise, had they known all the causes, motives, intentions, means, helps, and hindrances of his action. He observes that rulers often leave a less good undone to compass a greater. He lays down earnestly the valuable rule of moral criticism, that though right and wrong are ever the same where the circumstances are the same, a change of circumstance may make that right which was wrong before. Consequently some variation of Church discipline must be allowed for variety of age and country. The author's complaint against men of antiquarian research, without "kunning of moral philosophie," who read old books and on them misjudge modern times, might have been penned against the Jansenists. Jansenist and Lollard have much in common, and notably the crying up of absent authority, and the depreciation of living rulers.

Thei reden these writingis so writen in eelder daies, and anoon thei iugen that vndir lijk reule and maner thilke gouernauncis oughte be contynued now and alwey withoute excepcioun and without dyuersite,

forgetting that a "gouernaunce" or regulation is not good except by its circumstances, and circumstances change.

Pecock ends the matter with words of such practical instruction to all ages, that they deserve to be presented in a modern dress.

As no one knows how hard it is to climb up a tree, or to come down from a tree, but him that tries it; and as no man looking upon another man so climbing up or coming down, can judge of the conduct of the ascent or descent so well as the person himself ascending or

descending ; nor does the looker-on know so well as if he himself were set to the like work of climbing or coming down ; and full lightly every such looker-on shall misjudge the climber, if he make soon any judgment thereupon without privately taking counsel with the climber, to know of him why he is moved to set his foot rather there than here, and so of other diversities : even so it is in our now present purpose. And therefore not for nothing did God say in the Gospel : " Judge not, and ye shall not be judged ; in whatever judgment ye shall judge, ye shall be judged." Upon which sentence it were good that men bethought them, and of which sentence it were good that men were afraid, because these words are the words and threatenings of God. . . . And yet further, if such hasty judges by their unwise and untrue judging defame the prelates whom they so judge, then is all the matter on their side the worse, because then they are bound to make a sufficient amends to the fame of the same prelate so hurt by them, even as they are bound to a sufficient amends to his worldly goods, if they take thereof anything unduly from him ; and else they cannot have of God forgiveness of the same trespass. And since restitution of fame to be made to a man against defamation is very hard, and much harder than is restitution of worldly goods, it follows that a perilous thing it is to impair untruly a man's name, and particularly a prelate's name, through such above-mentioned unwise and hasty censure.

The Lollards, Pecock tells us, would have all priests to be of one grade, and under priests they would have deacons, and no more orders, states, or grades, in the clergy than these two of priest and deacon. Pecock overturns this democratic presbyterian polity by a number of arguments, the most noteworthy of which is the proof from St. Matthew xvi. of the Divine pre-eminence of Peter and Peter's successors. Upon the words which he quotes, " Thou art Peter, and upon this stoon y schal bilde my chirche," he says :

Though summe men vndirstonden bi this stoon the persoon of Crist and not the persoon of Petir, and summe othere vndirstonden bi this stoon the feith which Petir thanne knouelechid to Crist, certis it is miche more likeli that bi the stoon the persoon of Peter schulde be vndirstonde, rather than the persoon of Crist or eny oother thing than the persoon of Peter.

The proof is, that in the clause next before " the speche of the stoon," Christ spoke to Peter and of Peter, *Thou art Peter* ; and in the two clauses next after the said " speche of the stoon," Christ again spoke to Peter and of Peter, *To thee I will give the keys*, and, *Whatsoever thou shalt bind*. Wherefore, concludes Pecock, it is likely that the middle clause, closed in between

these now rehearsed clauses, was said to Peter and of Peter's person.<sup>2</sup> The saying, *Thou art Peter*, has no meaning on any other interpretation.

If y wer to seie to my felawe that y wolde do eny thing to myn owne persoon, as that y wolde drinke, or ete, or slepe, whereto schulde y seie to him thus: Thou art Johun or William, y schal do this thing or that thing?

The common sense of the latest Protestant commentators has acknowledged that our Saviour cannot have spoken so "vnpertynently and vnhangngli."

Entering a religious order was censured by the Lollards as a bar to giving alms and to the helping of parents in need. Pecock points out that the duty of almsgiving goes along with riches; that a man may lawfully give up riches for his soul's health, as he may spend every penny he has on physicians for the recovery of his body; and that riches once gone, the ground of almsgiving is cut away. Parents, he says, are our nearest and dearest neighbours; the duty of loving our neighbour is intensified towards them to the highest degree; still we are not bound to love any neighbour whatsoever better than ourselves, nor to succour our parents to our own grievous spiritual harm by remaining out of religion.<sup>3</sup>

When a practice is not commanded of God, and is an occasion of sin to the doer, it is often matter of counsel, and not unfrequently of obligation, to relinquish the practice. The Lollards, who were great upon the abuses of convents, held this maxim to apply to the practice of conventual and monastic life. Pecock very sensibly determines the extent and application of the maxim. A man, he says, in such an occasion, must consider whether it be easier and safer for him to fight against his frailty and his passion, keeping up the practice the while, or to relinquish the practice. In the former alternative, he should stand his ground, and that more especially when the

<sup>2</sup> Our author does not remark the "speche of the stoon" involved in the name Peter, as also in the name Cephas. Cephas, he tells us, "is a word of Grew." κεφαλή.

<sup>3</sup> The doctrine is more exactly stated by St. Thomas, *Summa*, 2-2, 189, 6. "When parents are in distress, so that there is no convenient way of succour for them, otherwise than by the service of their children, it is not lawful for children to abandon the service of their parents and enter religion. But when parents are not in any distress which greatly needs their children's succour, children may abandon the service of their parents, and enter religion even against their command, because every free-born person, when he is grown-up, is at liberty to choose for himself in the settling of his state of life, particularly in what regards the service of God."

practice is otherwise highly profitable to his soul, as religious life ordinarily will be, even where there are abuses. But religious life hinders far more sin than it occasions.

Take me all the religious men of England, which be now and have been in England these thirty years and more now ended, in which thirty years hath been continual great war between England and France; and let us see what should have become of the men in these years, if they had not been made religious. Let us see how they should have lived and what manner of men they should have been,—whether they should not have been, as well-nigh all other men are and have been these thirty-four winters<sup>4</sup> in England; and therefore they should have been either guileful artificers, or unpitiful informers and forsworn jurors, or soldiers hired into France to make much murder of blood, yea, and of souls.

The Lollards dwelt on the allegation that Christ did not found any religious order, which He would not have failed to do had such institutes been of profit to Christian men. Pecock observes that neither did He designate the Bishop of London nor the Lord Mayor, profitable and indispensable as those functionaries be.

Yhe whi made not God gownes and cootis, hosun and schoon to men, breed and potages and ale and beer and wijn, sithen these thingis ben so necessarie to men that men mowen not lake hem?

Thus Pecock holds religious orders to have been established not immediately, but mediately, by Christ, by His giving men to understand the spiritual utility of such orders, and putting it in their power to establish them. Many theologians go further, and teach that our Saviour during His life on earth was the immediate institutor of the religious life. He recommended in clear and explicit terms the counsel of poverty to the rich young man.<sup>5</sup> In the same chapter He is related to have taught his disciples the higher perfection of the unmarried state; and the denying oneself,<sup>6</sup> and the hating one's own soul,<sup>7</sup> on which He insisted as the only way of being His disciple, is effectually secured by a life of religious obedience. The engagement to these three counsels by vow, it must be confessed, is not so explicitly recommended in any words of our Lord that have come down to us. At the same time a Catholic, considering the part which religious orders have played in the

<sup>4</sup> Written about 1449.

<sup>5</sup> St. Matt. xix.

<sup>6</sup> St. Luke ix.

<sup>7</sup> St. Luke xiv.

augmentation and development of the Church, cannot but believe that their institution entered into the design of the Church's all-foreseeing Founder. Religious orders are not essential to the Church in the way that a clergy, either secular or regular, is essential: the sacraments would be administered, the Word preached, the faithful would believe, hope, and love, though all religious orders were suppressed *in perpetuum*. But such suppression would seem to take away an integral part of the Church, though not an essential part: the Church would not be destroyed, but she would be maimed and marred; she would no longer be, quite as she is now, "the city of perfect beauty, the joy of the whole earth." Furthermore, as Suarez points out, though without any special authorization of Christ our Saviour, a man may make vows immediately to God of poverty, chastity, and obedience, yet it does not appear how, without such authorization, a man could receive such vows in God's name, as religious superiors receive the vows of their subjects.

A fourth thing which the Lollards blamed in the religious orders was their multitude and variety. So the Jansenist Synod of Pistoia, in the last century, proposed that all religious should be reduced to one Order, to be allowed only one house in each town. Pecock's ready reply is, that as in London there are "manye otries clepid innes" to encourage travelling, and suit the different tastes of travellers by their different arrangements, so there are many varieties of religious life for the increase of religious vocations and for the satisfaction of the vast variety of spiritual aptitudes and cravings.

From all that he has said Pecock trusts it will be seen—

That religion is a ful noble hegge for to close yn him men and wommen, that tho whiche ben weel disposid schulen be kept from yuel, into which withoute thilk hegge thei schulden falle; and tho whiche ben yuel disposid schulen be kept that thei schulen falle not into so myche yuel, as thei schulden falle, if thei weren withoute hegge.

And he breathes this pious wish—

Wolde God that thei whiche ouer unwijsly and ouer bitterlie berke and clatere, bachite and diffame aghens the bfore seid religious, wolden now take heede to this present book, and souke out thereof goostli triacle aghens her goostly poysening and enfectying.

It was a sad day for the Lord Bishop of Chichester, December 4, 1457, when kneeling at Paul's Cross before his Metropolitan, in the presence of twenty thousand spectators, he

confessed to having "made, written, and taken out and published many and divers perilous and pernicious doctrines, books, works, and writings, containing in them heresies and errors contrary to the faith Catholic and determination of Holy Church." With his own hands he gave over for burning three folios and eleven quartos, the labour of his life, and he was not an author who undervalued his compositions. "My pride and presumption," he exclaimed, "have brought me to this."

How far this cruel humiliation was merited, it is not the object of the present paper to inquire. Judging from the *Repressor*, it would seem easier to convict Pecock of imprudence and exaggeration of language upon the delicate question of frontier between faith and reason, as also of want of deference to the authority of the Fathers, and of an overweening conceit about the boon that his writings were to mankind, than of downright heresy. He says strong things occasionally, but a right meaning can be got out of the words, and appears to have been the real meaning of the author. It was a pity that a bishop should write in so injudicious a style, more especially one who wrote in the vulgar tongue for the amendment of "the lay-folk." Such as this fault was, grievously did Pecock expiate it. His bishopric another took, his days were made few in the close prison of a monastic cell, and his name has gone blighted to posterity. Yet for all Archbishop Bourchier's sharp condemnation, we may suspend our judgment about the deprived Bishop of Chichester, when we remember that the one infallible judge of heresy upon earth, the then reigning Pope, Calixtus the Third, hearing of the cause, sent a Bull to Bourchier directing him to restore Pecock to his see—a thing which was never done, the Archbishop alleging that the Bull was surreptitious, and procured against the Statute of Provisors.

. JOSEPH RICKABY.



2. *Sir Thomas Gascoigne, or the Yorkshire Plot.* By Agnes Stewart.  
London : Burns and Oates, 1880.

Miss Stewart is already so well known to Catholic readers, that a new tale from her pen needs little more than an announcement. In her present work she takes us to the days of the second Charles, when all England went mad about the malignant impostures of Titus Oates. Miss Stewart gives us a good deal about that famous miscreant and his associates in the earlier chapters of her story, but the main interest of the narrative centres in the supposed Yorkshire Plot, an offshoot of the more famous fiction in London. Sir Thomas Gascoigne, is, we need hardly say, a true historical character, and he was actually accused and tried for his life as related in the tale. We shall not spoil the pleasure of the readers of this little volume by giving any sketch of the ingenious story which has been woven by Miss Stewart out of the materials at her disposal.

---

3. *Lives of the Early Popes.* Second Series. From Constantine to Charlemagne.  
By the Rev. Thomas Meyrick, M.A. London : Washbourne, 1880.

We need hardly recommend this second part of an interesting series. Many Catholics will be thankful to the author for his clear and simple narrative, avoiding all display of learning or criticism. The lives of the Popes form the history of the Church, but the great difficulty about Church history has always been its very great length if the actions and times of each single Pope are fully related. One after another, the learned men who have given themselves to the composition of a full history of the Church have sunk into their graves before their task was completed. Only lately have we had to lament the death of the best modern historian of the Church on an extended scale—the Abbé Darras. The work before us does not of course aim at more than a short plainly-written narrative of the chief events of each Pontificate, and as such it may be very generally useful.

---

4. *Les Celtes ; la Gaule Celtique, Etude critique.* Par L. de Valroger.  
Paris : Didier et Cie., 1879.

The purpose of this long and careful inquiry into the early movements and characteristics of the Celtic family of nations is to endeavour to establish the historical basis of French law.

The argument in its completeness has therefore rather a professional than a general interest, but the process by which the various conclusions are worked out is worthy of attention for its own sake. The megalithic monuments which are found in Celtic countries are not such as throw light on manners and customs and dates. They are of doubtful origin, and are themselves parts of a problem to be solved rather than helps to the solution of an existing difficulty; but in the comparison of cognate idioms we have a safe and sure guide as far as it can be made to accompany us in our search. In the course of last century the attention of students was invited to an ancient language still used by the peasants of Brittany. It was at once remarked that it was not a dialect of French but a distinct language. Very soon the close resemblance of Breton and Welsh was observed, and a little later it was discovered that Irish and Highland Scotch must be added to the list as of near kindred. The first pair were christened Cymric, and the second pair Gaelic, and the four conjointly went to form the Celtic tongue. In the unmistakeable resemblance of all the four languages, and in the still closer resemblance of the members of each pair, we have at once a certain amount of historical evidence of the highest order. There was a time long after the Deluge when the ancestors of Irishman, Welshman, Gael and Breton lived together; there was a still more recent time at which Brittany received its population from Wales, or Wales from Brittany, and Ireland sent colonists to Scotland, or Scotland to Ireland. M. de Valroger complains that instead of gradually building up genuine history on this sure foundation, impatient writers hastily collected a few facts and from these without hesitation constructed an altogether fanciful account of the ancient Celtic race, which they thenceforth paraded as an ascertained result. He proposes to help to undo the mischief of a false induction, by investigating all the extant testimony from which it is possible to form a fair judgment of the character of the literature and laws of the ancient Celts in their four settlements. The theory which M. Amedée Thierry derived by a process of eclectic interpretation from the legends of origin handed down in Ireland and Wales is shown to be without foundation. There is no good reason for supposing that a second wave of Celts, known as the Cymri, spread over France and the British Isles, pushing the earlier Celts, or Gaels, from Britain into Ireland and Scotland, and from Gaul into

Brittany. Cæsar's account of the *Belgæ*, which this theory supplanted for a time, will probably be restored to general favour. M. de Valroger mentions that the names, *Cymri* and *Cimmerian*, have a purely fortuitous resemblance, for the *Cymri* were Celts, and the *Cimmerians* and their descendants the *Cimbri* were Germans.

---

5. *Preludes*. By Maurice F. Egan. Philadelphia : Peter F. Cunningham and Son, 1880.

Not every poet can write sonnets. The beautiful lines which are quoted for an introduction to the *Preludes* sufficiently declare this truth—

This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath ;  
 The solemn organ whereon Milton played ;  
 And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls.  
 A sea this is—beware who ventureth !  
 For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid  
 Deep as mid-ocean to the sheer mountain walls.  
*R. W. Gilder, in "The Poet and his Master."*

The sonnets in this little book, which is written in a very pleasant spirit and for a charitable purpose, seldom verify, it must be confessed, that happy definition ; but, although they do not remind us of a deep tide hemmed in by walls of rock, there is a vein of true poetic thought, and the words flow readily. The author allows himself great liberty in the accentuation of classical names. It is difficult to scan in five feet such lines as—

He loved young Hylas, Theodamas' son,  
 For Theodamas had Alcides slain.

or again—

Telamon was the guest of Alcides.

The poem of Hylas, in which these faulty lines occur, is a graceful composition, formed on Theocritus, but with a Christian moral—

To us whose Golden Fleece is Holy Grail,  
 To us whose Argo is the bark of Faith,  
 The tale of Hylas brings a meaning grave  
 Unthought of by the sweet Sicilian bard.  
 Do not the snares of pleasure wait for us  
 In banks of flowers, near life's placid streams,  
 So clear, so fair, and yet so treacherous,  
 In these our days? Forgetful, we are lost ;  
 And then Alcides—Age—remorseful roves  
 And cries out for lost Youth till life is done.

6. *De nostra naturali cognitione Dei Dissertatio Inauguralis quam cum Thesibus xxii. subnexis, Favente Christo Deo.* J. M. A. Vacant, Presbyter Nanceiensis, S. Theol. Licentiat. et Professor, ad Magisterii Lauream Consequendam in Collegio Theologico Universitatis Catholice Insulensis, Insulis publice propugnavit Non. Augusti, 1879. Ch. Taranne, Paris; Wagner, Nancy.

This learned essay has been ushered into public notice by Dr. Jules Didiot, Dean of the Theological Faculty of the recently established Catholic University of Lille, in the *Revue des Sciences Ecclesiastiques*. In a tone of self-congratulation, fully justified by the excellence of the work, the learned Dean informs us that the Abbé Vacant is the first successful candidate for the honours of the Doctorate in the new University. Under present circumstances, the thesis under review may at least serve to prove that the new Universities are in nowise open to the charge of making their degrees too cheap. Taking as his epigraph the pronouncement of the Vatican Council,<sup>1</sup> which vindicates for human reason the power of founding on the *data* of experience the *science* of the Absolute, the writer strives to determine the extent and limits of the knowledge of God we may attain apart from any supernatural illumination. This leads him to an exhaustive treatment of a question which theologians usually pass by, viz., what would in the state of mere nature be the end of man, his final perfection, the reward and crown of his obedience to the law graven on his heart and promulgated by conscience and society?

To solve this question, he submits to a searching analysis the acts and tendencies of our inner life as developed under the eye of consciousness. The will tends to the possession of the Supreme Good, and can be at rest only when the mind, having reached the acme of its development, shall contemplate the reflection of the Divine Exemplar in the various orders of created being. Contemplation, then, in other words, the undisturbed, unclouded vision of God as revealed by the vestiges He has left of His passage in nature, but yet more by the image of His unspeakable glory stamped on the human soul, would be the consummation and reward of the merely natural man, whose will would be fired with the never-waning love of its Author. It need not be observed that this falls infinitely short of the end to which we are taught to aspire, raised as are our destinies to a plane far transcending the requirements, and natural exigencies of any finite nature, be it real or merely possible. But we are here met with an objection, drawn from the unquestionable fact that,

<sup>1</sup> Const. I. de Fide Catholica, cap. ii. de Revelatione.

apart from the influence of supernatural grace, man can, and does aspire to the intuitive vision of God. Does not this compel the inference that such vision is the complement due to man's nature, and if to man, *a fortiori*, then, to the pure intelligences? In rebutting this conclusion, no less absurd than heterodox, the author refers to St. Thomas, Suarez, and Ripalda, whose conflicting *dicta* he harmonizes with no less ingenuity than success. We venture to question the validity of an argument which seems at least to take for granted what it is meant to establish. Men, it is here said, who, as far as we can judge, are beyond the reach of all supernatural influence, nay, more, the apostate spirits and their wretched dupes, yearn for the vision of the "seeing and the living God." This is quite true, but it must be remembered that man's nature has been raised once and again to the plane of a supernatural destiny, the Sun of Justice has illumined the world, "and there is nought hid from the heat Thereof." Under a merely natural dispensation, the longing for the vision of God *sicuti est*, would either not exist, or would be on a par with the bootless day-dreams of a heated or ill-regulated fancy, and such longing would be set at rest by the attainment of natural beatitude.

The author appends to this part of his essay an *excursus* on the final state of infants who have died without Baptism, among whom he rightly includes those whose moral development has been checked by lack of training, or other untoward circumstances. Viewed in its relation to the happiness of which they are deprived, their condition is penal, and thus far justifies St. Augustin in including them in the *massa damnata*, and in using other stern expressions familiar to those who have studied his anti-Pelagian treatises; yet God's Justice is vindicated in that the sense of their unspeakable loss may be fairly supposed to be spared them, so that, prescinding from what we may in one sense call the extrinsic denomination of their final lot, considered in relation to an infinitely higher destiny, they enjoy the beatitude which the merely natural man might have attained. Before passing to the second and far more important part of this thesis, we deprecate the severity wherewith the author censures the view which, though not common, was deemed worthy of being taken into account by the holy Council of Trent. The general opinion, as we are not concerned to deny, regards the infusion of holiness and original justice as simultaneous with the creation of the first father of our race; yet, as

may be seen in Pallavicini, the Tridentine Fathers, of set purpose, substituted *Constitutus* for *Creatus* in the wording of the first Canon of the Fifth Session (*De Peccato Originali*), lest they should be understood to condemn those who hold that the supernatural endowments of the first man were subsequent to his creation.

The second part of this essay deals with the sources and extent of such knowledge of God as may be attained by our natural powers. At the outset he grapples with the question, Is our knowledge of God innate, intuitive? Is the idea of the Absolute one of the primary *data* of consciousness? It need hardly be said that he meets it with a distinct negative. Nothing, he tells us, is innate in man but his powers, which demand a stimulus from without to pass from potentiality to act. In the intelligible order, as in all else, for man at least, every action is a reaction; his spontaneity needs awakening by an external excitation conveyed to consciousness from the world of nature with which he is in contact. Sensible experience is the essential pre-requisite of our intellectual activity, which, laying hold of the *phantasmata*, invests them with its own light and spiritualizes them. The object of the mind is thus not the sensible, but the intelligible, and the Aristotelian maxim, *Nil est in intellectu, quin prius fuerit in sensu*, is shown to be consistent with the reservation postulated by Leibnitz—*nisi ipse intellectus*—and is vindicated from the gloss put upon it by the shallow dogmatizers of the school of Locke and Condillac. The Peripatetic solution of the ever-recurring question, "How, and what does man know?" has been wrested from its legitimate import by a narrow-minded, grovelling school. Our author is, however, less successful in his well-meant attempt to conciliate the respective divergencies of the Mediæval and Cartesian schools. An Eirenicon which endeavours to reduce the conflict of the rival systems of thought to a mere logomachy, to minimize it into a dispute about technical terms, clashes with inexorable fact, and can serve only to vindicate the practical wisdom that dictated the late Encyclical, wherein the Chief Pastor insists on the crying necessity for a return to scholastic teaching. Allowing, for argument's sake, that St. Thomas and Descartes, let us say, are substantially agreed, that their differences are but apparent, the result of sheer *malentendues*, we cannot but deplore the waste of time and temper entailed by the new vocabulary, and, with Sydney Smith, remind the innovators of



the Deluge and the subsequent curtailment of patriarchal longevity. In discussing the several proofs of the existence of God, the author goes over a ground familiar to all who are likely to read his dissertation. We claim special attention for his lucid development of the proof from motion (not *φώρα* merely, or local movement, but change, the transit from potentiality to actuality). It is given by St. Thomas in his *Summa Contra Gentes*, and deemed by the Angelic Doctor the palmary argument of natural theology. The student will also be interested by his able vindication of the argument of St. Anselm, which concludes from the idea of the All-Perfect to His objective existence. He shows that, whatever the uses this argument has been put to, St. Anselm never contemplated the leap from the subjective to the objective, with which friend and foe alike have credited him.<sup>2</sup>

In dealing with the share that education in its widest sense has in the development of our religious ideas, the writer before us disposes of the exaggerations of the various sections of the Traditionalist school, who, unconsciously perhaps, ascribe a creative power to human speech. He shows that the human teacher may educate, educe, develop germs already existing in the mind of the disciple, rouse attention and reflection, but is powerless to implant new ideas. Thus our knowledge of God does not derive from our contact with society, still is this contact morally necessary for its evolution. As regards the human race in the person of its earliest progenitors, the author shows that, even under a merely natural dispensation, there must needs have been on the part of God a direct action on the human mind, enlightening it as to its relations and destiny, forming the first link in the chain of tradition. Whether such action is to be regarded as a revelation is a merely verbal question. Allowing that it would be preternatural, or even supernatural *quoad modum*, as divines say, it would be natural in its contents and scope, in that it would deal with truths of the natural order only, and aim at imparting knowledge rather than the conviction of faith. Its moral necessity for mankind taken as a whole (for we are not now concerned with individuals), in order that it might be fairly started on its career, nor be left to sink into brutal degradation, justifies us in numbering it with the several means whereby the Author of Nature bears witness to Himself, and assists in the realization of Divine idea, which constitutes man the connecting link, the mediator, so to speak, between visible nature and the pure intelligence.

<sup>2</sup> Lib. *Apologet. contra Gaunilon*, capp ii. iii. ix.

may be seen in Pallavicini, the Tridentine Fathers, of set purpose, substituted *Constitutus* for *Creatus* in the wording of the first Canon of the Fifth Session (*De Peccato Originali*), lest they should be understood to condemn those who hold that the supernatural endowments of the first man were subsequent to his creation.

The second part of this essay deals with the sources and extent of such knowledge of God as may be attained by our natural powers. At the outset he grapples with the question, Is our knowledge of God innate, intuitive? Is the idea of the Absolute one of the primary *data* of consciousness? It need hardly be said that he meets it with a distinct negative. Nothing, he tells us, is innate in man but his powers, which demand a stimulus from without to pass from potentiality to act. In the intelligible order, as in all else, for man at least, every action is a reaction; his spontaneity needs awakening by an external excitation conveyed to consciousness from the world of nature with which he is in contact. Sensible experience is the essential pre-requisite of our intellectual activity, which, laying hold of the *phantasmata*, invests them with its own light and spiritualizes them. The object of the mind is thus not the sensible, but the intelligible, and the Aristotelian maxim, *Nil est in intellectu, quin prius fuerit in sensu*, is shown to be consistent with the reservation postulated by Leibnitz—*nisi ipse intellectus*—and is vindicated from the gloss put upon it by the shallow dogmatizers of the school of Locke and Condillac. The Peripatetic solution of the ever-recurring question, "How, and what does man know?" has been wrested from its legitimate import by a narrow-minded, grovelling school. Our author is, however, less successful in his well-meant attempt to conciliate the respective divergencies of the Mediæval and Cartesian schools. An Eirenicon which endeavours to reduce the conflict of the rival systems of thought to a mere logomachy, to minimize it into a dispute about technical terms, clashes with inexorable fact, and can serve only to vindicate the practical wisdom that dictated the late Encyclical, wherein the Chief Pastor insists on the crying necessity for a return to scholastic teaching. Allowing, for argument's sake, that St. Thomas and Descartes, let us say, are substantially agreed, that their differences are but apparent, the result of sheer *malentendues*, we cannot but deplore the waste of time and temper entailed by the new vocabulary, and, with Sydney Smith, remind the innovators of

the Deluge and the subsequent curtailment of patriarchal longevity. In discussing the several proofs of the existence of God, the author goes over a ground familiar to all who are likely to read his dissertation. We claim special attention for his lucid development of the proof from motion (not *φώρα* merely, or local movement, but change, the transit from potentiality to actuality). It is given by St. Thomas in his *Summa Contra Gentes*, and deemed by the Angelic Doctor the palmary argument of natural theology. The student will also be interested by his able vindication of the argument of St. Anselm, which concludes from the idea of the All-Perfect to His objective existence. He shows that, whatever the uses this argument has been put to, St. Anselm never contemplated the leap from the subjective to the objective, with which friend and foe alike have credited him.<sup>2</sup>

In dealing with the share that education in its widest sense has in the development of our religious ideas, the writer before us disposes of the exaggerations of the various sections of the Traditionalist school, who, unconsciously perhaps, ascribe a creative power to human speech. He shows that the human teacher may educate, educe, develop germs already existing in the mind of the disciple, rouse attention and reflection, but is powerless to implant new ideas. Thus our knowledge of God does not derive from our contact with society, still is this contact morally necessary for its evolution. As regards the human race in the person of its earliest progenitors, the author shows that, even under a merely natural dispensation, there must needs have been on the part of God a direct action on the human mind, enlightening it as to its relations and destiny, forming the first link in the chain of tradition. Whether such action is to be regarded as a revelation is a merely verbal question. Allowing that it would be preternatural, or even supernatural *quoad modum*, as divines say, it would be natural in its contents and scope, in that it would deal with truths of the natural order only, and aim at imparting knowledge rather than the conviction of faith. Its moral necessity for mankind taken as a whole (for we are not now concerned with individuals), in order that it might be fairly started on its career, nor be left to sink into brutal degradation, justifies us in numbering it with the several means whereby the Author of Nature bears witness to Himself, and assists in the realization of Divine idea, which constitutes man the connecting link, the mediator, so to speak, between visible nature and the pure intelligence.

<sup>2</sup> Lib. *Apologet. contra Gannilon*, capp ii. iii. ix.

## II.—NOTES ON THE PRESS.

## I.—CONNEMARA CONVERTS.

THE more usual designation of those unhappy individuals who would come under the above title is that of "jumpers or soupers." The name was originally given to them in the terrible famine years of 1846 and 1847, when Protestant agents dispersed soup and Bibles to the starving peasantry of Connaught; but it has since that time become familiarized, and is made use of to describe all those who are connected with the Society for Irish Church Missions. It has been well said by an unprejudiced observer, that the Protestants who support these missions realize the fact that the stomach is in close proximity to the heart, and never venture to make an attack on the latter without having first appeased the former. We may feel sure that people who could issue an address such as that mentioned in our previous essay on this subject, entitled "Distress in Ireland, temporal and spiritual," would have no scruples about attacking the Catholic peasant of Connemara through his stomach. To enlighten the public, especially the English public, on the corruption and baseness of the working of the Church Missions so that they may withhold their money is the wisest and most effectual way to give the system its death-blow. As long as money comes for proselytism into the most wretched parts of Ireland, starving wretches will be found to prevaricate for a weekly allowance of meal or flour, and as long as food and clothes are sent to proselytizing clergymen to tempt poor Catholics, some who have been traditionally weak in the faith will be found to accept the tempter's offer. The mission against "jumperism" and proselytism in all its forms must be made against the English people, for if the English money was withheld for one year, nothing but the name of "jumper" would be known in Connaught.

In connection with a letter of Lord Randolph Churchill's, in which he denounced the practice of the Society, some curious revelations have well come to light. At the annual meeting of the "Dublin Visiting Mission," which is in some way affiliated to the "Irish Church Missions," a certain person, well known

in Protestant circles, declared that, in the sight of God, he had never heard of an instance in which any agent, lay or clerical, of the society ever once asked a Catholic to become a Protestant, much less had a bribe been offered; and that there was not a particle of truth in the statement made by Lord Randolph Churchill, that they made use of bribes to gain the peasants. This extraordinary statement was applauded by those present, who did not pause to reflect that if such was the case, the "Society for Irish Church Missions" had no *raison d'être*. It is perfectly obvious, that if no agent of the missions, lay or clerical, has ever asked a Catholic to become a Protestant, there is not much use supporting them for the purpose of making the people Protestants, and for the future it will be impossible to descant in Exeter Hall on the superhuman attempts that have been made in that direction.

But on investigation we find that Mr. Cory, the missionary secretary of the society tells a very different story. When making a tour of the country in the year 1879, he informed his hearers that Popery was on the wane, and that there were hopes of the conversion of every Catholic in Connemara. This has certainly been the usual strain of language heard at meetings of the "Irish Church Mission," and has never been repudiated by any of those present.

In order to substantiate the statement of Lord Randolph Churchill in reference to bribery, the following few facts related by the priest of one of the parishes infested by the proselytizers are worthy of note. In a letter to the *Freeman's Journal*, dated March 6th, 1880, the Rev. B. M'Andrew writes:—

The comparatively small funds placed at our disposal for the relief of distress have debarred us giving many persons in great destitution regular supplies of Indian meal. Three Catholic heads of dissatisfactorily relieved families were induced to go to the "Irish Church Mission's" emporium. They struck a bargain with the holy firm, and sent their children to the forbidden schools; and one of them, in order to give good value for his keep, actually went to the Protestant Church. Since this barter was effected these men are enabled to live riotously on superabundant supplies of tea, sugar, and flour, and with a view to make the "new faith" look decent, clothes were given them. But there is no doubt that when hunger loosens its fell gripe, conscience will assert its sway, and those degraded, demoralized creatures will return, sorrowful and heart-broken, to seek to be reconciled with their religion and with their God. These evident acts of bribery have happened since the Dublin "Mansion House" Committee gave a grant of £30 to the "Irish Church Missions" clergyman. I protested against this enormous sum being given, as there was not a second Protestant family in

the entire parish in need of relief, and I stated my belief that the money would be used as a supplement to the "Church Mission" funds. My protest, however, was not entertained, and the temptations held out to the hungry Catholic wretches to whom I have referred clearly show that my prospective views as to the uses to which the Mansion House grant would be put had been quite accurate. For the enlightenment of the British public, I anxiously desire that this question of bribery should be seriously looked after. I invite an impartial commission of inquiry into its doings in Connemara, and if Lord Randolph Churchill would kindly have himself represented on this inquiry, I faithfully promise his lordship that his statement as to "Church Mission's bribes and unworthy dodges" will be more than verified. I have good reason to know that such an inquiry would bring to light acts that would startle and put to shame not only the Lord High Chancellor of England, but even the sorriest Bible reader in Connemara, in whose breast the faintest spark of decency and manliness may as yet have happened to escape distinction. If the dark pall of falsehood and deceit which shrouds the working of this Society were lifted up, its very contributors, who are supposed to entertain Christian feelings, would turn from it in disgust, and pronounce it an unclean thing. There is no unprejudiced man of honour and truth in Connemara (no matter what his religious belief may be) under whose notice the working of this vile Society has fallen, who will not declare the system to be a hollow, hypocritical, and mischievous humbug, a degradation to a Christian land, a disgrace to society, a hideous blur on natural and revealed religion, and an impudent outrage on Almighty God.

Those who know Connemara, and have had any acquaintance with the agents of the Missions, can well credit such an account; but it reveals a state of things that every respectable persons must deem deplorable. The question has become so serious that the clergy in the rural deanery of Clifden have collectively drawn up a protest, of which the following is a copy:

We, the priests of Connemara in conference assembled, have read in the *Irish Times* letters addressed by officials of the Irish Church Missions Society to Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P., in reference to his honest and truthful statements concerning the "bribes and unworthy dodges" used by that society in their efforts to pervert the Catholic peasants of Connemara. It is difficult to say whether ignorance or audacity is the more prominent feature in these letters. We beg to solemnly declare that gross bribery and unworthy dodges have always formed the main-stay—the very life—of this notorious society in Connemara. There is no place here in which the society has gained a foothold that bribes do not form the fundamentals of the "convert's" faith. In Clifden, Ballinakill, Roundstone, and Moyrus, we are prepared to bring under the notice of an impartial commission of inquiry—which we earnestly demand in the interests of truth and decency—such base and mean cases of bribery and unworthy dodges as shall shame even the most shameless of the Irish Church Mission patrons. We urgently call for the inquiry, sincerely believing the startling revelations of unprincipled corruption which are sure to be made will effectually tend to destroy this great curse to honour and religion in a poor, peacefully disposed country.



In any course that the upholders of public decency would suggest or adopt for the purpose of exposing the rottenness of the system, we are prepared to participate.

P. M'MANUS, P.P., V.G. of Clifden, Dean of Tuam.

B. M'ANDREW, P.P., Ballinakill.

J. A. MOLONY, P.P., Roundstone.

P. GREALY, C.A., Carna.

M. O'CONNELL, C.C., Ballinakill.

W. RHATIGAN, C.C., Clifden.

J. HEALY, C.A., Boffin.

P. J. CORCORON, C.C., Clifden.

J. P. CONNOLLY, C.C., Roundstone.

F. J. FLANNERY, C.C., Clifden.

J. COLGAN, C.C., Carna.

An intelligent observer thus writes of the movement :

There are in some parts of Ireland, and especially in Connemara, three powers of evil which are for ever banded together to make the peasant a beggar, a slave, and a renegade. Two of them are the terror of his life, and the third even darkens his death-bed. Nature as hard as these granite hills, with her inborn barrenness, her storms, her mists, and withering diseases, waylay him at every inch of his struggle to secure the fruits of the earth ; the landlord strips him when they are gathered ; and as soon as he has no longer a potatoe to eat, a bed to pawn, nor a cow to sacrifice, the sleek missionary is at his elbow, with a bag of meal and a Bible, to remind him that he has still a soul to sell, and that the missionary's firm is open to a purchase at highest market quotations. Wherever along the wild Connemara sea-board you see a snug slated house (and you see one skulking like a house of a strange race in the neighbourhood of every little wo-begone native village), you may be sure that it is either a mission church or a mission school-house, or a police-barrack attached to the mission to prove their doctrine orthodox by an occasional apostolic charge of bayonets. Wherever you meet a smug-faced oleaginous stranger in uneasy-looking new clothes, whether it be the shuffling native jumper in his first unbroken suit, or the professional itinerant labourer in the vineyard, in the rusty garments of a decayed ecclesiastic, or the minister in full-blown black, know you by these signs that he is one of the children of light. And wherever you stumble across a particularly foul, bare, windowless, and hopeless-looking hut, where the children are too naked to creep into the light, where the mother has pawned her very petticoat and the father looks as haggard as if he were hesitating about suicide, here you may be certain is a household whose awakening to the truth will inspire a paragraph of pious flummery in the next annual report to the maiden ladies of England.

Very likely one of these dirty little infants will be washed, clothed, and spirited away to some blithe "Bird's-nest," where he will forget where he came from, or the mother who bore him, or the prayer that used to lull him to sleep. Probably the guilty look of the unhappy father as you are passing by, means that the Rev. Proselytizer is at this moment within the cabin dispensing sound Protestant theology and Indian meal. The agents of these missions cannot be said to be inspired with that love of truth which seeks to impose its own convictions upon others by fair conflict of reason and

authority, or they would not confine their operations to the wilds of Connaught. People who are honest have therefore nothing but scorn and loathing for the trade of those who, either for the purpose of earning a well-buttered crust or of damaging a great and world-wide religion, choose God's poorest creatures at their sorest hour of need to make them outwardly conform to doctrines which they detest, by means of temptations which they cannot resist, and to exhibit as the workings of the intellect what are really the pangs of hunger. The thing has no doubt its ludicrous side. There are handsome school-houses without scholars, Scripture-readers who dare not read above their breath, and Irish teachers who teach their own children *faute de mieux*, and Gaelic Bibles plentifully bestowed in cabins where not a soul can read and write. Then, with discreet management, a few Protestant coast-guards in a district can be made to go a long way. Four of them in a station may form two separate congregations in churches far apart; and when two of them send their children to one mission school, and the other two send theirs to another (as happens at Belleck), we have the edifying result of keeping a house (as they say in the slang of Parliament) for two separate schools, which but for those providential young blue-jackets must have played to empty benches until another spell of potatoe-rot and famine brought those treacherous little Romanists trooping back, eager and hungering for the truth and for stirabout.

The co-ordination of stomachic and intellectual training according to the system explained by some exemplary jumpers is infinitely ingenious. Every day that a child puts in an appearance at school, he or she receives, when school-hour is over, half a pint of Indian meal tied up in a neat little bag. Any day that the attendance ceases, so do the supplies. Expectation is thus left pleasantly on tip-toe from day to day; no single dole is sufficiently splendid to enable the black-hearted little traitor to make off with his winnings, and a system of theologico-gastronomic results' fees, as it were, is established, which generally succeeds in keeping the young catechumen in the right path until the harvest. In the same way a certain moderate number of attendances at church entitle adults to a—what shall I call it?—deodand of a half-sovereign at Christmas, and so on *decreasing* on a sliding scale through Easter Sunday and the minor field-days. Such humbler rewards of godliness as a cast coat, or a handful of seed potatoes, may be had on the most moderate terms, I suppose for blessing oneself the wrong way, or calling a priest plain "Mister" (which it appears soothes the soul of a Connaught evangelist in much the same way that a consignment of His Holiness the Pope to the infernal regions relieves the feelings of a Belfast Orangeman). A gentleman traveller who visited some of the regenerate, says that he gives them credit for one virtue—they one and all looked and felt mean. I do not know (he continues) any being on God's earth more miserable than the Connemara peasant without food for his children, except the Connemara peasant who eats the bread of a jumper.

A fine-looking girl whom I met digging potatoes was a member of the only family in one of the villages which among the faithless has remained faithful "to the shepherd" since the potatoes came in. She looked around with the liveliest terror, to make sure that nobody could see or overhear her; then confessed with tears in her eyes that she was a Catholic; that she said a "Hail Mary" every night to preserve her from dying in sin, that her life was a misery, that nobody would speak to her except the Scripture-reader, that her father would kill her if she murmured, for it was the only thing that

was keeping them from the poor-house, but that, come what might, as soon as she could make out the price of a ticket to America, she would go away entirely, and ask God's pardon. Her father, she informed me, was a ruined man until the Scripture-reader came to lodge with them upon handsome terms, her sister was paid £1 per month as an Irish teacher whenever the materials of a class should turn up, and the clothes which she and her mother wore were an essential dogma of their new faith. The only native pillar of the faith upon Turbot Island turned out to be a wretched man with that downcast look and air of shame-faced insolence which you can study to perfection in the face of any low Irish informer or turn-coat of your acquaintance. He described himself as a bog-ranger at £1 a year. A farmer, too, doubtless? No, he was broke and sold out. Had he no other means of livelihood? "Well, sure I may as well say I'm a jumper." Hoped the jumper profession was a pretty good one? "Sorra much thin—£1 a month as an Irish teacher, and may be an odd thrifle for the childher." The duties of an Irish teacher must be onerous in these parts? A terrible wince, and then at a gulp, "Well, to tell God's thruth of it, there's no one to tache but my two childher at the present." I am afraid that the laugh which the perfectly solemn naïvete of the declaration would have wrung from Nestor's self must have been more provoking than was polite, for the poor fellow was a good deal nettled as he retorted, "'Tis easy to laugh, but only for it myself and my heavy young family would be in the poor-house this moment. Sure I'm airning my bread honestly any way—neither robbing nor staling." And without entering into the niceties of this morality, I may be permitted to certify that as long as the compound profession of bog-trotter and apostle is to be maintained at all, I know nobody better qualified for the situation. It may be said that those who had one class of sentiments to please one person, would have quite a different story to please another,—that they would curse the Pope for the Rev. Chadband just as readily as they would make the sign of the Cross for the priest. It is possible, and that they would also speak vain things of the Rev. Chadband's nose as soon as he had turned the corner, and so *ad infinitum*.

It is the curse of the system that wherever it buys a footing, it turns a man of simple earnest piety into a hypocrite, a sneak, a liar, a wavering, calculating, double-dealing renegade, with one eye on the fleshpots, and the other on the grave. Of course the results are ridiculously disproportioned to the means. After a quarter of a century, during which the so-called "missions" have wasted more money than would have bought out the fee-simple of Connemara ten times over, they have not, according to the testimony of those who have investigated the matter, a single unsalaried convert to show who would stick to the Protestant faith a day longer than it would feed or clothe him. In any Catholic community of average comfort and intelligence, they would be laughed out of the field, as they have been laughed out of almost every other corner of the island. But among people so helpless, so racked with the most frightful privations, so weighed down by degrading misery, the constant presence of temptation in its grossest form is a cruel addition to their trials; and if there is anything more intolerable than another in the present out-look of the Connemara peasant, it is the knowledge that when he is the least able to make resistance, when the cold of winter has frozen his blood, when the sheriff has, perhaps, levelled his cabin, when half-naked and shivering children are clinging to his knee

whining for food, some shabby emissary of these "missions" will be at his side, to dangle before his hollow eyes his canting jargon and his irresistible Indian meal.

The "souper" finds a golden opportunity for work in times of distress. Hunger is a powerful persuader of the conscience when there is food and drink to be found by real or pretended apostasy. Perhaps there is but one race on earth whose fidelity to faith is so strong that all the unspeakable horrors of the famine of 1847, which slew thousands on thousands of people, were powerless to move it; but this fact makes the crime of the proselytizers none the less great, and it must also be borne in mind that they have now a narrower area to work in, a more complete organization, and a greater acquaintance with national habit than they had when they first inaugurated their hateful system. These are undoubted advantages, and the unhappy creatures whose lot is so miserable have a double foe to resist. Children are by various devices obtained and drafted away to such institutions as the "Birds'-nest" at Kingstown and other localities, where they are carefully trained in a system which, though completely negative, may be described as one essentially and entirely un-Christian.

Abuse of Catholicism, abuse of our Lady, and abuse of all the special truths that Catholics hold most dear, form the principal rudiments of education. Children go forth into the world well clothed and well fed, replete with sentiments of hatred against their friends and fellow-countrymen. The poison has taken such deep root, that even when they become irreligious they seldom lose the venom against Popery that has been instilled into them when children.

To remedy this an endeavour was made some few years ago to raise an institution specially intended to embrace those who could be rescued from such dens of infamy. The Convent of our Lady of Mercy of Stradbally, in the Queen's County, has already received some hundreds of children who had been originally in proselytizing schools, and the Rev. Mother Superior states that she has daily applications to which, from want of space and want of money, she is unable to attend to.

This institution is under the special patronage of the Bishop of the diocese, a large number of the Irish Episcopate, and an influential body of laymen, and is likely to prove one of the most useful and beneficial of the many that are to be found in the country. The Superioress, a lady of high and gifted

attainments, has one end in view, viz., the rescuing of the children of mixed marriages, who, either voluntarily or under compulsion, have been the inmates of orphanages and schools in connection with the proselytizers.

An interesting correspondence recently took place in some Belfast newspapers between the Rev. Canon Cory, of Clifden, whom we have already mentioned, and a distinguished Protestant clergyman in Belfast (Rev. Canon M'Ilwaine), which throws great light on the whole question of Protestant Missions. The statements put forth by Canon M'Ilwaine fully bear out the opinions we have always held upon the subject, and coming as they do from a Protestant minister of the highest respectability and consideration, are well worthy of notice.

The correspondence arose regarding a proposed "Cory Testimonial Fund," upon which Canon M'Ilwaine wrote to the papers a letter, portions of which we give.

I beg to say that such a fund to be raised at this juncture for the above purpose, and for the avowed object of conferring distinction on and attracting attention to Canon Cory and the Society for Irish Church Missions, is highly unsuitable. . . . Having had intimate knowledge of that society from its very start—too intimate, indeed, for my own peace of mind—I am prepared to say, and, if challenged to do so, to give my reasons, that it had been far better for the interests of true religion in this land, and for the spread of the reformed faith amongst us, if Canon Cory had remained in England, the land of his nativity, and that the Society for Irish Church Missions had never been formed.

He thus speaks of the Rev. A. Dallas, the original founder of the society.

Far better for himself and all concerned would it have been had Mr. Dallas remained in his secluded living in England, and left the evangelization of Ireland to those better qualified for the work. The rectory of Wonston became the head-quarters of the Mission to Ireland. I had once the misfortune to spend a couple of days under its roof, and having eaten the salt of its owner, dare not say a word in disparagement of anything personal or domestic therein; but were I to give a sketch of the manner in which I found the mission work in Ireland carried on, however distressing, it could scarcely obtain credence. Silence is therefore the better course. . . . The society is in the thirtieth year of its existence. Amongst the earliest places of its operation was Belfast, when a branch was formed with the usual apparatus of controversial classes, sermons, lectures, agents, schools, and school teachers. I took an active part in these operations, which after some time came to a sudden termination, the issue of the whole being disgraceful and disastrous in the highest degree. The agents employed were of the most unsatisfactory description. One, a schoolmaster and reader, was in the hands of the police on more than one occasion for appearing drunk in

the streets, and consigning the Roman Pontiff to a region not to be repeated. Another contracted debts after such a manner that he was obliged to take French leave of the town. Another, a chief in the controversial department, and highly gifted, in his own estimation, as an orator, became, while still in the pay of the society, a popular lecturer, having the walls of certain localities the most unsuitable placarded with such subjects as "The Battle of the Boyne." The principal school was closed under these circumstances. . . . The entire number of children on the roll, some two hundred, all, with perhaps a dozen exceptions, registered as Catholics, proved to be children of Protestant parents, with some ten or twelve Catholics, exactly the reverse of the statement on the registry published as correct by the society. This, together with some other matters, drew from me an earnest remonstrance, which issued in a visit in person by the Rev. A. Dallas, who, without a single day's notice, broke up the school and withdrew the mission. . . . Similar accounts could be given of other spheres of the society's operations. . . . Some may still remember those operations in the glens of Antrim, the only results of which were discomfiture and disgrace. . . . As to the present state of the mission in Dublin, I know but little except what is given in the report of the society, all *couleur de rose*. I only hope that the directors of the work there at present, and the clerical missionaries, are not young and inexperienced men, with a mere smattering of the Roman controversy, as but too many have been in times past. Referring to Dublin I shall merely mention two parishes, St. Luke's and St. Michan's, each of these in former times head quarters of "The Mission," adding this remark, that anything more deplorable than the results there it is difficult to conceive. . . . Many can recall to their recollection the ruthless persecution to which Eugene O'Meara was subjected, when, as curate of St. Luke's, he withstood the falsehood and hypocrisy of certain agents of this society, until the kindness of Archbishop Whately afforded him shelter and support in the quiet country retreat where he ended his days, devoting to the last his best energies to the Protestant Orphan Society. As regards St. Michan's parish, which was then under the charge of the late Mr. Stanford, I cannot say much—this only, however, on the authority of the Rev. J. H. Monahan—such was the state of things when he succeeded to the parish, that an investigation had to be held before Archbishop Whately, and on the list of parishioners being examined and produced, in nearly whole streets and lanes which were said to be the abodes of Protestants, no converts from the Church of Rome were found, but sixteen lapsed Protestants, whose names and addresses were furnished to the Archbishop for investigation. These particulars are mere items of my former experience of the working of this institution. If need be, I can supplement them. . . . The Society is nothing else than a lay organization, employing and paying liberally clerical and lay agents, scarcely any one of its responsible officers and committee having any direct connection with, or practical knowledge of, Ireland. . . . Canon Cory talks of "a fine body of converts, young and old." Judging from my personal experience in Belfast and Dublin, and relying on the testimony of other witnesses as to other localities where this Society was at work—Cork, for instance—I miss this fine body of converts, and as to orphanages and "Birds' Nests," perhaps the less said the better. I except the parish of which Canon Cory is now rector (in Clifden); but as to other localities, the crucial test of ascertained fact remains to be applied. Most of us can recollect the well-known experience of the late Bishop Wilberforce, a rather shrewd



observer, who, on visiting the west of Ireland and inquiring where were the converts, received the reply, "They are not here now; they are all gone off to America." Looking at the same locality, Connemara, now notorious for lawless riot and bloodshed, it is very striking to perceive that that state of things is almost confined to the scene of the labours of Canon Cory and the Irish Church Missions Society. Any one who looks at the index map prefixed to the last Report of this Society will at once see a number of blue crosses marking the sites of the mission churches, encircled by as many red indicating the deadly strife lately going on there. Lord Randolph Churchill, in very plain terms, charges on them the practices pursued in the conversion of Catholics, among others by the bribes held out to them. It is not so easy as some suppose to disprove these assertions. The history of these missions in Dublin and Cork, for example, reveal some rather ugly facts under this head. The charges made by the Rev. G. Webster some years ago were but very feebly replied to by Canon Cory, . . . as can be seen by the published correspondence. Could any man of sense or moderate experience imagine that the brands of religious strife flung into the midst of an excitable Celtic race, the teachers of the same race so closely allied in blood and disposition, at such a time as this could possibly be attended by any other result? . . . I yield to none in an earnest desire to convince my Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen of what I cannot but believe to be serious errors in their system, but this, as I have proved by experience, can be done without converting into enemies those to whom the truth is to be told.

It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of the extracts we have here given from the pen of the learned Canon, a gentleman who was for many years intimately associated with the agents of the missions, and therefore necessarily well acquainted with the working of the society. We quote his words in order to strengthen our argument as to the hardships the poor people in the west of Ireland have to undergo. It is bad enough for them to be in a chronic state of starvation, and to have to endure poverty that the English labouring classes can scarcely conceive; but that a body of men should be found willing to trade on and make capital out of their poverty for the supposed advance of Protestantism and a Protestantized form of Gospel teaching, is monstrous, and would be tolerated in no other country in the world.

Whether the society is in a state of decadence or not, as some suggest, its friends and admirers are happily not so numerous as heretofore; and if it has not obtained a large sum in response to its iniquitous appeal during the past winter, those who are really anxious for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Irish people may trust that it will die a natural death, and thus consign one distinct national grievance to oblivion.

HENRY BELLINGHAM.

## 2.—THE BELGIAN ELECTIONS.

Before the elections on June 8, the Belgian Chamber of Representatives counted seventy-one Liberals—in the Continental, not English, sense—and sixty-one Conservatives, or as they are now commonly called in Belgium, Catholics. Of these, forty-three Catholics and twenty-three Liberals had this year to face their constituencies in the biennial elections for the partial renewal of the Lower House. The seats of seven Liberals and thirty-two Catholics were contested, so that the Liberals in these elections could lose little and win much. Two years hence, when forty-eight Liberals and only eighteen Catholics will have to seek to be elected afresh, this advantage will be on the Catholic side. To make the most of this future advantage, the Catholics in the present elections had to maintain their positions, which they have not fully done, and hence the result of the late contest may be described as disappointing, though by no means disheartening. The Catholics gained a seat at Antwerp, and succeeded in keeping in Catholic hands the other six seats of the greatest commercial city of the country. The Catholics have every reason to be proud of the verdict Antwerp has given against the Ministry and against its Liberal Burgomaster, who lost his seat. He was one of the Vice-Presidents of the Lower House, and a leader of his party. At Louvain and Mechlin the Catholics kept their seats with undiminished majorities. They lost two in Luxembourg, one at Namur, and one at Bruges. The validity of this last election will be contested, as all the Catholic members would have been returned, had it not have been for a gross blunder in counting the votes, made by a Liberal magistrate. We will not say the blunder was a mistake, since it has won a seat for a Liberal. The Lower House now consists of seventy-four Liberals and fifty-eight Catholics.

The Ministry has a majority of sixteen, which suffices to carry on the Government, though scarcely strong enough to introduce fresh measures of persecution. The Liberals will perhaps devote their energies to prevent their overthrow at the next elections. If they despair of success, they may introduce new measures of persecution, urged on by the Masonic Lodges. The suppression of the embassy to the Vatican would be the first of these measures, being a sop the Prime Minister would readily fling to his Radical supporters.

The really dark side to the aspect of Belgian affairs is the character of the recent elections. I am not speaking of the menaces, frauds, and tricks used, chiefly by the Liberals, in the recent contests. Such things I hold to be inseparable from popular elections, although, to call away an elector from the polling place by a telegram announcing his son's dangerous illness at school is a fraud that only a Belgian "Liberal" could be unmanly and brutal enough to perpetrate. But the Catholics are answerable for some shadows in the picture. At Brussels the Catholics did not contest the fourteen seats held by Liberals, and over ten thousand voters of the capital, as usual, did not go near the poll. Had the Catholics contested these seats, even without a chance of success, they would have served their cause, by keeping the "Liberals" of Brussels from freely helping their provincial friends. For instance, the seat won by the Bruges "Liberals," who are not rich, was probably secured by gold from the capital. Again, it would seem that the Belgian elector does not yet see that in giving his vote to the "Liberals," he votes against religion. I do not think this issue has been sufficiently kept before the eyes of the electors by the Catholic Press during the late contest, and that petty interests and questions of persons have been allowed too prominent a place. Still more disheartening is it to see that many Catholics must have given their votes from mercenary motives. I do not think many are so bad as a pious elector, known to all for his attention to religious duties, who offered the Catholic managers of an election his vote on payment of 300 francs. Still, some—not a few, I fear—voted rather out of hopes of getting a new drain or fresh pavement in their street rather than with the intention of crushing a Ministry hostile to the Church. Otherwise, how can the large number of votes given to the Liberals, even in the midst of most Catholic populations, be accounted for? Even the Catholics still want educating on this point. Last January, I spoke to you of "a third party, neither hotly Catholic nor warmly Liberal, but very careful of its pockets." This party, or, rather, section of the population, I think, has, in many places, begun to show its hostility to the present Government. It has been alarmed by the Minister of War's premature disclosures as to fresh military burdens and new fortifications along the Meuse. It is sad, however, to think that mercenary motives should influence so many minds rather than love of justice, of country, and of religion. I repeat, the Catholics of

Belgium require educating to a sense of the dangers menacing their faith. In this, the Catholic Press has done much. It can do more, especially such lukewarm organs as the *Journal de Bruxelles*, and some of its provincial offshoots.

### III.—NOTICES.

1. *Maria Monk's Daughter: an Autobiography.* By Mrs. L. St. John Eckel. Burns and Oates, 1880.—This strange history might with great propriety be called a General Confession of a Lifetime, for autobiographies of the common order, although they not unfrequently contain a good deal of eloquent regret for past misdeeds, very seldom say much about petty weaknesses which it is peculiarly painful to acknowledge. The daughter of Maria Monk does not spare her own feelings, if feminine vanity, of which, by what she tells her readers, she once had a large share, be not altogether dead within her. It is quite possible that there may be some self-delusion in the thought that the best way of undoing her mother's evil work, and atoning for her own frivolities, is to write a book about herself; but to take the book as we find it, accepting the motives for its composition which are set forth in the Preface, it is certainly an unfolding of the secrets of conscience such as few would have the courage to put before the world. There is, it must be conceded, a poetic justice and fitness in thus opposing the self-accusing disclosures of the daughter to the slanderous fictions of the mother; and if ever, which is doubtful, Protestant Protection-Associations can be made to desist from reprinting, as a memorial too precious to be permitted to perish, the *Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*, it may be with the help of the testimony which this book affords. The description of a very impulsive nature fluctuating between good and bad, and rushing to extravagant conclusions, is more like what we commonly read in works of the imagination than a picture from real life; but in spite of the wonderfulness of the transitions and coincidences, it is scarcely possible to doubt that the story is true; and, being true, it is both startling and instructive. The oft-repeated prayer of the wild, cross-grained little girl, "O Lord, I ask you, as many times as there are grains of sand on the sea-shore, to forgive me for being so bad," must have had some share in the repentance of later years. We learn, by the witness of an elder daughter, that *Maria Monk*, who died mad from drinking, had expressed in lucid intervals her bitter sorrow for the base calumnies to which she had given her name. There were others more culpable still, who screened themselves behind their victim, made money by her book of revelations, and cheated her out of the wages of her wicked lie.

2. *Lectures for Boys.* By the Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O.S.B., Canon of Newport and Menevia. London: R. Wasbourn, 1879.—It is always a subject of congratulation, when words which have been found useful to a limited audience are committed to print, to make themselves useful over again in a wider sphere and for a longer time. The practical instructions which have been given day after day within the walls of a college with marked fruit can, with a little additional labour, be made into a book for boys to read in other places, and that little additional trouble will not seem too severe to one who has zeal for souls. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that the same kind of effectiveness belongs to words when printed which belonged to them when spoken. Canon Doyle's endeavour has been to push every lesson in religious knowledge to a practical application, for he is convinced that if boys are left to make the application for themselves, a great part of every lesson will not be taken home and properly possessed. The first volume contains discourses for Sundays and festivals; the second, discourses on the Passion and the Sacred Heart.

3. *The Passage of the Four GAP.* A new explanation of Romans ii. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16. . . . By Charles Cholmondeley, Canon of Shrewsbury. Williams and Norgate, 1880.—Those who have already made a special study of the Epistles of St. Paul will be most able to appreciate the close reasoning of this "new explanation;" but for them the author thinks that his argument is superfluous, since they can work it out for themselves very easily when once the clue has been suggested to them. We cannot, then, do better service than by giving the main idea of the argument in the author's words; for in this way we shall satisfy the unlearned, who are content to know the conclusions at which others have arrived after much study. We shall present to professors of Scriptural exegesis a fruitful idea to be developed at leisure; and we shall encourage younger students of Pauline contexts to read the book for themselves. "The true interpretation, then, of this passage in the first place makes verse 14 sustain the whole of verse 13, with a reason; as also verse 13 itself sustains the latter half of verse 12, with a reason, and as verse 11 sustains verses 9, 10, with a reason." In other words, if we understand the suggestion aright, the mistake made by all previous interpreters has been in failing to perceive the very simple connection by which each successive *gap*, of the four which St. Paul strings together, furnishes the reason for what immediately precedes it, and is not to be referred to some further removed or merely implied assertion.

4. *The Life and Doctrine of our Saviour Jesus Christ.* . . . By H.M., of the Society of Jesus. [Reprinted from the edition of 1656.] Burns and Oates.—As Father Charles Bowden in his short editorial Preface reminds us, we do not yet possess an adequate supply of books of meditation. That would have been sufficient reason for publishing this volume, even if the interpretation of the initials H. M. had been lost;

but when we know that the author is Father Henry More, we are grateful not only for the gift of a good book of pious reflections, but for the choice of this particular book, in which a confessor of Christ has set down the holy thoughts which gave strength to his own soul in a time of unusual danger and suffering. The subject presented for meditation is the Gospel of our Lord's life, and the scenes are given in their historical succession. Father More's book is, in fact, an *Evangelie medité*.

5. *L'Astronomie Pratique et les Observatoires en Europe et en Amérique*, depuis le milieu du XVII<sup>e</sup> Siècle jusqu' à nos jours. Par C. André, G. Rayet, et A. Angot. Paris: Gauthier-Villars.—The first volume of this series of notices of the labours of zealous astronomers, and more particularly of the establishment of astronomical stations, is devoted to our English observatories; the second to the Scotch, Irish, and colonial observatories. The book is a plain record of work done and results achieved, and will be useful for reference.







ST. JOSEPH'S  
CATHOLIC LENDING LIBRARY,

48, South Street, Grosvenor Square.

OPEN DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAYS AND DAYS OF OBLIGATION) FROM  
HALF-PAST TEN TO ONE, AND FROM TWO TO FIVE O'CLOCK.

---

NEW BOOKS FOR JULY.

*A Life's Decision.* By T. W. Allies.  
*Life of King Alfred.* By Rev. A. G. Knight.  
*Life of St. Catharine of Siena.* By A. T. Drane.  
*Life of the Prince Consort.* Vol. V.  
*Anglican Schism.* By Nicholas Sanders.  
*The Anglican Ministry.* By A. W. Hutton.  
*The Greatest Heiress in England.* By Mrs. Oliphant.  
*Eight Months in an Ox Waggon.* By Sandeman.  
*Nordenskiöld's Arctic Voyages.*  
*Donna Quixote.* By Justin M'Carthy.  
*Memoires de Mde. de Rémusat.*  
*Records of the English Province S.J.* Vol. V.  
*The Jesuits.* By B. N.  
*Pauline Marie Jaricot.*  
*Les Philosophes Convertis.* By Charles Bussy.  
*Les Splendeurs de la Foi.*  
*Le Miracles et les Sciences Medicales.* By Père Bonniot.  
*Training of the Apostles.* Vol. I. By Father Coleridge.  
*Little Miss Primrose.* By Author of *St. Olaves.*  
*Eutropia.* By Father Pius Devine.  
*Life of St. Thomas of Hereford.* By Father Strange.  
*The Belaguered City.* By Mrs. Oliphant.  
*Life of Bishop MacDevitt.*  
*Stumbling Blocks made Stepping Stones.*  
*Lays and Legends of Thomond.*  
*Nordenskiöld's Arctic Voyages.*  
*La Saint-Barthélemy.* By M. l'Abbé Lefortier.  
*Prophecy of St. Malachy.* By Rev. M. J. O'Brien.  
*Life of D. Bartholomew of the Martyrs.* By Lady Herbert.  
*Metaphysics of the Schools.* By Father Harper.  
*Sunshine and Shadow.* By Mrs. Brassey.  
*Procès de la Reine.* By Raoul de Navery.  
*Through Rough Waters.*  
*Bernadette.* Par Henri Lasserre.  
*Per Crucem ad Lucem.* By T. W. Allies.

---

A large collection of English and Foreign Works.

Special arrangements for Book Clubs.

A Children's Library at a lower rate for circulation amongst the poor.

Wholesale—18, 19, & 20, Holborn Viaduct, London. Works—Birmingham.

# PERRY & CO., LIMITED, STEEL PEN MAKERS.

## PERRY & CO.'S PATENT NICKEL SILVER PENS.

The great success and favour these Pens are finding with the Public have induced the Patentee to publish the following patterns: the 441, of soft and quill-like action; the Nickel J, 1446,



for bold and fashionable writing; and the Cleopatra, 1448, a hard pen, suitable for Bookkeepers. 1s. per Box, or 3s. per Gross.

Sold by all Stationers.



PERRY & CO.'S  
ROYAL

## AROMATIC ELASTIC BANDS.

The universal favour that these assorted boxes of Bands have met with from the public fully justifies us in stating that they are one of the most useful requisites for the counting house or library. For domestic use they are invaluable to supersede string for jams, preserves, pickles, &c., being much more economical and convenient. Price 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and upwards, per Box.

## PERRY & CO.'S Patent Propelling and Withdrawing COPYING - INK PENCILS

Dispense with the use of Inkstand, Pen, and Copying Press. Price 6d. each.  
Sold by all Stationers.

6d.  
each.



6d.  
each.

N.B.—Directions for use are given with each Extractor.

It easily removes Ink spots, Fruit, Wine, and other Stains, Iron moulds, Discolorations, &c., from the Skin, Paper, Linen (and other fabrics), Wood, Bone, Ivory, &c. As a Companion to the Writing Desk, the Dressing Case, or the Toilet Table, and as an article for Laundry use, it is invaluable.

## PERRY & CO.'S PATENT ALUMINIUM GOLD PENCILS.



5085. "Armstrong" Pattern, Aluminium Gold, 4s. each.

6064. "Armstrong" Pattern, Nickel Silver, 1s. 6d. each.



5089. Telescopic Black Handle, 4s. each.

## PERRY & CO.'S METAL PUZZLE BOX.



Containing 72 Select Varieties of Steel, Patent Nickel Silver and Gilt Pens. Price 1s.

To be obtained through any Stationer  
Sample Box post free for 1s. 2d.

## PERRY & CO.'S Holborn Viaduct Printer.

THIS INGENIOUS APPARATUS IS THE BEST  
MULTIPLE COPYIST.

100 Fac simile Copies can be taken in  
15 minutes.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

Prices, including Ink and Sponge, in Polished  
Wood Boxes:—

Note size, 10 by 6¼, 7s. 6d.; Letter, 12½ by 10, 12s. 6d.; Foolscap, 14½ by 10, 18s.; Folio, 19 by 12½, 25s.

In Zinc Cases:—Note size, 3s.; Letter, 6s.; Foolscap, 9s.; Folio, 12s.

Black, Violet, Red, and Blue Ink, 1s. per bottle.

WHOLESALE:

18, 19, & 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Wholesale—18, 19, & 20, Holborn Viaduct, London. Works—Birmingham.

Wholesale—18, 19, & 20, Holborn Viaduct, London. Works—Birmingham.